



The Latin poets

Nathan Haskell Dole

Perry, Latin - Collections

Mary K. Schapira

NTE

Dole





VIRGIL, FROM A BUST IN THE CAPITOL AT ROME.

THE LATIN POETRY
ARRANGED BY
H. DOLE



TBH



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NEW YORK
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THE LATIN POETS

AN ANTHOLOGY

BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

I.

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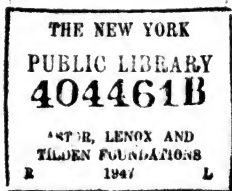
Quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitae iucunda obliviae vitae?

HORACE : Sat. 2, vi, 60.



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INTRODUCTION.

I.

It may be roughly stated that classic Roman literature begins where classic Greek literature ended — with the Drama. Yet this is only accidental and means little. Plautus and Terence translated or imitated the plays of Menander, Philemon, and other masters of the so-called new comedy; and the four great Greek dramatists who bring an era to a close scarcely influenced the Roman stage at all. Roman epic and Roman lyric alike copy form and thought from the poets of Hellas. It is a common-place of criticism to declare that the Latins showed no originality in literature or art. But a great nation must needs express its individuality; this shines through imitation. Plautus and Terence in translating their Greek originals made Roman plays of them; the *dramatis personæ*, drest in Athenian costumes, performing their parts in Athenian streets, nevertheless were recognized as Romans, uttering Roman sentiments. The whole theatre burst into spontaneous applause at the sentiment, "I am a man; naught that touches humanity is alien to me." The famous passage which so touched the heart of Octavia, on the death of the young Marcellus, has also touched the heart of humanity, though the visit of Æneas to the unseen realms was undoubtedly copied from the visit of Odysseus to Hades. The scholar may detect the source of Horace's metres; but Horace has never lost and never will lose his place in the affections of lovers of poetry. In fact, too much stress is laid upon originality in our day. Plagiarism is the most venial of vices. Mankind was furnished at the beginning with a limited stock of ideas; the greatest of poets cannot find a new rime for *love*. If the Romans prided themselves on being descended from the companions of Æneas, if the Roman poets never worked themselves free from the influence of Greece, they certainly created

a literature that satisfied their own wants and has been a delight to the civilized world for two thousand years. Who cares that Jupiter Tonans hurls the lightning of Zeus the cloud-compeller!

II.

Whether deservedly or not, the Latin language has been familiar to vastly more men and women than has the Greek. Until within a comparatively short time it was the language of polite and diplomatic communication among scholars and nations. Poland and Rome were thus united, while Russia stood aloof from Europe. It is indeed a wonderful language. What other unless Russian,—which with its difficult alphabet and its sibilant syllables is nevertheless a wonderfully satisfactory medium of thought—can equal the Latin for conciseness, for accuracy of thought, for apt symmetry of expression, for delicacy of harmony, for grace of rhythm? What sonorous fullness of vowels, what strength of varying consonant, how musical, even when pronounced after the barbarous old habit of giving the vowels the English sound! One may prefer Greek; but the fact remains that Latin is far nearer to us and is acquired with much less effort. Our English tongue looks back to Latin as its mother.

It is a quite common accomplishment among English and European scholars to be able to turn a Latin verse. Gladstone and many other English statesmen have published their Latin translations. The speeches of the great orators of modern times are studded with citations from Vergil and Horace and Ovid. Most of the great poets of the English-speaking race have taken pride in rendering into English verse their favourite selections from the poets of Rome. It may be safely said that practically all of classic literature exists in the vernacular. With the exception of Vergil and Horace, however, the Roman poets have not fared so well as have the Greek poets at the hands of translators. There are no complete metrical translations of Plautus and Terence later than the beginning of the last century. Many charming passages from Ovid and Lucretius must be presented in the stiff iambics of the Pope and Dryden school, where the fair woman appears as a “nymph,” water always comes in the form

of a "wave" or a "tide" even though it pour from a pitcher; eyes are stilted into "orbs" and echoes always "rebound" the sound.

Some of the old translations, especially when given in their quaint spelling and capitalization, are rather effective. Marlowe, as might be expected from his richness of diction, turned Ovid's elegies into clever English verse. Marlowe was a poet; not so much can be said of Sir Richard Burton, whose version of Catullus, however literal, is often amusing from its hopeless floundering. It is unfortunate that scholarship is so rarely found in combination with true poetic sense and technique. In this respect, Horace has suffered severely; at the same time no other poet of antiquity has had so many devotees of first-class ability from Milton to Austin Dobson. One could probably present a different translator for every one of his songs. He more than any other tempts to skill. How, then, shall he be translated: quantitatively or in the varying rhythms of modern verse? Milton's attempt at reproducing the metre of the original of the "Pyrrha" ode cannot be said to be very successful, as far as English poetry is concerned; nor did Lord Lytton succeed much better. On the other hand, the rondeaux and villanelles into which Mr. Dobson has so deftly transformed them are somewhat alien to English verse and hardly dignified enough for Horace, who, in spite of his gay epicureanism, was nevertheless a Roman and conscious of his state as such.

Virgil, or Vergil, as modern scholars have deemed it right to spell his name, has fared remarkably well. Our day cares little for the painfully prim and proper couplets of Dryden with their tiresome iteration of faulty rimes or obvious ones; in blank verse, careful and accurate, there are many excellently literal versions; Conington has put the whole "*Æneid*" into the swift easy form made popular by Sir Walter Scott. William Morris dragged out the lines into a sort of mediæval diction which some like and some detest. The translation of Baron Bowen into hexameters ending in rimed masculine syllables marks a very great advance in the problem of a satisfactory form of representing the original. The flexibility of his lines is remarkable. The most successful attempt to represent the "*Æneid*" in dactylic hexameters is that published in

1902 by Mr. Harlan Hoge Ballard, the founder of the Agassiz Association. Mr. Ballard's version follows the original line for line and shows a marvellous skill in adaptation; in fact, the lines read as spontaneously as do more obvious forms of English verse. Through Mr. Ballard's courtesy, a large part of the Sixth Book has been placed in close proximity with the selection from Lord Bowen's version, forming a most interesting study in comparison. The cleverest translations from Martial accompany an article by Miss Harriet W. Preston in the "Library of the World's Best Literature." Although a fifth part, at least, of Martial's satiric epigrams are unfit for English readers, the remaining parts are full of keen wit and throw a bright light on Roman manners and customs.

The Latins showed more originality in their satires than in their dramas or epics. This form of poetry grew up out of the so-called Fescennine and Saturnine verses, which were often improvised, and were characterized by jocose and rough humour, attacking vices and those that practised vices. Fescennia was in Etruria, and the rivalries in producing these poems gave a great impetus to the spirit of satire. Even Augustus the Emperor did not scorn to make them. When he directed one against the poet Pollio, Pollio refrained from replying. The Emperor asked him why. His answer was a pun which cannot be reproduced in English: "It were better not to write against one who might proscribe." The satiric spirit is discoverable in the extant plays; it grows clearer and keener and culminates in Juvenal.

Early Latin literature, indigenous to the soil, is entirely lacking. It is known that there were historic ballads, probably written in a rough and inartistic style. Macaulay, in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," tried to give English readers an idea of what they might have been. Livius Andronicus is the first, but only a name, who emerges from the darkness of Italian antiquity; even he was a Greek, and the titles of his fourteen plays — comedies and tragedies — show that they were either translated or imitated from the writers of his native land. He also wrote a sort of epic poem on the fortunes of Ulysses in the ancient Saturnine metre. All his works are lost. Cnæus Nævius was another of the ancient Roman poets, known only through titles or

meagre fragments. It is certain that he exercised considerable influence on his successors, particularly Ennius and Vergil. He wrote an epic on the first Punic War and several of the episodes — relating to Æneas's visit to Carthage and his love affair with Dido — were reproduced in the "*Æneid*." He also wrote comedies and tragedies. His first play was produced in 235 B.C. He used the license of the Aristophanaic comedy to attack public characters and was first imprisoned and then banished.

Ennius is believed to have introduced the hexameter; he is represented only in incomplete fragments. There are other names which are only names. So that practically Roman literature, as known to us at the present time, begins with Plautus and Terence. The present collection of translations begins with Plautus and ends with Lucan. It presents generous selections from all the greatest poets of Rome. A few later writers might have been added, but it has seemed expedient to give larger selections to the classic writers rather than multiply and thus divide. It gives a faithful notion of the richness of the legacy which Old Rome bequeathed to mankind.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE LATIN POETS.



TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS.

PLAUTUS, the earliest and by many considered the greatest of the Roman comedy writers, was born about the middle of the third century before Christ in an obscure village of Umbria near the head-waters of the Sapis (now the Savio) River under the shadow of the Apennines. He somehow managed to pick up a thorough knowledge of Greek; but when he arrived at Rome, he was in such straitened circumstances that he served as a menial for the actors. The money that he thus earned he put into some commercial undertaking which proved disastrous. He obtained work in turning a hand-mill for a baker. While thus employed he composed two or three of his earliest plays, and from this time — 224 B.C. — he enjoyed uninterrupted popularity for forty years. He copied the Greek comedies of Menander, who had died about thirty-seven years before he was born, and other writers of the Middle Comedy, depicting the scenes of everyday life, but though the characters were Greek, and the scenes laid in Athens, the colouring was local, and the action, speech, and allusions were comprehensible to the Romans. It was said of him by several Roman authors that the Muses would use the language of Plautus were they to speak Latin. Although he sometimes introduces archaic expressions, still Aulus Gellius praises him as “the chief in elegance” among those that write the Latin tongue. He evidently realized his own importance if the epitaph which has come down to us is genuine:—

“ *Postquam est mortem aptus Plautus, commoedia luget
scena deserta, dein risus ludus iocusque
et numeri innumeri simul omnes collacrumarunt ;* ”

which has been thus translated:—

“Wit, Laughter, Jests, and all the train that use
To adorn the scene and grace the Comic Muse,
Forsook the stage, at Plautus’ death to mourn,
And Harmony, undone, sat weeping o’er his urn.”

Plautus died in 184 B.C., leaving to the Roman stage a legacy of plays which with counterfeits amounted to one hundred and thirty in number. Varro, the most learned and voluminous of the Roman writers, critically examined these comedies, and came to the conclusion that only twenty-one of them were genuine. All but one of these have come down to our day, though some of them are badly mutilated and corrupted. Molière, Dryden, Regnard, Addison, Shakespeare, and many other modern playwrights have imitated many passages and whole scenes or situations from these ancient dramas.

THE BIRTH OF HERCULES.

“AMPHITRYON.”

Amphitryon [alone]. What shall I do, abandoned by my friends,
And now without an advocate to help me?—
Yet shall he ne’er abuse me unrevenged,
Whoe’er he is!—I’ll straight unto the king,
And lay the whole before him.—I’ll have vengeance
On this damned sorcerer, who has strangely turned
The minds of all our family.—But where is he?—
I doubt not but he’s gone in to my wife!—
Lives there in Thebes a greater wretch than I?—
What shall I do now, since all men deny me,
And fool me at their pleasure?—’T is resolved:
I’ll burst into the house and whomsoever
I set my eyes on, servant, male or female,
Wife or gallant, father or grandfather,
I’ll cut them into pieces:—Nor shall Jove
Nor all the gods prevent it, if they would,
But I will do what I’ve resolved.—I’ll in!

[As he advances toward the door, it thunders and he falls down. Thunder and lightning.]

Enter BROMIA, ALCMENA'S maid.

Bromia. I have no means of safety left; my hopes
Lie in my breast extinct and buried; I
Have lost all confidence of heart and spirit,
Since all things seem combined, sea, earth, and heaven,
To oppress and to destroy me. — I am wretched! —
I know not what to do; for prodigies
Have been displayed within. — Ah, woe is me!
I'm sick at heart now, — would I had some water, —
I faint, my head aches! I don't hear, nor see
Well with my eyes. — Ah me! no woman sure
Was e'er so wretched, an event so strange
Has happened to my mistress. — When she found
Herself in labour, she invoked the gods: —
Then what a rumbling, grumbling, flashing, clashing
Straightway ensued! Suddenly how quick,
How terribly it thundered! All that stood
Fell flat down at the noise: and then we heard
Some one, I know not who, with mighty voice
Cry out, "Alcmena, succour is at hand:
Be not dismayed; the heaven's high ruler comes
To you propitious and to yours! Arise,
(Says he) ye who have fallen through the terror
And dread of me." — I rose from where I lay,
And such a brightness streamed throughout the house,
Methought it was in flames. Then presently
Alcmena called and this afflicted me
With horror, for I feared much more for her
Than for myself: I ran to her in haste,
To know what she might want, and (bless my eyes!)
Saw she had been delivered of two boys
Nor any of us knew or did suspect
When she was thus delivered. — But what's this?
Who is this old man, stretcht before our house?
Has he been thunder-stricken? I believe so:
For he is laid out as if dead; I'll go
And learn who't is. [*Advancing to AMPHITRYON.*] 'T is
certainly Amphitryon,
My master. — Ho, Amphitryon.

Amphitryon.

I am dead.

Bromia. Come, rise, sir.

Amphitryon,

I'm quite dead.

Bromia. Give me your hand.

Amphitryon [recovering]. Who is it holds me?

Bromia. I, your maid, sir, *Bromia.*

Amphitryon. I tremble in every joint, with such amaze
Has Jupiter appalled me. And I seem
As though I were just risen from the dead.
But wherefore came you forth?

Bromia. The same dread fear
Filled us poor souls with horror. I have seen,
Ah me! such wondrous prodigies within
I scarce am in my senses.

Amphitryon. Prithee tell me
D'ye know me for your master, for *Amphitryon*?

Bromia. Yes, surely.

Amphitryon. Look again now!

Bromia. I well know you.

Amphitryon. She is the only person of our family
That is not mad.

Bromia. Nay verily they all
Are in their perfect senses.

Amphitryon. But my wife
By her foul deeds has driven me to distraction.

Bromia. But I shall make you change your language, sir,
And own your wife a chaste one: on which point
I will convince you in few words. Know first,
Alcmena is delivered of two boys.

Amphitryon. How say you, two?

Bromia. Yes, two.

Amphitryon. The gods preserve me!

Bromia. Permit me to go on, that you may know
How all the gods to you are most propitious
And to your wife.

Amphitryon. Speak!

Bromia. When your spouse began
To be in labour and the wonted pangs
Of child-birth came upon her, she invoked
The immortal gods to aid her, with washt hands
And covered head; then presently it thundered,
And with a crack so loud, we thought at first
The house itself was tumbling, and it shone
As bright throughout, as if it were of gold.

Amphitryon. Prithee, relieve me quickly, since you have
Perplexed me full enough, — What followed after?

Bromia. Meantime, while this was done, not one of us
Or heard your wife once groan or once complain.
She was delivered even without a pang.

Amphitryon. That joys me, I confess, however little
She merits at my hands.

Bromia. Leave that, and hear
What more I have to say. After delivery
She bade us wash the boys: we set about it
But he that I washt, oh, how sturdy is he!
So strong and stout withal, not one of us
Could bind him in his swaddling clothes.

Amphitryon. 'T is wondrous
What you relate: if your account be true,
I doubt not but Alcmena has been favoured
With large assistance and support from heaven.

Bromia. You 'll say what follows is more wondrous still
After the boy was in his cradle laid,
Two monstrous serpents with high-lifted crests
Slid down the sky-light: in an instant both
Reared up their heads.

Amphitryon. Ah me!

Bromia. Be not dismayed.
The serpents cast their eyes around on all,
And after they had spied the children out,
With quickest motion made toward the cradle.
I, fearing for the boys and for myself,
Drew back the cradle, stirred it to and fro,
Backwards and forwards, on one side and t' other:
The more I workt it by so much the more
These serpents fierce pursued. That other boy
Soon as he spied the monsters, in an instant
Leaps him from out the cradle, straight darts at them,
And suddenly he seizes upon both,
In each hand grasping one.

Amphitryon. The tale you tell
Is fraught with many wonders and the deed
That you relate is all too terrible;
For horror at your words creeps through my limbs! —
What happened next? Proceed now in your story.

Bromia. The child killed both the serpents. During
this
A loud voice calls upon your wife —

Amphitryon. Who calls?

Bromia. Jove, supreme sovereign of gods and men
 He owned that he had secretly enjoyed
 Alcmena, that the boy who slew the serpents
 Was his; the other he declared was yours.

Amphitryon. I now repent me an it pleases him
 To share a part with Jove in any good.

—*Translation of BONNELL THORNTON.*

THE BRAGGART AND THE PARASITE.

“MILES GLoriosus.”

Pyrgopolinices [*to his soldier*]. See that the splendour
 of my shield outshine
 The sun's bright radiance, when the heavens are fair,
 That when we join in battle, it may dazzle
 The enemies' eyes throughout their thickest ranks.
 Fain would I comfort this good sword of mine
 Lest he despond in spirit or lament
 For that I wear him unemployed, who longs
 To make a carbonado of the foes.
 But where is Artotrogus?

Artotrogus. He is here,
 Close by a hero brave and fortunate,
 And of a princely form, — a warrior! such
 As Mars himself would not have dared to bring
 His prowess in compare with yours!

Pyrgopolinices. Who was it
 In the Gurgustidonian plains I spared
 Where Bombamachides Cluninstaridysarchides,
 Great Neptune's grandson, bore the chief command?

Artotrogus. Oh, I remember — doubtless it is he
 You mean to speak of, with the golden armour; —
 Whose legions with your breath you puffed away
 Like the light leaves or chaff before the wind.

Pyrgopolinices. Oh, that indeed! that on my troth were
 nothing!

Artotrogus. Nothing, 't is true, compared with other
 feats
 That I could mention [*The CAPTAIN struts off across the
 stage.*] — which you ne'er performed! —

Show me whoever can, a greater liar
 One fuller of vain boasting than this fellow
 And he shall have me, I'll resign me up
 To be his slave, though when I'm mad with hunger,
 He should allow me nothing else to eat
 But whey and butter-milk!

Pyrgopolinices. Where art thou? Here.
Artotroqus.

How in the name of wonder was 't you broke
 In India with ydur fist an elephant's arm?

Pyrgopolinices. How! arm?
Artotroqus. His thigh, I meant.
Pyrgopolinices. I was but playing.

Artotroqus. Had you put forth your strength, you
 would have driven

Your arm quite through his hide, bones, guts and all.

Pyrgopolinices. I would not talk of these things now.
Artotroqus. Indeed

You would but spend your breath in vain to tell
 Your valorous feats to me, who know your prowess.

[*Aside.*] My appetite creates me all this plague;
 My ears must hear him or my teeth want work;
 And I must swear to every lie he utters.

Pyrgopolinices. Hold! — what was I about to say?
Artotroqus. I know

What you designed to say; a gallant action.

I well remember.

Pyrgopolinices. What?
Artotroqus. Whate'er it be.

Pyrgopolinices. Hast thou got tablets?
Artotroqus. Yes I have; d'ye want them? —

A pencil too.

Pyrgopolinices. How rarely dost thou suit
 Thy mind to mine!

Artotroqus. 'T is fit that I should study
 Your inclinations and my care should be
 Even to forerun your wishes.

Pyrgopolinices. What remember'st?

Artotroqus. I do remember — let me see! — an hundred
 Sycolatronidans, and thirty Sardians,
 And three-score Macedonians, — that's the number
 Of persons whom you slaughtered in one day.

Pyrgopolinices. What's the sum total of these men?

Artotrogus.

Seven thousand.

Pyrgopolinices. So much it should be! — Thou 'rt a right accountant.

Artotrogus. I have it not in writing, but remember.

Pyrgopolinices. Thou hast an admirable memory!

Artotrogus. 'Tis sharpened by my stomach.

Pyrgopolinices.

Bear thyself

As thou hast hitherto and thou shalt eat

Eternally; forever shalt thou be

Partaker of my table!

Artotrogus.

Then again

What feats did you perform in Cappadocia.

Where at one single stroke you had cut off

Five hundred men together, if your sword

Had not been blunt, and these but the remains

Of the infantry which you before had routed, —

[*Aside.*] If ever there were any such in being!

Why should I tell you what all mortals know —

That *Pyrgopolinices* stands alone —

The only one on earth famed above men

For beauty, valour, and renowned exploits?

The ladies all of you enamoured are,

Nor without reason, — since you are so handsome;

Witness the gay young damsels yesterday,

That pluckt me by the coat.

Pyrgopolinices [*smiling*]. What said they to you?

Artotrogus. They questioned me about you — “Is not that” —

Says one of them — “Achilles?” — “Troth,” said I,

“It is his brother” — “Why indeed, forsooth

He's wondrous handsome,” quoth another: “how

His hair becomes him! — Oh, what happiness

Those ladies do enjoy who share his favours.”

Pyrgopolinices. Did she indeed say so?

Artotrogus.

Two in particular

Begged of me I would bring you by their way,

That they might see you march.

Pyrgopolinices.

What plague it is

To be too handsome!

Artotrogus.

They are so importunate

They're ever begging for a sight of you.

They send for me so often to come to them,

I scarce have time to attend your business.

Pyrgopolinices. 'Tis time methinks to go into the Forum

And pay those soldiers I enlisted yesterday :
For King Seleucus prayed me with much suit
To raise him some recruits — I have resolved
To dedicate this day unto his service.

Artotrogus. Come, let's be going then !

Pyrgopolinices.

Guards, follow me !

[*Exeunt.*]

— Translation of BONNELL THORNTON.

A ROMAN GENTLEMAN.

"MILES GLORIOSUS" or the "BRAGGART CAPTAIN."

Pleusides. But sir, this hurts me, — to the very soul
Torments me.

Periplectomenes. What is 't that torments you — tell me.

Pleusides. To think that I should engage you in an act
So young and puerile, — one of your years, —
So unbecoming of you and your virtue ; —
That you should forward me with all your might
In my amour ; — for you to do such things,
Which age like yours doth more avoid than follow.
It shames me I should trouble thus your age.

Periplectomenes. You are a lover, man, of a new mode,
That you can blush at anything you do.

Go, go, you nothing love. — A lover ? No,
The semblance you and shadow of a lover !

Pleusides. Can it be right in me, Sir, to employ
One of your age to second my amour ?

Periplectomenes. How say you ? do I then appear to
you

One o' the next world already ? Do I seem
So near my grave and to have lived so long ?
Why, troth, I am not above fifty-four : —
I have my eye-sight clear, and I can use
My hands and walk well with my feet.

Palæstrio, the servant.

What though

His hair be gray, he is not old in mind :
The same ingenuous temper still is in him.

Pleusides. True, — I have found it as you say, Palæstrio:

For he is kind and free as any youth.

Periplectomenes. Good guest, the more you try, the more you'll know

My courtesy toward you in your love.

Pleusides. Needs he conviction, who's convinced already?

Periplectomenes. Only that you may have sufficient proof

At home, so as abroad you need not seek it. —

He who has never been himself in love,

Can hardly see into a lover's mind:

For my part I have still some little spice

Of love and moisture in my frame; nor am I

Dried up as yet or dead to love and pleasure.

And I can crack my joke at merry meetings,

And be a boon companion: I ne'er thwart

Another in discourse, but bear in mind

To give offence to no one: I can take

My part and due share in the conversation;

But I am silent when another's speaking.

No spitting, hawking, snivelling dotard I:

In fine, I'm right Ephesian born and bred,

Not an Apulian or an Umbrian.

Palæstrio. What a facetious brave old gentleman,

If he possess the qualities he mentions.

Sure he was brought up in the school of Venus.

Periplectomenes. I'll give you proofs of my complacency,

More than I'll vaunt. At table I ne'er clamour

On State affairs or prate about the laws:

Nor do I ever, in the social hour,

Once cast a lewd glance at another's mistress;

Nor do I snatch the tid-bits to myself,

Or seize upon the cup before my turn:

Strife and dissension never do arise

From me through wine; — if any one offend me

I go me home and break off further parley:

When in the ladies' company I then

Resign me up to sprightliness and love.

Pleusides. Sir, your whole manners have a special grace :
Show me but three men like you and I'll forfeit
Their weight to you in gold.

Palæstrio. You shall not find
Another of his age that's more accomplisht,
More thoroughly to his friends a friend.

Periplectomenes. I'll make you
Own in my manners I'm a very youngster
I'll show myself so ready to oblige.
Need you an advocate to enforce your suit,
Rude and of fiery temper? I am he.
Need you a mild and gentle? You shall say
I'm gentler than the sea, when it is husht,
And softer than the Zephyr's balmy breeze.
A jovial buck am I, a first-rate wit,
And best of caterers: then as for dancing,
No finical slin fop can equal me.

Palæstrio [to *PLEUSIDES*]. Of all these excellent accomplishments,
Which would you choose, were you to have the option?

Pleusides. I would, at least, my poor thanks could be
equal
To his deserts and yours; for I have given you
A world of trouble. — But [to *PERIPLECTOMENES*] it much
concerns me,
The expense I put you to.

Periplectomenes. You are a fool; —
Expense forsooth! — Upon an enemy,
Or a bad wife, whatever you lay out,
That is expense indeed. But on a friend,
Or a good guest, what you expend is gain:
As also, what is cost in sacrifices,
Is by the wise and virtuous counted profit. —
Blest be the gods, that courtesy I have
With hospitality to treat a stranger.
Eat, drink, and take your pleasure with me; load
Yourself with merriment; my house is free,
I free, and I would have you use me freely.
For by the gods' kind favour I may say it
I from my fortune might have ta'en a wife
Of the best family and portioned too:
But I don't choose to bring into my house
An everlasting barker.

Pleusides. Why not marry?
 'T is a sweet burden to have children.
Periplectomenes. Troth
 'T is sweeter far to have one's liberty.
Palæstrio. Sir, you are able to direct yourself
 And give advice to others.

Periplectomenes. A good wife —
 If there was ever such an one on earth, —
 Where could I find her? — Shall I bring home one,
 That never will address me in this fashion:
 "Buy me some wool, my dear, that I may make you
 A garment soft and warm, good winter clothing,
 To keep your limbs from freezing"? — Not a word
 Like this you'll ever hear come from a wife: —
 But ere the cock crow, from my sleep she'd rouse me,
 Crying — "My dear, pray give me wherewithal
 I may present my mother in the Calends;
 Get me a cook, and get me a confectioner;
 Give something to bestow in the Quinquatria
 On the Diviner, on the enchantress, on
 The soothsayer: it were an heinous crime
 To send them nothing; how they'd look upon me. —
 And then it can't be but I must present
 The sorceress with some kind and gentle token;
 The taper-bearer is already angry,
 That she has nothing had; the midwife too
 Upbraids me that she has so little sent her;
 What! — won't you then send something to the nurse
 That brings your slaves up, born beneath your roof?"
 These and a thousand like expenses,
 Brought on by women, fright me from a wife,
 Who'd plague and tease me with the like discourses.
Palæstrio. The gods in truth befriend you; for if
 once

You lose that liberty which now you hold
 You will not easily be reinstated.

Pleusides. Yet 't is a reputation for a man
 Of noble family and ample state
 To breed up children, as a monument
 Unto himself and race.

Periplectomenes. Why need I children,
 When that I have relations in abundance? —
 I now live well and happily, — as I like,

And to my heart's content. — Upon my death
 My fortune I'll bequeath to my relations,
 Dividing it among them. — They eat with me,
 Make me their care, see what I have to do,
 Or what I want; are with me before day,
 To ask if I have slept well over night:
 They are to me as children: they are ever
 Sending me presents: when they sacrifice,
 I have a larger portion than themselves:
 They take to me the entrails; they invite me
 To dine, to sup with them; he counts himself
 The most unfortunate that sends me least;
 They vie with one another in their presents;
 When to myself I whisper all the while
 Ay, ay, it is my fortune they gape after,
 And therefore strive they in their gifts to me.

Palæstrio. You see things with a clear discerning spirit.

While you are well and hearty, we may say
 You've children thick and three-fold.

Periplectomenes.

Had I had

I should have had anxiety enough
 On their account. I think I should have died
 If son of mine had had a fall in liquor,
 Or tumbled from his horse; so great had been
 My dread that he had broke a leg at least
 If not his neck. — And then my apprehensions
 Lest that my wife should bring a monstrous brood,
 Deformed and markt, — some bandy-legged, knock-kneed,
 Or shambling, squint-eyed, tusk-tootht brat or other.

Palæstrio. This gentleman deserves an ample fortune,
 And to have life continued to him long;
 For why? He keeps him within bounds, and yet
 Lives well and is a pleasure to his friends.

Pléusides. What a sweet fellow. — As I hope heaven's love

'T were fit the gods should order and provide
 That all men should not live alike,
 Squared by one rule: but as a price is fixt
 On different wares, that so they may be sold
 According to their value; that the bad
 Its owner may impoverish by its vileness;
 So it were just, the gods in human life

Should make distinction due and disproportion;
That on the well-disposed they should bestow
A long extent of years; the reprobate
And wicked they should soon deprive of life.
Were this provided, bad men would be fewer,
Less hardily they'd act their wicked deeds
Nor would there be a dearth of honest men.

Periplectomenes. Whoever blames the counsels of the
gods

And finds fault with them is a fool and ignorant.
No more then of these matters. — I'll to market,
That I may entertain you as I ought,
And as you should be treated — with good cheer
And a kind, hearty welcome.

Pleusides. Shall I then
Have no remorse in putting you to charge?
Whene'er a man is quartered at a friend's,
If he but stay three days, his company
They will grow weary of; but if he tarry
Ten days together, though the master bear it,
The servants grumble.

Periplectomenes. Wherefore have I servants
But to perform me service, not that they
Should bear authority o'er me or hold me
Bounden to them? — If what I like they like not,
I steer my own course; though 't is their aversion,
Still they must do 't or be it at their peril!

— *Translation of BONNELL THORNTON.*

QUINTUS ENNIUS.

ENNIUS, whom Horace called "the second Homer" and Cicero hailed as Rome's loftiest poet, was of Greek origin and was born at Rudia in Calabria, in 239 B.C. Being a Roman subject, he served in the army of Titus Manlius in the war waged in Sardinia against the allies of Carthage. In 204 the elder Cato brought him to Rome. Fifteen years later he accompanied Marcus Fulvius Nobilior throughout his campaign in Ætolia and on his return made a respectable living by teaching the sons of Roman patricians the Greek language. He lived on terms of intimacy with the great men of his day, Scipio Africanus being his warmest friend. He was granted the freedom of the city, and when he died, in 169, at the age of seventy, his bust was placed in the tomb of the Scipios. It is now supposed to be at the Vatican. He wrote an epic poem in eighteen books, giving the annals of Rome from the prehistoric times of the loves of Mars and Rhea, and continued till his own day. He translated a great number of tragedies, wrote a few comedies and various other poems, but only a few meagre fragments remain. His versification was rather crude and rough, but vigorous.

THE ROMAN TRIBUNE IN BATTLE.

FORTH on the tribune, like a shower, the gathering javelins spring,
His buckler pierce — or on its boss the quivering lances ring —
Or rattle on his brazen helm ; but vain the utmost might
Of foes that press on every side, — none can the tribune smite.
And many a spear he shivers then and many a stroke bestows,
While with many a jet of reeking sweat his labouring body flows.

No breathing time the tribune has—no pause—the
 winged iron,
 The Istrian darts, in ceaseless showers, provoke him and
 environ :
 And lance and sling destruction bring on many heroes
 stout,
 Who tumble headlong from the wall, within it or without.
 — WILSON'S *Translation*.

SOOTHSAYERS.

For no Marsian augur (whom fools view with awe),
 Nor diviner nor star-gazer care I a straw ;
 The Egyptian quack, an expounder of dreams,
 Is neither in science nor art what he seems ;
 Superstitious and shameless, they prowl through our
 streets,
 Some hungry, some crazy, but all of them cheats.
 Impostors, who vaunt that to others they 'll show
 A path which themselves neither travel nor know.
 Since they promise us wealth if we pay for their pains
 Let them take from that wealth and bestow what remains
 — *Translation of JOHN COLIN DUNLOP*.

ARE THERE GODS ?

Yes ! there are gods ; but they no thought bestow
 On human deeds, on mortal bliss or woe ;
 Else would such ills our wretched race assail ? .
 Would the Good suffer ? — would the Bad prevail ?
 — *Translation of JOHN COLIN DUNLOP*.

EVENING CALM.

The heaven's vast world stood silent ; Neptune gave
 A hushful pause to Ocean's roughening wave ;
 The Sun curbed his swift steeds ; the eternal floods
 Stood still ; and not a breath was on the woods.
 — *Translation of WILLIAM PETER*.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER.

TERENCE was born in Carthage in 195 B.C. In some way he was brought to Rome and became the slave of a senator named Publius Terentius Lucanus, who gave him the best possible education, and ultimately his freedom and name. Suetonius says: "He wrote six comedies. When he offered his first play, which was the 'Andrian,' to the Ædiles, he was ordered to read it to Cæcilius. When he arrived at that poet's house he found him at table, and it is said that our author, being very meanly dressed, was suffered to read the opening of his play, seated on a very low stool, near the couch of Cæcilius; but scarcely had he repeated a few lines, when Cæcilius invited him to sit down to supper with him; after which Terence proceeded with his play and finished it to the no small admiration of Cæcilius." Cæcilius died in 168 and it was two years before the "Andria" was put on the stage, so it is possible this is a fable. In spite of much envy on the part of other play-writers, his first comedy was successful. Terence was distinguished for his good looks and his elegant manners, and he was at once received into the most exclusive circles. His chief friends and patrons were Lælius and the younger Scipio. It was openly asserted that Scipio Africanus wrote the plays for his own amusement and allowed Terence to have the credit. The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was thus anticipated.

"Eunuchus" was the most popular of the six comedies; it was acted twice in one day and brought its author eight thousand sesterces, a sum equivalent to about three hundred dollars, though perhaps more in purchasing power. Madame Dacier thus compares the plays: "Each of them has its peculiar beauty. The 'Andrian' and 'Brothers' seem to excel in beauty of character; the 'Eunuch' and 'Phormio' in the vivacity of intrigue; and the 'Self-tormenter' and 'Stepmother' have, in my mind, the advantage in sentiment and lively painting of the passions and in the purity and delicacy of style."

After having produced the six plays now known to us, all of which are more or less accurate translations from the Greek, Terence left Rome for Greece. Some say that he died at sea on his return from Athens whence he was bringing back one hundred and eight plays; others that he died in Greece; and still others that his death was caused by grief at having lost all his plays, original as well as translated. Suetonius cites very cruel lines by Porcius Licinus which attributed to the poet grave immoralities. They end: —

“To depth of poverty he was reduced,
Wherefore from sight of all he went away
Into the farthest parts of Greece,
And died at Stymphalus in Arcadia.”

Suetonius declares that he left a daughter who married a Roman knight and that he possessed a house and a six-acre garden on the Appian Way. Christian August Crusius thus compares Plautus and Terence: —

“Plautus is gayer; Terence is chaster. The first has more genius and fire; the latter more manners and solidity. Plautus excels in low comedy and ridicule; Terence in drawing just characters and maintaining them to the last. The plots of both are artful, but Terence’s are more likely to languish, while Plautus’ spirit maintains the action with vigour. His invention was greatest; Terence’s art and management. Plautus gives the stronger; Terence a more elegant delight. Plautus appears the better comedian of the two, as Terence the finer poet. The former has more compass and variety; the latter more regularity and truth in his characters. Plautus shone most on the stage; Terence pleases best in the closet. Men of refined taste would prefer Terence; Plautus divided both patrician and plebian.” As both of them translated their plays from the same Greek author this is equivalent to saying Plautus better represented the Roman life of his day, since he injected far more originality. Terence translated; Plautus adapted and paraphrased.

Cicero the orator, who imagined that he was also a poet, spoke of Terence in labouring hexameters as being the only one who could transfer the Attic graces of Menander into the Latin tongue with such purity and

beauty in his style. Caius Cæsar called him "*puri sermonis amator*" — a lover of pure style — but regretted that the "*vis comica*" was lacking: then he would have stood in equal honour with the Grecians. Afranius, the Roman comic poet who flourished about 100 B.C., declared that no parallel could be found for Terence. And since then he has been admired perhaps more than any other of the ancient dramatists.

A PLEA FOR BORROWED PLOTS.

THE bard when first he gave his mind to write
Thought it his only business, that his plays
Should please the people: but it now falls out,
He finds, much otherwise, and wastes, perforce,
His time in writing prologues; not to tell
The argument, but to refute the slanders
Broacht by the malice of an older bard.

And mark what vices he is charged withal:
Menander wrote the "Andrian" and "Perinthian":
Know one and you know both; in argument
Less different than in sentiment and style.
What suited with the "Andrian" he confesses
From the "Perinthian" he transferred and used
For his: and this it is these slanderers blame,
Proving by deep and learned disputation
That fables should not be confounded thus.
Troth! all their knowledge is they nothing know:
Who blaming him, blame Nævius, Plautus, Ennius,
Whose great example is his precedent;
Whose negligence he'd wish to emulate
Rather than their dark diligence. Henceforth
Let them, I give them warning, be at peace,
And cease to rail, lest they be made to know
Their own misdeeds! . . .

Yet if to other poets 't is not lawful
To draw the characters our fathers drew,
How can it then be lawful to exhibit
Slaves running to and fro; to represent
Good matrons, wanton harlots; or to show
An eating parasite, vainglorious soldier,

Supposititious children, bubbled dotards,
 Or love, or hate, or jealousy? — In short,
 Nothing's said now, but has been said before!
 Weigh then these things with candour and forgive
 The Modern, if what Ancients did they do!

— *Translation of* GEORGE COLMAN.

ORIGINALITY IN REVAMPING.

As to report which envious men have spread
 That he has ransackt many Grecian plays,
 While he composes some few Latin ones, —
 That he denies not he has done; nor does
 Repent he did it; means to do it still;
 Safe in the warrant and authority
 Of great bards who did long since do the same.
 Then for the charge that his arch-enemy
 Maliciously reproaches him withal;
 That he but lately hath applied himself
 To music, with the genius of his friends,
 Rather than natural talents fraught; how true
 Your judgment, your opinion, must decide!
 I would entreat you therefore not to lean
 To tales of slander rather than of candour.
 Be favourable; nurse with growing hopes
 The bards who give you pleasing novelties;
 Pleasing I say, not such as his I mean,
 Who lately introduced a breathless slave
 Making the crowd give way: — But wherefore trace
 A dunce's faults? which shall be shown at large,
 When more he writes, unless he cease to rail.

Attend impartially! and let me once
 Without annoyance act an easy part;
 Lest your old servant be o'erlaboured still
 With toilsome characters — the running slave,
 The eating parasite, enraged old man,
 The bold-faced sharper, covetous procurer;
 Parts that ask powers of voice and iron sides.

Deign then, for my sake, to accept this plea,
 And grant me some remission from my labour!
 For they who now produce new comedies

Spare not my age: if there is aught laborious
 They run to me; but if of little weight
 Away to others! In our piece to-day
 The style is pure: now try my talents then
 In either character. If I for gain
 Never o'errated my abilities;
 If I have held it still my chief reward
 To be subservient to your pleasure; fix
 In me a fair example, that our youth
 May seek to please you, rather than themselves.

—*Translation of* GEORGE COLMAN.

A MODEL SON.

“THE ANDRIAN.”

Simo [*to servants*]. Carry those things in; go.
Sosia, come here; a word with you.

Sosia [*Simo's freedman*]. I understand; that these be
 ta'en due care of.

Simo. Quite another thing.

Sosia. What can my art do for you?

Simo. This business
 Needs not that art; but those good qualities,
 Which I have ever known abide in you,
 Fidelity and secrecy.

Sosia. I wait your pleasure.

Simo. Since I bought you, from a boy,
 How just and mild a servitude you've past
 With me, you're conscious. From a purchased slave
 I made you free, because you served me freely;
 The greatest recompense I could bestow.

Sosia. I do remember.

Simo. Nor do I repent.

Sosia. If I have ever done or now do aught
 That's pleasing to you, *Simo*, I am glad
 And thankful that you hold my service good.
 And yet this troubles me: for this detail,
 Forcing your kindness on my memory,
 Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.

Simo. I will: and this I must advise you first:
The nuptial you suppose preparing now
Is all unreal.

Sosia. Why pretend it then?

Simo. You shall hear all from first to last; and thus
The conduct of my son, my own intent,
And what part you're to act, you'll know at once.
For my son, *Sosia*, now to manhood grown,
Had freer scope of living: for before
How might you know, or how indeed divine
His disposition, good or ill, while youth,
Fear, and a master, all constrained him?

Sosia. True!

Simo. Though most, as is the bent of youth, apply
Their mind to some one object — horses, hounds,
Or to the study of philosophy,
Yet none of these, beyond the rest, did he
Pursue; and yet, in moderation, all.
I was o'erjoyed.

Sosia. And not without good cause.
For this I hold to be the Golden Rule
Of life: Too much of one thing's good for nothing!

Simo. So did he shape his life to bear himself
With ease and frank good humour unto all;
Mixt in what company soe'er, to them
He wholly did resign himself; complied
With all their humours, checking nobody,
Nor e'er assuming to himself: and thus
With ease, and free from envy, may you gain
Praise, and conciliate friends.

Sosia. He ruled his life
By prudent maxims: for, as times go now,
Compliance raises friends and truth breeds hate!

Simo. Meanwhile ('t is now about three years ago)
A certain woman from the isle of Andros,
Came o'er to settle in this neighbourhood,
By poverty and cruel kindred driven;
Handsomeness and young.

Sosia. Ah! I begin to fear
Some mischief from this Andrian.

Simo. At first
Modest and thriftily, though poor, she lived,
With her own hands a homely livelihood

Scarce earning from the distaff and the loom.
 But when a lover came with proffered gold,
 Another and another; as the mind
 Falls easily from labour to delight,
 She took their offers and set up the trade.
 They who were then her chief gallants, by chance
 Drew thither, as oft happens with young men,
 My son to join their company. "So, so!"
 (Said I within myself) "he's smit! he has it!"
 And in the morning as I saw their servants
 Run to and fro, I'd often call, "Here, boy.
 Prithee now, who had Chrysis yesterday?" —
 The name of this same Andrian.

Sosia.

I take you!

Simo. Phædrus, they 'd say, Clinia, or Niceratus;
 For all these three then followed her. — "Well, well,
 But what of Pamphilus?" — "Of Pamphilus?
 He supt, and paid his reckoning." — I was glad.
 Another day I made the like inquiry,
 But still found nothing touching Pamphilus.
 Thus I believed his virtue proved and hence
 Thought him a miracle of continence;
 For he who struggles with such spirits, yet
 Holds in that commerce an unshaken mind,
 May well be trusted with the governance
 Of his own conduct! Nor was I alone
 Delighted with his life, but all the world
 With one accord said all good things and praised
 My happy fortunes, who possess a son
 So good, so liberally disposed. — In short
 Chremes, seduced by this fine character,
 Came of his own accord, to offer me
 His only daughter with a handsome portion
 In marriage with my son. I liked the match:
 Betrothed my son: and this was pitch'd upon
 By joint agreement, for the wedding-day.

Sosia. And what prevents its being so?

Simo.

I'll tell you.

In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
 This neighbour Chrysis dies.

Sosia.

In happy hour.

Happy for you. I was afraid of Chrysis!

Simo. My son, on this event, was often there



With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis;
Assisted to prepare the funeral,
Ever condoled and sometimes wept with them.
This pleased me then; for in myself I thought,
"Since merely for a small acquaintance' sake
He takes this death so nearly, what
If he himself had loved? What would he feel for me,
For me, his father?" All these things I thought
Were but the tokens and the offices
Of a humane and tender disposition.
In short, on his account e'en I myself
Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
No harm.

Sosia. And what —

Simo. You shall hear all. The corpse
Borne forth, we follow: when among the women
Attending there, I chanced to cast my eyes
Upon one girl, in form —

Sosia. — Not bad perhaps! —

Simo. And look so modest and so beauteous, *Sosia*,
That nothing could exceed it. As she seemed
To grieve beyond the rest, and as her air
Appeared more liberal and ingenuous,
I went and askt her women who she was.
"Sister," they said, "to Chrysis": when at once
It struck my mind: "So! so! the secret's out;
Hence were those tears and hence all that compassion."

Sosia. Alas! I fear how this affair will end.

Simo. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds: we follow;
Come to the sepulchre; the body's placed
Upon the pile, lamented; whereupon
This sister I was speaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then, there! the frightened Pamphilus betrays
His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;
Runs up and takes her round the waist and cries,
"Oh, my Glycerium! what is it you do?
Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?"
Then she, in such a manner, that you thence
Might easily perceive their long, long love,
Threw herself back into his arms and wept.
Oh, how familiarly!

Sosia.

How say you?

Simo. I
Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had not cause sufficient for reproof.
“What have I done,” he’d say, “or how deserved
Reproach? or how offended, father?—Her,
Who meant to cast herself into the flames,
I stopt”—A fair excuse!

Sosia. You’re in the right;
For him who saved a life, if you reprove,
What will you do to him that offers wrong?

Simo. Chremes next day comes open-mouthed to me.
Oh, monstrous! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this stranger woman! I
Deny the fact most steadily, and he
As steadily insists. In short, we part
On such bad terms, as let me understand
He would refuse his daughter.

Sosia. Did you not
Then take your son to task?

Simo. Not even this
Appeared sufficient reason for reproof!

Sosia. How so?
Simo. “Father,” he might have said, “you have, you
know,
Prescribed a term to all these things yourself.
The time is near at hand, when I must live
According to the humour of another.
Meantime, permit me now to please my own.”

Sosia. What cause remains to chide him then?

Simo. If he
Refuses on account of this amour
To take a wife, such obstinate denial
Must be considered as his first offence.
Wherefore I now, from this mock nuptial,
Endeavour to draw real cause to chide:
And that same rascal Davus (if he’s plotting),
That he may let his counsel run to waste,
Now when his knaveries can do no harm,
Who, I believe, with all his might and main
Will strive to cross my purposes; and that
More to plague me than to oblige my son.

Sosia. Why so?

Simo. Why so! Bad mind, bad heart! But if

I catch him at his tricks! — But what need words?
 If as I wish it may, it should appear
 That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
 Chremes remains to be prevailed upon,
 And will, I hope, consent. 'T is now your place
 To counterfeit these nuptials cunningly,
 To frighten Davus, and observe my son,
 What he's about, what plots they hatch together.
Sosia. Enough! I'll take due care. Let's now go in!
 — Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

A HAPPY RECONCILIATION.

"THE ANDRIAN."

Chremes. Ah, be not in such rage.
Simo. Oh, Chremes, Chremes,
 Filial unkindness! — Don't you pity me?
 To feel all this for such a thankless son! —
 Here, Pamphilus, come forth! ho, Pamphilus!
 Have you no shame? [*Calling at GLYCERIUM's door.*
Pamphilus. Who calls? — Undone! my father.
Simo. What say you? Most —
Chremes. Ah, rather speak at once
 Your purpose, Simo, and forbear reproach!
Simo. As if 't were possible to utter aught
 Severer than he merits! Tell me, then, [*to PAMPHILUS*]
 Glycerium is a citizen?
Pamphilus. They say so!
Simo. They say so! — Oh, amazing impudence! —
 Does he consider what he says? Does he
 Repent the deed? or does his colour take
 The hue of shame? — To be so weak of soul,
 Against the custom of our citizens,
 Against the law, against his father's will,
 To wed himself to shame and this vile woman!
Pamphilus. Wretch that I am!
Simo. Ah, Pamphilus, d'y'e feel
 Your wretchedness at last? Then, then, when first
 You wrought upon your mind at any rate
 To gratify your passion: from that hour

Well might you feel your state of wretchedness.
 But why give in to this? Why torture thus,
 Why vex my spirit? Why afflict my age
 For his distemperature? Why rue his sins?
 — No, let him have her, joy in her, live with her!

Pamphilus. My father.

Simo. How *my father*? — Can I think
 You want this father? You that for yourself
 A home, a wife, and children have acquired
 Against your father's will? and witnesses
 Suborned to prove that she 's a citizen?
 You've gained your point.

Pamphilus. My father, but one word —

Simo. What would you say?

Chremes. Nay, hear him, *Simo.*

Simo. Hear him?

What must I hear then, *Chremes*?

Chremes. Let him speak!

Simo. Well, let him speak: I hear him.

Pamphilus. I confess

I love *Glycerium*: if it be a fault,
 That too I do confess. To you, my father,
 I yield myself; dispose me as you please.
 Command me. Say, that I shall take a wife;
 Leave her; — I will endure it as I may! —
 This only I beseech you, think not I
 Suborned this old man hither. — Suffer me
 To clear myself and bring him here before you.

Simo. Bring him here?

Pamphilus. Let me, father.

Chremes. 'T is but just!

Permit him.

Pamphilus. Grant me this.

Simo. Well, be it so. [*Exit PAMPHILUS.*]

I could bear all this bravely, *Chremes*; more,
 Much more to know that he deceived me not!

Chremes. For a great fault a little punishment
 Suffices to a father.

Reënter PAMPHILUS with CRITO of Andros.

Crito. Say no more.

Any of these inducements would prevail:

Or your entreaty, or that it is truth,
Or that I wish it for Glycerium's sake.

Chremes. Whom do I see? Crito, the Andrian?
Nay, certainly 't is Crito!

Crito. Save you, Chremes!

Chremes. What has brought you to Athens?

Crito. Accident;

But is this Simo?

Chremes. Ay!

Simo. Asks he for me?

So, sir, you say that this Glycerium
Is an Athenian citizen?

Crito. Do you

Deny it?

Simo. What, then, are you come prepared? —

Crito. Prepared! for what?

Simo. And dare you ask for what?

Shall you proceed thus with impunity?
Lay snares for inexperienced liberal youth,
With fraud, temptation, and fair promises
Soothing their minds? —

Crito. Have you your wits?

Simo. And then

With marriage solder up their harlot loves?

Pamphilus [aside]. Alas! I fear the stranger will not
bear this.

Chremes. Knew you this person, Simo, you'd not think
thus!

He's a good man.

Simo. A good man he? — To come,

Although at Athens never seen till now,

So opportunely on the wedding day?

Is such a fellow to be trusted, Chremes?

Pamphilus [aside]. But that I fear my father, I could
make

That matter clear to him.

Simo. A sharper.

Crito. How!

Chremes. It is his humour, Crito, do not heed him!

Crito. Let him look to't. If he persists in saying
Whate'er he pleases, I shall make him hear
Something that may displease him. — Do I stir
In these affairs, or make them my concern?

Bear your misfortunes patiently! For me,
 If I speak true or false, shall now be known.
 — A man of Athens once upon a time
 Was shipwreckt on the coast of Andros: with him
 This very woman, then an infant. He
 In this distress applied, it so fell out,
 For help to Chrysis' father —

Simo. All romance!

Chremes. Let him alone!

Crito. And will he interrupt me?

Chremes. Go on!

Crito. Now Chrysis' father, who received him,
 Was my relation. There I've often heard
 The man himself declare he was of Athens.
 There too he died.

Chremes. His name?

Simo. His name so quickly?

Crito. Phania.

Chremes. Amazement.

Crito. Troth, I think 't was Phania.
 But this I'm sure, he said he was of Rhamnos.

Chremes. Oh, Jupiter!

Crito. These circumstances, Chremes,
 Were known to many others, then in Andros.

Chremes. Heaven grant it may be as I wish! Inform me
 Whose daughter, said he, was the child? His own?

Crito. No, not his own.

Chremes. Whose then?

Crito. His brother's daughter.

Chremes. Mine, mine undoubtedly.

Crito. What say you?

Simo. How?

Pamphilus. Hark, Pamphilus!

Simo. But why believe you this?

Chremes. That Phania was my brother.

Simo. True, I knew him.

Chremes. He, to avoid the war, departed hence;
 And fearing 't were unsafe to leave the child,
 Embarkt with her in quest of me to Asia:
 Since when I've heard no news of him till now.

Pamphilus. I'm scarce myself, my mind is so enrapt
 With fear, hope, joy, and wonder of so great,
 So sudden happiness,

Simo. Indeed, my Chremes,
I heartily rejoice she's found, your daughter.

Pamphilus. I do believe you, father.

Chremes. But one doubt
There still remains, which gives me pain.

Pamphilus. Away
With all your doubts. You puzzle a plain cause!

Crito. What is that doubt?

Chremes. That name does not agree.

Crito. She had another, when a child.

Chremes. What, Crito?
Can you remember?

Crito. I am hunting for it.

Pamphilus. Shall then his memory oppose my bliss?
When I can minister the cure myself?—

No, I will not permit it!—Hark you, Chremes,
The name is *Psibula*.

Crito. True!

Chremes. The same.

Pamphilus. I've heard it from herself a thousand times.

Simo. Chremes, I trust you will believe we all
Rejoice at this.

Chremes. 'Fore Heaven, I believe so.

Pamphilus. And now, my father—

Simo. Peace, son, the event
Has reconciled me!

Pamphilus. O thou best of fathers.
Does Chremes too confirm *Glycerium* mine?

Chremes. And with good cause, if *Simo* hinder not.

Pamphilus. Sir?

Simo. Be it so!

Chremes. My daughter's portion is
Ten talents, *Pamphilus*.

Pamphilus. I am content.

— Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

THE PARASITE AND THE BOASTFUL CAPTAIN.

"THE EUNUCH."

Gnatho. Good Heavens, how much one man excels another!

What difference 'twixt a wise man and a fool!
 What just now happened proves it: coming hither
 I met with an old countryman — a man
 Of my own place and order, like myself
 No scurvy fellow; who, like me, had spent
 In mirth and jollity his whole estate.
 Seeing him in a wretched trim, his looks
 Lean, sick, and dirty, and his clothes all rags,
 "How now," cried I, "what means this figure, Friend?"
 "Alas," says he, "my patrimony's gone!
 Ah, how am I reduced! My old acquaintance
 And friends all shun me." — Hearing this, how cheap
 I held him in comparison with me.
 "Why, how now, wretch!" said I, "most idle wretch.
 Have you spent all, nor left even hope behind?
 What! have you lost your sense with your estate?
 Me! — look on me — come from the same condition!
 How sleek! how neat! how clad! in what good case!
 I've everything, though nothing; naught possess,
 Yet naught I ever want." — "Ah, sir, but I
 Have an unhappy temper and can't bear
 To be the butt of others, or to take
 A beating now and then!" — How then! d'ye think
 Those are the means of thriving? No, my friend.
 Such formerly indeed might drive a trade;
 But mine's a new profession; I the first
 That ever struck into this road. There are
 A kind of men who wish to be the head
 Of everything, but are not. These I follow
 Not for their sport and laughter, but for gain,
 To laugh with them and wonder at their parts:
 Whate'er they say, I praise it; if again
 They contradict, I praise that too: Does any
 Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too
 Affirm; and, in a word, I've brought myself
 To say, unsay, swear, and unswear at pleasure!

And that is now the best of all professions. . . .
 Deep in this conversation, we at length
 Come to the market, where the several tradesmen,
 Butchers, cooks, grocers, poulterers, fishmongers
 (Who, while my means were ample, profited,
 And though now wasted, profit by me still),
 All run with joy to me, salute, invite,
 And bid me welcome! He, poor half-starved wretch,
 Soon as he saw me thus carest, and found
 I got my bread so easily, desired
 He might have leave to learn that art of me.
 I bade him follow me, if possible.
 And as the Schools of the Philosophers
 Have ta'en from the philosophers their names,
 So in like manner, let all parasites
 Be called from me Gnathonicks. . . .

Thraso. It is, indeed, something, I know not how,
 Peculiar to me; do whate'er I please,
 It will appear agreeable.

Gnatho. In truth
 I always have observed it!

Thraso. Even the king
 Held himself much obliged, whate'er I did:
 Not so to others.

Gnatho. Men of wit like you,
 The glory, got by others' care and toil,
 Often transfer unto themselves!

Thraso. You 've hit it!

Gnatho. The king then held you —

Thraso. Certainly —

Gnatho. Most dear —

Thraso. Most near. He trusted his whole army to me,
 His councils —

Gnatho. Wonderful.

Thraso. And then, whene'er
 Satiety of company, or hate
 Of business seized him — when he would repose —

Gnatho. Perfectly!
 When he would — in a manner — clear his stomach
 Of all uneasiness!

Gnatho. The very thing!
 On such occasions he chose none but me.

Gnatho. Hui! there 's a king indeed! a king of taste.

Thraso. No general man, I promise you!

Gnatho.

Oh, no!

He must have been particular indeed,
If he conversed with you.

Thraso.

The courtiers all
Began to envy me and railed in secret;
I cared not; whence their spleen increased the more.
One in particular, who had the charge
Of the elephants from India, grew at last
So very troublesome; "I prithee, Strato,
Are you so savage and so fierce," said I,
"Because you 're governor of the wild beasts?"

Gnatho. Oh, finely said! — and shrewdly excellent! —
Too hard upon him! — what said he to 't?

Thraso. Nothing!

Gnatho.

And how the devil should he?

Thraso. Ay! but the story of the Rhodian, *Gnatho*.
How smart I was upon him at a feast —
Did I ne'er tell you?

Gnatho.

Never! but pray do!

[*Aside.*] I've heard it o'er and o'er a thousand times.

Thraso. We were by chance together at a feast —
This Rhodian that I told you of and I —
I, as it happened, had a wench: the spark
Began to toy with her and laugh at me.

"Why, how now, Impudence," said I, "are you
A hare yourself, and yet would hunt for *game*?"

Gnatho. Ha! ha! ha!

Witty! smart! incomparable!

Is it your own? I swear I thought 't was old.

Thraso. Why, did you ever hear it?

Gnatho.

Very often

And reckoned admirable.

Thraso.

'T is my own!

Gnatho. And yet 't was pity to be so severe
On a young fellow and a gentleman. . . .
What became of him?

Thraso. It did for him. The company were all
Ready to die with laughing! — In a word.
They dreaded me.

Gnatho.

No wonder!

— Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

SYMPATHY

"THE SELF-TORMENTOR."

Menedemus. Have you such leisure from your own affairs
 To think of those that don't concern you, *Chremes* ?
Chremes. I am a man and feel for all mankind.

— Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

HAPPINESS

"THE SELF-TORMENTOR."

Clitipho. They say that he is miserable.
Chremes. Miserable ?
 Who needs be less so ? For what earthly good
 Can man possess which he may not enjoy ?
 Parents, a prosperous country, friends, birth, riches,
 Yet all these take their value from the mind
 Of the possessor : He that knows their use,
 To him they're blessings ; he that knows it not,
 To him misuse converts them into curses.

— Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

WIVES AND MISTRESSES.

"THE STEPMOTHER."

Bacchis. Well, I commend you, my *Antiphila* ;
 Happy in having made it still your care
 That virtue should seem fair as beauty in you.
 Nor, gracious Heaven so help me, do I wonder
 If every man should wish you for his own ;
 For your discourse bespeaks a worthy mind,
 And when I ponder with myself and weigh
 Your course of life and all the rest of those
 Who live not on the common, 't is not strange
 Your morals should be different from ours !

Virtue's your interest; those with whom we deal
 Forbid it to be ours; for our gallants,
 Charmed by our beauty, court us but for that,
 Which, fading, they transfer their love to others.
 If then meanwhile we look not to ourselves,
 We live forlorn, deserted and distrest.
 You, when you've once agreed to pass your life
 Bound to one man, whose temper suits with yours
 He too attaches his whole heart to you:
 Thus mutual friendship draws you each to each;
 Nothing can part you, nothing shake your love.

Antiphila. I know not others; for myself I know
 From his content I ever drew my own.

— Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

WOMEN.

"THE STEPMOTHER."

OH, Heaven and earth, what animals are women!
 What a conspiracy among them all
 To do or not to do, to hate or love alike!
 No one but has the sex so strong in her,
 She differs nothing from the rest. Stepmothers
 All hate their stepdaughters; and every wife
 Studies alike to contradict her husband,
 The same perverseness running through them all.
 Each seems trained up in the same school of mischief;
 And of that school, if any such there be,
 My wife I think is schoolmistress.

— Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

NO HOPE; NO DISAPPOINTMENT.

"PHORMIO."

Demipho. I know not what to do:
 This stroke has come so unawares upon me,
 Beyond all expectation, past belief!
 — I'm so enraged, I can't compose my mind

To think upon it. — Wherefore every man,
 When his affairs go on most swimmingly,
 Even then it most behooves to arm himself
 Against the coming storm: loss, danger, exile,
 Returning ever let him look to meet;
 His son in fault, wife dead, or daughter sick —
 All common accidents, and may have happened;
 That nothing should seem new or strange! But if
 Aught has fallen out beyond his hopes, all that
 Let him account clear gain!

Geta. Oh, Demipho,
 'T is wonderful how much a wiser man
 I am than my old master! My misfortunes
 I have considered well. — At his return
 Doomed to grind ever in the mill, beat, chained,
 Or set to labour in the fields; of these
 Nothing will happen new! If aught falls out
 Beyond my hopes, all that I'll count clear gain!

— Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

THE ILLS OF BEING IN LOVE.

In love are all these ills: suspicions, quarrels,
 Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again.
 Things thus uncertain, if by Reason's rules
 You'd certain make, it were as wise a task
 To try with reason to run mad.

— Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

THE CONTRADICTIONS OF LIFE.

“THE BROTHERS.”

Demea. Never did man lay down so fair a plan
 So wise a rule of life, but fortune, age,
 Or long experience made some change in it;
 And taught him, that those things he thought he knew,
 He did not know, and what he held as best,

In practice he threw by ! The very thing
That happens to myself. For that hard life
Which I have ever led, my race near run,
Now in the last stage, I renounce — and why ?
But that by dear experience I've been told
There's nothing so advantages a man,
As mildness and complacency. Of this
My brother and myself are living proofs !
He always led an easy, cheerful life.
Good-humoured, mild, offending nobody,
Smiling on all — a jovial bachelor,
His whole expenses centred in himself.
I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, cross,
Saving, morose, and thrifty, took a wife :
What miseries did marriage bring ! — had children ;
A new uneasiness. — And then besides,
Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,
I have worn out my prime of life and health ;
And now, my course near finisht, what return
Do I receive for all my toil ? Their hate !
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father's comforts ! Him they love,
Me they avoid ; to him they open all
Their secret counsels ; dote on him, and both
Repair to him ; while I am quite forsaken !
His life they pray for, but expect my death.
Thus those, brought up by my exceeding labour,
He, at a small expense, has made his own :
The care all mine, and all the pleasure his.

— Translation of GEORGE COLMAN.

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS.

LUCRETIUS, the famous Epicurean poet, is personally the vaguest and most shadowy of all the writers of antiquity. The date of his birth is variously stated as 97, 95, or 94 B.C.; his death at 55, 52, or 51 B.C. The Eusebian Chronicle, which was written nearly four hundred years after his death and exists now only in the Latin translation of St. Jerome, states that he wrote his poem in the intervals of insanity caused by a love potion, that Cicero revised the work, and that he committed suicide. All these statements are open to doubt. The poem on which his fame rests consists of seventy-four hundred hexameter lines divided into six books, addressed to Caius Memmius Gemellus, the profligate poet and brilliant orator, son-in-law to Sulla. The "*De Rerum Natura*," as it was called, is regarded as the greatest didactic poem ever written. He believed that the universe was due to a fortuitous correlation of atoms; that the gods, if they existed, dwelt in peace far aloof, and that much of the unhappiness of man arose from the unnecessary dread which they harboured regarding the interference of jealous or malevolent powers. He believed that all phenomena could be explained by natural causes. The dryness of such theorizing he relieved by introducing episodes of exquisite beauty and wonderful power. His was not the philosophy of despair; though he argued that the soul which comes into existence with the body ends with its dissolution, and that there is no consciousness and therefore no knowledge in the grave; he teaches that true pleasure is to be found in moderation, and that the inevitable annihilation is a relief and a blessing.

ON LIFE AND DEATH.

I.

WHEN storms blow loud, 't is sweet to watch at ease
From shore the sailor labouring with the seas:
Because the sense, not that such pains are his,

But that they are not ours, must always please.
Sweet for the cragsman, from some high retreat
Watching the plains below where legions meet,
To await the moment when the walls of war
Thunder and clash together. But more sweet,
Sweeter by far on Wisdom's rampired height
To pace serene the porches of the light,
And thence look down — down on the purblind herd
Seeking and never finding in the night
The road to peace — the peace that all might hold,
But yet is missed by young men and by old,
Lost in the strife for palaces and powers,
The axes and the lictors and the gold.
O sightless eyes! O hands that toil in vain!
Not such your needs! Your nature's needs are twain,
And only twain: and these are to be free —
Your minds from terror and your bones from pain.
Unailing limbs, a calm unanxious breast —
Grant Nature these and she will do the rest.
Nature will bring you, be you rich or poor,
Perhaps not much — at all events her best.
What though no statued youths from wall and wall
Strew light along your midnight festival,
With golden hands, nor beams from Labanon
Keep the lyre's languor lingering through the hall,
Yours is the table 'neath the high-whispering trees;
Yours is the lyre of leaf and stream and breeze,
The golden flagon and the echoing dome —
Lapt in the Spring, what care you then for these?
Sleep is no sweeter on the ivory bed
Than yours on moss; and fever's shafts are sped
As clean through silks damask'd for dreaming kings,
As through the hood that wraps the poor man's head.
What then if all the prince's glittering store
Yields to his body not one sense the more,
Nor any ache or fever of them all
Is barred out by bronze gates or janitor —
What shall the palace, what the proud domain
Do for the mind — vain splendours of the vain?
How shall these minister to a mind diseased,
Or raze one written trouble from the brain?
Unless you think that conscience with its stings
And misery, fears the outward pomp of things —

Fears to push swords and sentinels aside,
And sit the assessor of the king of kings.
The mind. Ay — there's the rub! The root is there
Of that one malady which all men share.
It gleams between the haggard lids of joy;
It burns a canker in the heart of care.
Within the gold bowl, when the feast is set,
It lurks. 'T is bitter in the labourer's sweat.
Feed thou the starving, and thou bring'st it back —
Back to the starving, who alone forget.
O you who under silken curtains lie,
And you whose only roof-tree is the sky,
What is the curse that blights your lives alike?
Not that you hate to live, but fear to die.
Fear is the poison. Wheresoe'er you go,
Out of the skies above, the clods below,
The sense thrills through you of some pitiless Power
Who scowls at once your father and your foe;
Who lets his children wander at their whim,
Choosing their road, as though not bound by him:
But all their life is rounded with a shade,
And every road goes down behind the rim;
And there behind the rim, the swift, the lame,
At different paces, but their end the same,
Into the dark shall one by one go down,
Where the great furnace shakes its hair of flame.
O ye who cringe and cower before the throne
Of him whose heart is fire, whose hands are stone,
Who shall deliver you from this death in life —
Strike off your chains, and make your souls your own?

II.

Come unto me all ye that labour! Ye
Whose souls are heavy-laden, come to me,
And I will lead you forth by streams that heal,
And feed you with the truth that sets men free!
Not from myself, poor souls with fear foredone,
Not from myself I have it, but from one
At whose approach the lamps of all the wise
Fade and go out like stars before the sun.
I am the messenger of one that saith
His saving sentence through my humbler breath:

And would you know this gospel's name, 't is this —
The healing Gospel of Eternal Death.
A teacher he, the latchet of whose shoe
I am not worthy stooping to undo:
And on your aching brows and weary eyes
His saving sentence shall descend like dew.
For this is he that dared the almighty foe,
Lookt up, and struck the Olympian blow for blow,
And dragged the phantom from his fancied skies —
The Samian Sage¹ — the first of those that know.
Him not the splintered lightnings, nor the roll
Of thunders daunted. Undismayed his soul
Rose, and outsoared the thunder, plumbed the abyss,
And scanned the wheeling worlds from pole to pole;
And from the abyss brought back for you and me
The secret that alone can set men free.
He showed us how the world and worlds began,
And what things can, and what things cannot be.
And as I hear his clarion, I — I too
See earth and heaven laid open to my view;
And lo, from earth and heaven the curse is gone,
And all the things that are, are born anew.
Vision divine! Far off in crystal air,
What forms are these? The immortal Gods are there.
Ay — but what Gods? Not those that trembling men
Would bribe with offerings, and appease with prayer.
Far off they lie, where storm-winds never blow,
Nor ever storm-cloud moves across the glow;
Nor frost of Winter nips them, nor their limbs
Feel the white fluttering of one plume of snow.
At ease they dream, and make perpetual cheer
Far off. From them we nothing have to fear,
Nothing to hope. How should the calm ones hate?
The tearless know the meaning of a tear?
We leave, we bless them, in their homes on high.
No atheist is my master, he, nor I:
But when I turn and seek the stain of Hell
Which flames and smokes along the nadir sky,
Even as I gaze, the ancient shapes of ill
Flicker and fade. From off the accursed hill
The huge stone melts. The Ixionian wheel

¹ Epicurus, born 342 B.C. in the island of Samos.

Rests, and the barkings of the hound are still.
The damned forbear to shriek, their wounds to bleed,
The fire to torture, and the worm to feed;
And stars are glittering through the rift, where once
The stream went wailing 'twixt its leagues of reed;
And all the pageant goes; whilst I, with awe,
See in its place the things my master saw;
See in its place the three eternal things —
The only three — atoms and space and law!
Hearken, O Earth! Hearken, O heavens bereft
Of your old gods, these ageless Fates are left,
Who are at once the makers and the made,
Who are at once the weavers and the weft.
All things but these arise and fail and fall,
From flowers to stars — the great things and the small;
Whilst the great Sum of things remains the same,
The all-creating, all-devouring All.
O you who with me, in my master's ear,
Up from the dens of faith have risen afar,
Do you not see at last on yonder height
A light that burns and beacons like a star?
Do you not sniff the morning in our flight?
The air turns cool, the dusk team turns to white!
Night's courses catch the morning on their manes;
The dews are on the pasterns of the Night.
At last we are near the secret, O my friend.
Patience awhile. We soon shall reach the end —
The gospel of the Everlasting Death,
Incline your ear to reason and attend.

III.

No single thing abides; but all things flow.
Fragment to fragment clings — the things thus grow
Until we know and name them. By degrees
They melt, and are no more the things we know.
Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift
I see the suns, I see the systems lift
Their forms; and even the systems and the suns
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.
Thou too, O Earth — thine empires, lands and seas —
Least, with thy stars, of all the galaxies,
Globed from the drift like these, like those thou too

Shalt go. Thou art going, hour by hour, like these!
Nothing abides. Thy seas in delicate haze
Go off; those moonèd sands forsake their place;
And where they are, shall other seas in turn
Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays.
Lo, how the terraced towers, and monstrous round
Of league-long ramparts rise from out the ground,
With gardens in the clouds! Then all is gone,
And Babylon is a memory and a mound.
Observe this dew-drencht rose of Tyrian grain —
A rose to-day. But you will ask in vain
To-morrow what it is; and yesterday
It was the dust, the sunshine and the rain.
This bowl of milk, the pitch on yonder jar,
Are strange and far-bound travellers come from far.
This is a snowflake that was once a flame —
The flame was once the fragment of a star.
Round, angular, soft, brittle, dry, cold, warm,
Things *are* their qualities: things *are* their form —
And these in combination, even as bees,
Not singly but combined, make up the swarm:
And when the qualities like bees on wing,
Having a moment clustered, cease to cling,
As the thing dies without its qualities,
So die the qualities without the thing!
Where is the coolness when no cool winds blow?
Where is the music when the lute lies low?
Are not the redness and the red rose one,
And the snow's whiteness one thing with the snow?
Even so, now mark me, here we reach the goal
Of Science, and in little have the whole —
Even as the redness and the rose are one,
So with the body one thing is the soul!
For, as our limbs and organs all unite
To make our sum of suffering and delight,
And, without eyes and ears and touch and tongue,
Were no such things as taste and sound and sight.
So without these we all in vain shall try
To find the thing that gives them unity —
The thing to which each whispers, "Thou art thou" —
The soul which answers each, "And I am I."
What! shall the dateless worlds in dust be blown
Back to the unremembered and unknown,

And this frail Thou — this flame of yesterday —
Burn on, forlorn, immortal, and alone?
Did Nature in the nurseries of the night
Tend it for this — Nature whose heedless might,
Like some poor shipwreckt sailor, takes the babe,
And casts it bleating on the shores of light?
What is it there? A cry is all it is!
It knows not if its limbs be yours or his.
Less than that cry the babe was yesterday.
The man to-morrow shall be less than this.
Tissue by tissue to a soul he grows,
As leaf by leaf the rose becomes the rose.
Tissue from tissue rots; and, as the Sun
Goes from the bubbles, when they burst, he goes!
Ah, mark those pearls of Sunrise! Fast and free
Upon the waves they are dancing. Souls shall be
Things that outlast their bodies, when each spark
Outlasts its wave, each wave outlasts the sea!
The seeds that once were we take flight and fly,
Winnowed to earth, or whirled along the sky,
Not lost but disunited. Life lives on.
It is the lives, the lives, the lives that die!
They go beyond recapture and recall,
Lost in the all-indissoluble All: —
Gone like the rainbow from the fountain's foam,
Gone like the spindrift shuddering down the squall.
Flakes of the water, on the waters cease.
Soul of the body, melt and sleep like these,
Atoms to atoms — weariness to rest —
Ashes to ashes — hopes and fears to peace!
O Science, lift aloud thy voice that stills
The pulse of fear and through the conscience thrills —
Thrills through the conscience with the news of peace —
How beautiful thy feet are on the hills!

IV.

Death is for us, then, nothing — a mere name
For the mere noiseless ending of a flame.
It hurts us not, for there is nothing left
To hurt: and as of old, when Carthage came
To battle, we and ours felt naught at all,
Nor quailed to see city and farm and stall

Flare into dust, and all our homeless fields
Trampled beneath the hordes of Hannibal,
But slumbered on and on, nor cared a jot,
Deaf to the stress and tumult, though the lot
Of things was doubtful, to which lords should fall
The rule of all — but we, we heeded not —
So when that wedlock of the flesh and mind,
Which makes us what we are, shall cease to bind,
And mind and flesh, being mind and flesh no more,
Powdered to dust go whistling down the wind,
Even as our past was shall our future be !
Others may start and tremble, but not we,
Though heaven with the disbanded dust of earth
Be dark, or earth be drowned beneath the sea.
Why then torment ourselves, and shrink aghast
Like timorous children from the great At Last ?
For though the Future holds its face averse,
See that hid face reflected in the past,
As in a shield. Look ! Does some monster seem
To threaten there ? Is that the Gorgon's gleam ?
What meets your eyes is nothing — or a face
Even gentler than a sleep without a dream.
And yet — ah, thou who art about to cease
From toil and lapse into perpetual peace,
Why will the mourners stand about thy bed,
And sting thy parting hour with words like these ?

“Never shalt thou behold thy dear home more,
Never thy wife await thee at thy door,
Never again thy little climbing boy
A father's kindness in thine eyes explore.
All you have toiled for, all you have loved,” they say,
“Is gone, is taken in a single day ;”
But never add, “All memory, all desire,
All love — these likewise shall have passed away.”

Ah ignorant mourners ! Did they only see
The fate which Death indeed lays up for thee,
How would they sing a different song from this —
“Beloved, not thou the sufferer — not thou ; but we.
Thou hast lost us all ; but thou, redeemed from pain,
Shalt sleep the sleep that kings desire in vain.
Thou hast left us all ; and lo, for us, for us,

A void that never shall be filled again.
Not thine, but ours, to see the sharp flames thrust
Their daggers through the hands we clasp in trust;
To see the dear lips crumble, and at last
To brood above a bitter pile of dust!
Not thine, but ours is this! All pain is fled
From thee, and we are wailing in thy stead,
Not for the dead that leave the loved behind,
But for the living that must lose their dead!"

V.

O ye of little faith, who fear to scan
The inevitable hour that ends your span,
If me you doubt, let Nature find a voice;
And will not Nature reason thus with man?
"Fools," she will say, "whose petulant hearts and speech
Dare to arraign, and long to overreach,
Mine ordinance — I see two schools of fools.
Silent be both, and I will speak for each.
And first for thee, whose whimpering lips complain
That all Life's wine for thee is poured in vain,
That each hour spills it like a broken cup —
Life is for thee the loss and Death the gain!
Death shall not mock thee! Death at last shall slake
Your life's thirst from a cup that will not break.
Cease then your mutterings. Drain that wine-cup dry,
Nor fear the wine! Why should you wish to wake?
And next for thee, who hast eaten and drunk with zest
At my most delectable table of the best,
Yet when the long feast ends art loth to go,
Why not, O fool, rise like a sated guest —
Rise like some guest who has drunk well and deep,
And now no longer can his eyelids keep
From closing; rise and hie thee home to rest
And enter calmly on the unending sleep?
What, will you strive with me, and say me 'No,'
Like some distempered child; and whisper low,
'Give me but one life more, one hour, to drink
One draught of some new sweetness ere I go?'
Oh, three times fool! For could I only do
The impossible thing you ask, and give to you
Not one life more, but many, 't were in vain.

You would find nothing sweet and nothing new.
Pleasure and power, the friend's, the lover's kiss,
Would bring you weariness in place of bliss.
You would turn aside and say, 'I have known them all,
And am long tired of this, and this, and this.'
Nature can nothing do she has not done —
Nature to whom a thousand lives are one:
And though a thousand lives were yours to endure,
You would find no new thing beneath the Sun.
Children of ended joy and ended care,
I tell you both, take back, take back your prayer;
For one life's joys and loves, or one life's load,
Are all, are all, that one man's bones can bear."
Such, if the mute Omnipotence were free
To speak, which it is not, its words would be.
Could you gainsay them? Lend your ears once more,
Not to the mute Omnipotence, but me!

VI.

For I, if still you are haunted by the fear
Of Hell, have one more secret for your ear.
Hell is indeed no fable; but, my friends,
Hell and its torments are not there but here!
No Tantalus down below with craven head
Cowers from the hovering rock; but here instead
A Tantalus lives in each fond wretch who fears
An angry God and views the heavens with dread.
No Tityos there lies prone and lives to feel
The beak of the impossible vulture steal
Day after day out of his bleeding breast
The carrion of the insatiable meal!
But you and I are Tityos, when the dire
Poison of passion turns our blood to fire;
For despised love is crueller than the pit,
And bitterer than the vulture's beak desire.
Hell holds no Sisyphus who, with toil and pain,
Still rolls the huge stone up the hill in vain.
But he is Sisyphus who, athirst for power,
Fawns on the crowd, and toils and fails to gain
The crowd's vile suffrage. What a doom is his —
Abased and unrewarded. Is not this
Ever to roll the huge stone up the hill,

And see it still rebounding to the abyss?
Oh, forms of fear, oh, sights and signs of woe!
The shadowy road down which we all must go
Leads not to these, but from them. Hell is here,
Here in the broad day! Peace is there below!
Think yet again, if still your fears protest,
Think how the dust of this broad road to rest
Is homely with the feet of all you love,
The wisest, and the bravest, and the best.
Ancus has gone before you down that road.
Scipio, the lord of war, the all-dreaded goad
Of Carthage, he, too, like his meanest slave,
Has travelled humbly to the same abode.
Thither the singers and the sages fare,
Thither the great queens with their golden hair.
Homer himself is there with all his songs;
And even my mighty Master's self is there.
There, too, the knees that nursed you, and the clay
That was a mother once, this many a day
Have gone. Thither the king with crownèd brows
Goes, and the weaned child leads him on the way.
Brother and friend, and art thou still averse
To tread that road? And will the way be worse
For thee than them? Dost thou disdain or fear
To tread the road of babes and emperors?
Is life so sweet a thing, then, even for those
On whom it smiles in all its bravest shows?
See, in his marble hall the proud lord lies,
And seems to rest, but does not know repose!
"Bring me my chariot," to his slaves he cries.
The chariot comes. With thundering hoof he flies —
Flies to his villa, where the calm arcades
Prophecy peace, and fountains cool the skies.
Vain are the calm arcades, the fountain's foam,
Vain the void solitude he calls a home.
"Bring me my chariot," like a hunted thing
He cries once more and thunders back to Rome!
So each man strives to flee that secret foe
Which is himself. But move he swift or slow,
That Self, forever punctual at his heels,
Never for one short hour will let him go.
How, could he only teach his eyes to see
The things that can, the things that cannot be,

He would hail the road by which he shall at last
Escape the questing monster and be free!
He shall escape it even by that same way
On which Fear whispers him 't will turn to bay:
For on that road the questing monster dies
Like a man's shadow on a sunless day.
Brother and friend, this life brings joy and ease
And love to some, to some the lack of these —
Only the lack; to others tears and pain;
But at the last it brings to all the peace
That passes understanding. Sweet, thrice sweet
This healing gospel of the unplumbed retreat,
Where, though not drinking, we shall no more thirst,
And meeting not, shall no more wish to meet.

VII.

"Thy wife, thy home, the child that climbed thy knee,
Are sinking down like sails behind the sea."
Breathe to the dying this; but breathe as well
"All love for these shall likewise pass from thee."
Brother, if I should watch their last light shine
In those loved eyes, those dying ears of thine
Should hear me murmur what, when my hour comes,
I would some friend might murmur into mine.
Rest, rest, perturbed bosom — heart forlorn,
With thoughts of ended joys and evil borne,
And — worse — of evil done; for they, like thee,
Shall rest — those others thou hast made to mourn.
Even if there lurk behind some veil of sky
The fabled Maker, the immortal Spy,
Ready to torture each poor life he made,
Thou canst do more than God can — thou canst die.
Will not the thunders of thy God be dumb
When thou art deaf forever? Can the Sum
Of all things bruise what is not? Nay — take heart;
For where thou goest thither no God can come!
Rest, brother, rest! Have you done ill or well,
Rest, rest! There is no God, no Gods who dwell
Crowned with avenging righteousness on high,
Nor frowning ministers of their hate in Hell.
None shall accuse thee, none shall judge; for lo,
Those others have forgotten long ago:

And all thy sullied drifts of memory
 Shall lie as white, shall lie as cold as snow :
 And no vain hungering for the joys of yore
 Gone with the vanisht sunsets, nor the sore
 Torn in your heart by all the ills you did,
 Nor even the smart of those poor ills you bore ;
 And no omnipotent wearer of a crown
 Of righteousness, nor fiend with branded frown,
 Swart from the flame, shall break or reach your rest,
 Or stir your temples from the eternal down.
 Flakes of the water, on the waters cease !
 Soul of the body, melt and sleep like these.
 Atoms to atoms — weariness to rest.
 Ashes to ashes — hopes and fears to peace !

— *Paraphrase of WILLIAM H. MALLOCK.*

ADDRESS TO VENUS.

GREAT Venus! Queene of Beautie and of grace,
 The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
 Dost fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place ;
 That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
 The raging seas and makst the stormes to flie :
 Thee, Goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do feare ;
 And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on hie
 The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
 And heavens laugh, and al the world shews joyous cheare.

Then doth the daedale earth throw forth to thee
 Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres ;
 And then all living wights, soone as they see
 The Spring break forth out of his lusty bowres,
 They all doe learne to play the Paramours ;
 First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
 Privily priked with thy lustfull powres,
 Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages
 And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
 Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food ;

The Lyons rore ; the Tygres loudly bray ;
 The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
 And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
 To come where thou doest draw them with desire.
 So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
 Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire
 In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And dayly yet thou doest the same prepayre :
 Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre
 But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre :
 Thou art the root of all that joyous is :
 Great God of men and women, queene of the air,
 Mother of laughter and welspring of blisse,
 O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse !
 — *Paraphrase of EDMUND SPENSER.*

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

WHEN human life a shame to human eyes
 Lay sprawling in the mire in foul estate,
 A cowering thing without the strength to rise,
 Held down by fell Religion's heavy weight —
 Religion scowling downward from the skies,
 With hideous head, and vigilant eyes of hate —
 First did a man of Greece presume to raise
 His brows and give the monster gaze for gaze.

Him not the tales of all the Gods in heaven,
 Nor the heaven's lightnings nor the menacing roar
 Of thunder daunted. He was only driven
 By these vain vauntings to desire the more
 To burst through Nature's gates and rive the unruven
 Bars. And he gained the day ; and, conqueror,
 His spirit broke beyond our world and past
 Its flaming walls, and fathomed all the vast.

And back returning, crowned with victory, he
 Divulged of things the hidden mysteries,

Laying quite bare what can and cannot be,
How to each force is set strong boundaries,
How no power raves unchained ; and now Religion lies
Trampled by us ; and unto us 't is given
Fearless with level gaze to scan the heaven.

Yet fear I lest thou haply deem that thus
We sin and enter wicked ways of reason.
Whereas 'gainst all things good and beauteous
'T is oft Religion does the foulest treason.
Has not the tale of Aulis come to us
And those great chiefs who, in the windless season,
Bade young Iphianassa's form be laid
Upon the altar of the Trivian maid ?

Soon as the fillet round her virgin hair
Fell in its equal lengths down either cheek, —
Soon as she saw her father standing there,
Sad, by the altar, without power to speak,
And at his side the murderous minister,
Hiding the knife, and many a faithful Greek
Weeping — her knees grew weak, and with no sound
She sank, in speechless terror, on the ground.

But naught availed it in that hour accurst
To save the maid from such a doom as this,
That her lips were the baby lips that first
Called the King father with their cries and kiss.
For round her came the strong men, and none durst
Refuse to do what cruel part was his ;
So silently they raised her up, and bore her
All quivering, to the deadly shrine before her.

And as they bore her, ne'er a golden lyre
Rang round her coming with a bridal strain ;
But in the very season of desire,
A stainless maiden, amid bloody stain
She died — a victim felled by its own sire —
That so the ships the wisht-for winds might gain
And air puff out their canvas. Learn thou, then,
To what damned deeds Religion urges men.

— *Translation of WILLIAM H. MALLOCK.*

THE TORCH OF EXISTENCE.

FROM BOOK II.

SWEET, when the great sea's water is stirred to his depths
by the storm winds,
Standing ashore to descry one afar-off mightily struggling:
Not that a neighbour's sorrow to you yields dulcet enjoy-
ment;

But that the sight hath a sweetness, of ills ourselves are
exempt from.

Sweet 't is too to behold, on a broad plain mustering, war-
hosts

Arm them for some great battle, one's self unscathed by
the danger! —

Yet still happier this: — To possess, impregnably guarded,
Those calm heights of the sages, which have for an origin
Wisdom;

Thence to survey our fellows, observe them this way and
that way

Wander amidst Life's paths, poor stragglers seeking a
highway:

Watch mind battle with mind, and escutcheon rival es-
cutcheon;

Gaze on that untold strife, which is waged 'neath the sun
and the starlight,

Up as they toil on the surface whereon rest Riches and
Empire.

O race born unto trouble! O minds all lacking of
eyesight!

'Neath what a vital darkness, amidst how terrible dangers,
Move ye through this thing, Life, this fragment! Fools,
that ye hear not

Nature clamour aloud for the one thing only; that, all
pain

Parted and past from the Body, the Mind, too, bask in a
blissful

Dream, all fear of the future and all anxiety over!

Now, as regards Man's Body, a few things only are
needful

(Few, though we sum up all), to remove all misery from
him;

Ay, and to strew in his path such a liberal carpet of pleasures,
That scarce Nature herself would at times ask happiness ampler.
Statues of youth and of beauty may not gleam golden around him
(Each in his right hand bearing a great lamp lustrously burning,
Whence to the midnight revel a light may be furnishèd always);
Silver may not shine softly, nor gold blaze bright, in his mansion,
Nor to the noise of the tabret his halls gold-cornicèd echo:—
Yet still he, with his fellow, reposed on the velvety green-sward,
Near to a rippling stream, by a tall tree canopied over,
Shall, though they lack great riches, enjoy all bodily pleasure.
Chiefiest then, when above them a fair sky smiles, and the young year
Flings with a bounteous hand over each green meadow the wild-flowers:—
Not more quickly depart from his bosom fiery fevers,
Who beneath crimson hangings and pictures cunningly broidered
Tosses about, than from him who must lie in beggarly raiment.

Therefore, since to the Body avail not Riches, avails not
Heraldry's utmost boast, nor the pomp and the pride of an empire;
Next shall you own, that the Mind needs likewise nothing of these things.
Unless—when, peradventure, your armies over the champaign
Spread with a stir and a ferment, and bid War's image awaken,
Or when with stir and with ferment a fleet sails forth upon Ocean—
Cowed before these brave sights, pale Superstition abandon

Straightway your mind as you gaze, Death seem no longer
alarming,

Trouble vacate your bosom, and Peace hold holiday in
you.

But, if (again) all this be a vain impossible fiction ;
If of a truth men's fears, and the cares which hourly
beset them,

Heed not the javelin's fury, regard not clashing of broad-
swords ;

But all-boldly amongst crowned heads and the rulers of
empires

Stalk, not shrinking abasht from the dazzling glare of the
red gold,

Not from the pomp of the monarch, who walks forth
purple-apparelled :

These things show that at times we are bankrupt, surely,
of Reason ;

Think too that all Man's life through a great Dark
laboureth onward.

For, as a young boy trembles, and in that mystery,
Darkness,

Sees all terrible things : so do we too, ev'n in the day-
light,

Ofttimes shudder at that, which is not more really
alarming

Than boys' fears, when they waken, and say some danger
is o'er them.

So this panic of mind, these clouds which gather
around us,

Fly not the bright sunbeam, nor the ivory shafts of the
Day-star :

Nature, rightly revealed, and the Reason only, dispel
them.

Now, how moving about do the prime material atoms
Shape forth this thing and that thing ; and, once shaped,
how they resolve them ;

What power says unto each, This must be ; how an
inherent

Elasticity drives them about Space vagrantly onward ;
I shall unfold : thou simply give all thyself to my
teaching.

Matter mingled and massed into indissoluble union

Does not exist. For we see how wastes each separate
substance;
So flow piecemeal away, with the lengthening centuries,
all things,
Till from our eye by degrees that old self passes, and is
not.
Still Universal Nature abides unchanged as aforetime.
Whereof this is the cause. When the atoms part from
a substance,
That suffers loss; but another is elsewhere gaining an
increase:
So that, as one thing wanes, still a second bursts into
blossom,
Soon, in its turn, to be left. Thus draws this Universe
always
Gain out of loss; thus live we mortals one on another.
Bourgeons one generation, and one fades. Let but a few
years
Pass, and a race has arisen which was not: as in a race-
course,
One hands on to another the burning torch of Existence.

— *Translation of* CHARLES STUART CALVERLY.

CAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS.

CATULLUS, the most elegant of the lyric poets of Rome, was born at or near Verona, about 87 B.C. He inherited considerable property, which, when he went to Rome, and was received into the fashionable fast set, he proceeded to squander. In the year 62 Metellus Celer as prætor had his residence in Verona, and was accompanied by his wife Clodia, a woman of thirty-two, brilliant and profligate, herself a poet and acquainted with Greek letters. Catullus either there or in Rome became intimate with her and addressed to her a series of passionate love-poems, through which may be traced the rise, progress, and decay of his adoration. This affair lasted some four years, until at least 57, when the final rupture with his "Lesbia" occurred, and he went with Memmius to Bithynia, where he hoped to repair his shattered fortunes. In this he was disappointed, if one may judge by a poem which he wrote concerning his experiences. During his absence his beloved brother Hortalus died, and he recorded his grief in a beautiful elegy. During the last three years of his short life he lived mostly at his country homes either at Sirmio, a promontory extending into what is now known as the Lago di Garda, or at Tibur, not far from Rome. Nothing is known of the exact date of his death; some authorities give 54, others 47. His poems were lost until the fourteenth century, when two manuscripts were discovered in Verona. They consist of one hundred and sixteen pieces, many of them brief, others extending to a length of four hundred lines. Besides the love-poems addressed to "Lesbia," there are bits of fierce satire and charming descriptions, mythological and fanciful, in varying metres. A complete edition of the original, with verse translations by Sir Richard Burton and prose renderings by Leonard C. Smithers, was privately published in 1894. The "Lesbia" poems, translated and arranged in plausible sequence by J. H. A. Tremenhœere, were issued in 1897. Sir Theodore Martin also translated all

of Catullus. Single poems have been versified or imitated by many modern poets.

Tennyson commemorates his address to his brother and his residence at Sirmio in one of his most beautiful and melodious poems:—

“ Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row !
 So they rowed, and there we landed — ‘ O venusta Sirmio ! ’
 There to me thro’ all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
 There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
 Came that ‘ Ave atque Vale ’ of the Poet’s hopeless woe,
 Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
 ‘ Frater Ave atque Vale ’ — as we wandered to and fro,
 Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below,
 Sweet Catullus’ all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio ! ”

THE HISTORY OF A PASSION.

I.

ADDRESS TO LESBIA.

HIM rival to the gods I place,
 Him loftier yet, if loftier be,
 Who, Lesbia, sits before thy face,
 Who listens and who looks on thee ;

Thee smiling soft. Yet this delight
 Doth all my sense consign to death ;
 For when thou dawnest on my sight,
 Ah wretched ! flits my labouring breath ;¹

My tongue is palsied. Subtly hid
 Fire creeps me through from limb to limb :
 My loud ears tingle all unbid :
 Twin clouds of night mine eyes bedim !

Ease is thy plague ; ease makes thee void,
 Catullus, with these vacant hours,
 And wanton : ease, that hath destroyed
 Great kings and states with all their powers !

— *Translation of WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.*

¹ To fill up a gap in meter and sense presented by the Latin, Gladstone borrowed from an ode of Sappho.

II.

A COMPARISON.

Most beautiful in many eyes
Is Quinctia, and in mine
Her shape is tall, and straight withal,
And her complexion fine.

These single charms of form and face
I grant that she can show ;
But all the concentrated grace
Of "beautiful," oh, no !

For nowhere in her can you find
That subtle, voiceless art —
That something which delights the mind,
And satisfies the heart.

But Lesbia's beautiful, I swear ;
And for herself she stole
The charms most rare of every fair,
To frame a perfect whole.

— *Translation of* SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

III.

LESBIA OBDURATE.

For what woe
I bare of the wily Cyprian queen you know,
And how she wrought me, kindling my desire
Hot as Thermopylæ or Ætna's fire.
My eyes, grown sad with weeping oft-renewed,
Forever melted, all my cheeks bedewed
With melancholy rain.

— *Translation of* J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.

IV.

LOVE ACCEPTED.

E'en as from aëry heights of mountain springeth a
springlet

Limpedest leaping forth from rocking felted with moss,
Then having headlong rolled the prone-laid valley down-
pouring,

Populous region amid wendeth his gradual way,
Sweetest solace of all to the sweltering traveller way-
worn,

Whenas the heavy heat fissures the fiery fields;
Or, as to seamen lost in night of whirlwind a-glooming
Gentle of breath there comes fairest and favouring breeze,
Pollux anon being prayed, nor less vows offered to Cas-
tor: —

Such was the aidance to us Manius pleased to afford.
He to my narrow domains far wider limits laid open,
He too gave me the house, also he gave me the dame,
She upon whom both might exert them, partners in love-
deeds.

Thither graceful of gait pacing my goddess white-hued
Came and with gleaming foot on the worn sole of the
threshold

Stood she and prest its slab creaking her sandals the
while;

E'en so with love enflamed in olden days to her help-
mate,

Laodamia the home Protesilean besought,
Sought, but in vain, for ne'er wi' sacrificial bloodshed
Victims appeased the Lords ruling Celestial seats:
Never may I so joy in aught (Rhamnusian Virgin!)
That I engage in deed maugre the will of the Lords. . . .
Worthy of yielding to her in naught or ever so little
Came to the bosom of us she, the fair light of my life,
Round whom fluttering oft the Love-God hither and
thither

Shone with a candid sheen robed in his safflower dress.
She though never she bide with one Catullus contented,
Yet will I bear with the rare thefts of my dame the dis-
creet,

Lest over-irk I give which still of fools is the fashion.
 Often did Juno eke Queen of the Heavenly host
 Boil wi' the rabidest rage at dire default of a husband
 Learning the manifold thefts of her omnivolent Jove. . . .
 Yet was she never to me by hand paternal committed
 Whenas she came to my house reeking Assyrian scents ;
 Nay, in the darkness of night her furtive favours she
 deigned me,
 Self-willed taking herself from very mate's very breast.
 Wherefore I hold it enough since given to us and us
 only
 Boon of that day with Stone whiter than wont she
 denotes.

— *Translation of SIR RICHARD BURTON.*

V.

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Sparrow ! my nymph's delicious pleasure.
 Who with thee, her pretty treasure,
 Fanciful in frolic plays
 Thousand, thousand wanton ways ;
 And fluttering, lays to panting rest
 On the soft orbings of her breast ;
 Thy beak with finger-tip incites
 And dallies with thy becks and bites ;
 When my beauty, my desire,
 Feels her darling whim inspire,
 With nameless triflings such as these
 To snatch, I trow, a tiny ease
 For some keen fever of the breast,
 While passion toys itself to rest ;
 I would that happy lady be,
 And so in pastime sport with thee
 And lighten love's soft agony.
 The sweet resource were bliss untold,
 Dear as that apple of ripe gold
 Which, by the nimble virgin found,
 Unloost the zone that had so fast been bound !

— *Translation of SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.*

VI.

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Loves and Graces mourn with me —
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is —
Than her very eyes more dear;
For he made her dainty cheer,
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother; never strayed
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her, to and fro;
And to her, and her alone,
Chirrup with such pretty tone.
Now he treads that gloomy track
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er
Ye took my bird that was so fair!
Ah, the pity of it! Thou
Poor bird, thy doing 't is, that now
My loved one's eyes are swollen and red
With weeping for her darling dead.

— *Translation of* SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

VII.

A REMINISCENCE.

On Septimius' lap entwining,
While his Acme sank reclining;
"If I love thee not," he cried,
"O my Acme! O my bride!
Even to perdition love thee,
And shall feel thy beauties move me,
As the rapid years roll by,
Like men, who love distractedly;
Then, where Afric sands are spread,
Or India's sun flames overhead,

May a lion cross me there,
With his green-eyed angry glare."

Love stood listening in delight,
And sneezed his auspice on the right.

Acme, as her lover said,
Lightly bending back her head,
And with lips of ruby skimming
His tipsy eyes in pleasure swimming;
"Septimillus! darling mine!
So may we thus ever entwine,
Victims vowed at Cupid's shrine,
As, with still more keen requitals,
Thou art felt within my vitals!"

Love stood listening in delight,
And sneezed his auspice on the right.

In the heavenly omen blest,
They love, caressing and carest;
The poor youth would lightlier prize
Syria's groves than Acme's eyes;
Acme centres in the boy
All her longings, all her joy;
Who more bless'd has mortals seen?
When has a kinder passion been?

VIII.

LIVE AND LOVE.

We'll live and love, my Lesbia, thou and I,
Not caring one brass-farthing (currency),
If aged scandal-mongers spread a tale,
Or if the strait-laced Puritans say "Fie!"
"The sun dies," yes! to rise in death's despite;
But thou and I, when once the little light
Of our two lives is set, must sleep away
The eternal sleep of one eternal night.

— *Translation of A. E. CRAWLEY.*

IX.

UNNUMBERED KISSES.

How many kisses showered on thee
Were plenty and to spare for me?

Oh, count the Libyan sands that girt
Cyrene, land of laserwort,
From horrid Ammon's voice of doom
To hoary Battus' holy tomb.

Count stars at hush of night that spy
When lovers meet clandestinely.

So many kisses plenty were
For fond Catullus and to spare,
Beyond the count of prying eyes
Or evil tongues' malignities!

— *Translation of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

X.

TO BEAUTIFUL EYES.

Oh, if I thine eyes might kiss,
And my kisses were not crimes,
I would snatch that honeyed bliss
Full three hundred thousand times!

Nor should these a surfeit bring,
Not though that sweet crop should yield
Kisses far outnumbering
Corn-ears in the harvest-field.

— *Translation of SIR THEODORE MARTIN.*

XI.

A POET'S SUPPER.

Soon shalt thou feast, Fabullus mine,
At my house — should the gods incline —
If thou wilt only fetch with thee

A good big generous dinner — see ?
 And bring a lively girl and wine
 And salt of wit and gayety.
 If all these things thou 'lt bring or send
 Thou shalt feast well, my charming friend !
 For thy Catullus' fortune ebbs :
 His face is full of spiders' webs.
 But thou shalt have — and this is fair —
 Love unadulterate, no end,
 Or something still more rich and rare :
 With thee an unguent I will share
 Which Venuses and Cupids blend
 For my dear girl ! When she bestows
 This sweetness on thee and it glows
 On thy olfactories, thou wilt pray
 The Gods, Fabullus : " From this day
 Oh, make me nothing but a nose ! "

— N. H. D.

XII.

A REFLEX COMPLIMENT.

The daintiest nose — eyes black of hue —
 Feet shapely — fingers tapering too —
 No slobbery lips — a tongue that is
 Fastidious even to excess —
 Pray which of all these points doth stamp
 Your mistress of the Formian scamp ?
 I make you, child, my humble duty.
 Is 't you the Province calls a beauty ?
 Our Lesbia is compared with you ?
 Ah, foolish world and tasteless too.

— *Paraphrase of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

XIII.

AFTER A QUARREL.

Why rave, Catullus, passion-tost ?
 What 's dead and gone, why, count as lost.
 Once brightly shone the sun o'erhead,

You fluttering where your lady led
 Beloved as shall again be none!
 Then many a merry thing was done
 That you desired nor she forbade;
 Now she forbids, desire were folly;
 Seek not what flies! Hang melancholy!
 Be cold and hard and cold and harder still.
 Catullus hardens: sweet, farewell!
 He'll woo you not against your bent.
 But, naughty one, you'll soon repent
 When no one comes at night to woo.
 What sort of life is left for you?
 Uncourted, unadmired, without
 Some one to love, to be teased about,
 To kiss, to bite i' the lip?

But you,
 Catullus, harden through and through.

— *Translation of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

XIV.

REFUTING A SLANDER.

Do you think I could slander my Life,
 Who is dearer than both of my eyes?
 Oh, no! If I could, I should never
 Consume with such passionate fever.
 But whenever a horror is rife,
 'T is you and the Sot give it rise.

— *Translation of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

XV.

LOVE DETECTED.

Lesbia does nothing else but flout me,
 She cannot hold her tongue about me!
 Then hang me, but she loves me dearly!
 What proof? My own behaviour clearly:
 For I attack her just as stoutly,
 Yet hang me! her I love devoutly.

— *Translation of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

XVI.

ADDITIONAL PROOFS.

Lesbia heaps upon me foul words, her spouse being
present;
Which to that simple soul causes the fullest delight.
Mule! naught sensest thou: did she forget us in
silence,
Whole she had been; but now whatso she rails and she
snarls,
Not only dwells in her thought, but worse and even more
risky,
Wrathful she bides: which means, she is afire and she
fumes!

— *Translation of* SIR RICHARD BURTON.

XVII.

RECONCILIATION.

When he who longs and sighs,
Though hope has fled,
Stumbles upon the prize,
Oh, joy indeed!
Such joy is mine, that thou,
Dearer than gold,
Lesbia, reseekest now
Thy love of old;
Thyself reseek'st my love
When hope had fled!
O day all days above,
Be honorèd!
Who happier lives than I?
Or who shall say
That life can give more joy,
Than mine to-day?

— *Translation of* J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.

XVIII.

A PERPETUAL VOW.

My Life, you swear this love of ours
 Shall pleasant and perpetual be!
 Fulfil her promise, Heavenly Powers,
 And grant it honest, frank, and free!
 That all our lives be ordered by
 This league of solemn amity.

— *Translation of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

XIX.

ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

My mistress says, there's not a man
 Of all the many that she knows,
 She'd rather wed than me, not one,
 Though Jove himself were to propose.

She says so; — but what woman says
 To him who fancies he has caught her,
 'Tis only fit it should be writ
 In air or in the running water.

— *Translation of SIR THEODORE MARTIN.*

XX.

LOVE IN RUINS.

Lesbia! you used to say you were
 Catullus' own;
 To me not Jove would you prefer,
 And thereupon
 I loved you as no mistress mere,
 But as a son
 Or daughter's husband is held dear —
 Now you are known!
 And though my passion's livelier
 And fiercer grown,

More vile and worthless you appear —
The wrong you 've done
May make Desire to wanton freer,
But lays Love prone!

— *Translation of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

XXI.

LOVE ILL-REQUITED.

Such love as woman never won
Was, Lesbia! mine for thee;
Such truth as never league had known
Thy love had found in me!

My heart, by falseness now repelled,
Yet vain with passion strives;
Turn honest, yet esteem were killed,
Be vile, yet love survives!

— *Translation of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

XXII.

THE LAST AGONY.

I love and hate. Ah, never ask why so!
I hate and love — and that is all I know.
I see 't is folly, but I feel 't is woe!

— *Paraphrase of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.*

XXIII.

RENUNCIATION.

To treasure thoughts of kindness shown
And feel no duty left undone, —
No outraged faith, no league of love
Betrayed in mock appeal to Jove —
If this be pleasure, many a joy,
Catullus, waits you by and by
From this ungrateful love! By you
All kindly things to say or do

Were said and done; — all to no good
 Offered to such ingratitude.
 Why further rack yourself? O borrow
 Strength for withdrawal yet more thorough,
 And grieve not Heaven by wooing Sorrow!
 'T is hard at once old love to quell.
 'T is hard, but you must do it still.
 This is your only chance of life;
 Victor you must be in this strife.
 If mortal can, this you shall do —
 Ay, even though he cannot too!
 O God! if Thine be pity — if Thou
 E'en in the jaws of death ere now
 Hast wrought salvation — look on me,
 And if my life seem fair to Thee,
 O tear this plague, this curse away
 Which, gaining on me day by day,
 A creeping, slow paralysis,
 Hath driven away all happiness.
 I ask Thee not that she return
 My love, nor that she yet may yearn
 For Purity — oh, that were vain!
 I pray but to be well again,
 Quit of this foul disease. O bless
 Thus, thus, O God! my duteousness!

— *Translation of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

XXIV.

HIS LAST FAREWELL TO LESBIA.

Comrades! whom I can trust to stand by me
 Whether I pierce to India's further shore,
 Where beats the surf and thunders evermore;
 Whether where Nile discolours all the sea
 Seven-mouthed; or yonder airy Alps transcend
 To meditate on things memorial,
 Of Cæsar's greatness in the Rhine-swept Gaul,
 And savage Britain where the world hath end;
 Ready with me to dare what Heaven shall will!
 This bitter cry bear her I loved of yore; —
 "Ah, shameless, shameless lust! Sweet, seek no more

To win back love; by thine own fault it fell;
In the far corner of the field though hid
Tought by the plough at last,—the flower is dead!”

—*Paraphrase of J. H. A. TREMENHEERE.*

A FIB DETECTED.

VARUS, whom I chanced to meet
The other evening in the street,
Engaged me there, upon the spot,
To see a mistress he had got.
She seemed, as far as I can gather,
Lively and smart and handsome rather.
There, as we rested from our walk,
We entered into various talk —
As, how much might Bithynia bring?
And had I found it a good thing?
I answered, as it was the fact,
The province had been stript and sackt;
That there was nothing for the prætors,
And still less for us wretched creatures,
His poor companions and toad-eaters.
“At least,” says she, “you bought some fellows
To bear your litter; for they tell us,
Our only good ones come from there.”
I chose to give myself an air;
“Why, truly, with my poor estate,
The difference was n’t quite so great
Betwixt a province, good or bad,
That where a purchase could be had,
Eight lusty fellows, straight and tall,
I should n’t find the wherewithal
To buy them.” But it was a lie;
For not a single wretch had I —
No single cripple fit to bear
A broken bedstead or a chair.
She, like a strumpet, pert and knowing,
Said — “Dear Catullus, I am going
To worship at Serapis’ shrine —
Do lend me, pray, those slaves of thine.”
I answered — “It was idly said, —

They were a purchase Cinna made
 (Caius Cinna, my good friend) —
 It was the same thing in the end,
 Whether a purchase or a loan —
 I always used them as my own ;
 Only the phrase was inexact —
 He bought them for himself in fact.
 But you have caught the general vice
 Of being too correct and nice,
 Overcurious and precise ;
 And seizing with precipitation
 The slight neglects of conversation."

— *Translation of J. HOOKHAM FRERE.*

ADIEU TO BITHYNIA.

Now Spring his coolly mildness brings us back,
 Now the equinoctial heaven's rage and wrack
 Hushes at hest of Zephyr's bonny breeze.
 Far left (Catullus!) to the Phrygian leas
 And summery Nicæa's fertile downs:
 Fly we to Asia's fame-illumin'd towns.
 Now lust my fluttering thoughts for wayfare long,
 Now my glad eager feet grow steady, strong.
 O fare ye well, my comrades, pleasant throng,
 Ye who together far from homesteads flying,
 By many various ways come homeward hieing.

— *Translation of SIR RICHARD BURTON.*

A WELCOME HOME.

DEAREST of all, Verannius! O my friend!
 Hast thou come back from thy long pilgrimage,
 With brothers twain in soul thy days to spend,
 And by thy hearth-fire cheer thy mother's age?

And art thou truly come? Oh, welcome news!
 And I shall see thee safe, and hear once more
 Thy tales of Spain, its tribes, its feats, its views,
 Flow as of old from thy exhaustless store.

And I shall gaze into thine eyes again !
And I again shall fold thee to my breast !
Oh, you who deem yourselves most blest of men,
Which of you all like unto me is blest ?

— *Translation of SIR THEODORE MARTIN.*

TO THE ISLAND OF SIRMIO.

GEM of all isthmuses and isles that lie,
Fresh or salt water's children, in clear lake
Or ampler ocean : with what joy do I
Approach thee, Sirmio ! Oh ! am I awake,
Or dream that once again mine eye beholds
Thee, and has looked its last on Thracian wolds ?
Sweetest of sweets to me that pastime seems,
When the mind drops her burden : when — the pain
Of travel past — our own cot we regain,
And nestle on the pillow of our dreams !
'Tis this one thought that cheers us as we roam.
Hail, O fair Sirmio ! Joy, thy lord is here !
Joy too, ye waters of the Golden Mere !
And ring out, all ye laughter-peals of home !

— *Translation of CHARLES STUART CALVERLY.*

TO HIS PINNACE.

Yon pinnacle, friends, now hauled ashore,
Boasts that for speed none ever more
Excelled, or 'gainst her could avail
In race of oars, or eke with sail.
This, she avers, nor Adria's bay
Nor Cyclad isles will dare gainsay —
Fierce Thrace, or Rhodes of ample fame,
Or Pontus with ill-omened name ;
Where whilom it, a pinnacle now,
Was a maned tree on mountain-brow :
Yea, from its mane on tall Cytorus
Soft music sighed in breeze sonorous.
Whose box-clad heights, Amastris too,
Avouch this origin as true ;

And witness what my pinnace vows,
 It first saw light on yonder brows —
 First dipt its oars in neighbouring sea,
 And then through wild waves carried me,
 Its master, in its stanch, smart craft,
 Breeze foul or fair, or wind right aft.
 No calls to gods of sea or shore
 She lifted; and, the voyage o'er,
 From farthest tracts of brine, to rest,
 Came to our smooth lake's placid breast.
 'T is over now. Her mission done,
 Here she enjoys a rest well won,
 And dedicates her timbers here
 To Castor and to Castor's peer.

—*Translation of JAMES DAVIES.*

ON THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER HORTALUS.

ALBEIT care that consumes, with dule assiduous grieving,
 Me from the learnèd Maids, Hortalus ! ever seclude,
 Nor can avail sweet births of the Muses thou to deliver
 Thought of my mind ; (so much floats it on flooding of
 ills :
 For that the Lethe-wave upsurging of late from abysses,
 Laved my brother's foot, paling with pallor of death,
 He whom the Trojan soil, Rhœtean shore underlying,
 Buries forever and aye, forcibly snatcht from our
 sight. . . .
 I can address ; no more shall I hear thee tell of thy
 doings,
 Say, shall I never again, brother all liefer than life,
 Sight thee henceforth ? But I will surely love thee forever,
 Ever what songs I sing saddened shall be by thy death ;
 Such as the Daulian bird 'neath gloom of shadowy frondage
 Warbles of Itys lost ever bemoaning the lot !)
 Yet amid grief so great to thee my Hortalus, send I
 These strains sung to a mode borrowed from Battiades ;
 Lest shouldst weet of me thy words, to wandering wind-
 gusts
 Vainly committed, perchance forth of my memory
 flowed —

As did that apple sent for a furtive giftie by wooer,
 In the chaste breast of the Maid hidden a-sudden out-
 sprang;
 For did the hapless forget when in loose-girt garment it
 lurkèd,
 Forth would it leap as she rose, scared by her mother's
 approach,
 And while coursing headlong, it rolls far out of her
 keeping,
 O'er the triste virgin's brow flushes the conscious
 blush. . . .

Troy (ah, curst be the name !), common tomb of Asia and
 Europe,
 Troy, to sad ashes that turned valour and valorous men!
 Eke to our brother beloved, destruction lamented
 Brought she: O brother for aye lost unto wretchedest
 me,
 Oh, to thy wretchedmost brother lost the light of his life-
 tide,
 Buried together wi' thee lieth the whole of our house:
 Perisht along wi' thyself forthright all joys we enjoyèd,
 Douce joys fed by thy love during the term of our days;
 Who now art tombed so far nor mid familiar pavestones,
 Nor wi' thine ashes stored near to thy kith and thy kin,
 But in that Troy obscene, that Troy of ill-omen, entombèd
 Holds thee, an alien earth-buried in uttermost bourne.

— *Translation of* SIR RICHARD BURTON.

ON THE BURIAL OF HIS BROTHER.

By ways remote and distant waters sped,
 Brother, to thy sad graveside am I come,
 That I may give the last gifts to the dead,
 And vainly parley with thine ashes dumb;
 Since She who now bestows and now denies
 Hath ta'en thee, hopeless brother, from mine eyes.
 But lo! these gifts, the heirlooms of past years,
 Are made sad things to grace thy coffin-shell,
 Take them, all drenchèd with a brother's tears,
 And, brother, for all time, hail and farewell.

— *Translation of* AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

HYMN TO DIANA.

DIANA guardeth our estate,
Girls and boys immaculate :
Boys and maidens pure of stain,
Be Diana our refrain.

O Latonia, pledge of love
Glorious to most glorious Jove,
Near the Delian olive-tree
Latonia gave thy life to thee,

That thou shouldst be forever queen
Of mountains and of forests green ;
Of every deep glen's mystery ;
Of all streams and their melody :

Women in travail ask their peace
From thee, our Lady of Release :
Thou art the Watcher of the Ways
Thou art the Moon with borrowed rays ;

And as thy full or waning tide
Marks how the monthly seasons glide,
Thou, Goddess, sendest wealth of store
To bless the farmer's thrifty floor !

Whatever name delights thine ear,
By that name be thou hallowed here ;
And as of old be good to us,
The lineage of Romulus !

—*Translation of* RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

THE WEDDING SONG OF VINIA AND
MANLIUS.

INVOCATION TO HYMEN.

You that from the mother's side
Lead the lingering, blushing bride,
Fair Urania's son —

Leave awhile the lonely mount,
The haunted grove and holy fount
Of chilling Helicon.

With myrtle wreaths enweave thy hair —
Wave the torch aloft in air —
Make no long delay :
With flowing robe and footsteps light,
And gilded buskins glancing bright,
Hither bend thy way !

Join at once, with airy vigour,
In the dance's varied figure,
To the cymbal's chime :
Frolic unrestrained and free —
Let voice and air and verse agree,
And the torch beat time.

Hymen, come, for Vinia
Weds with Manlius to-day,
And deigns to be a bride !
Such a form as Venus wore
In the contest famed of yore,
On Mount Ida's side ;

Like the myrtle or the bay,
Florid, elegant and gay,
With foliage fresh and new ;
Which the nymphs and forest-maids
Have fostered in sequestered shades,
With drops of holy dew !

Leave, then, all the rocks and cells,
Of the deep Aonian dells,
And the caverns hoar ;
And the dreary streams that weep
From the stony Thespian steep,
Dripping evermore.

Haste away to new delights,
To domestic happy rites,
Human haunts and ways ;
With a kindly charm applied,
Softens and appease the bride,
And shorten our delays !

Bring her hither, bound to move,
Drawn and led with bands of love!

Like the tender twine
Which the searching ivy plies,
Clinging in a thousand ties
O'er the clasping pine!

THE HYMENEAL HYMN.

Gentle virgins, you besides,
Whom the like event betides,
With the coming year;
Call on Hymen! call him now!
Call aloud! A virgin now
Best befits his ear!

"Is there any deity
More beloved and kind than he —
More disposed to bless;
Worthy to be worshipt more;
Master of a richer store
Of wealth and happiness?

"Youth and age alike agree,
Serving and adoring thee,
The source of hope and care:
Care and hope alike engage
The wary parent sunk in age
And the restless heir.

"She, the maiden, half-afraid,
Hears the new proposal made,
That proceeds from thee;
You resign and hand her over
To the rash and hardy lover
With a fixt decree.

"Hymen, Hymen, you preside,
Maintaining honour and the pride
Of women free from blame,
With a solemn warrant given,
Is there any power in heaven
That can do the same?

"Love, accompanied by thee,
 Passes unreprieved and free,
 But without thee, not:
 Where on earth or in the sky
 Can you find a deity
 With a fairer lot?"

"Heirship in an honoured line
 Is sacred as a gift of thine,
 But without thee, not:
 Where on earth or in the sky
 Can you find a deity
 With a fairer lot?"

Rule and empire — royalty,
 Are rightful as derived from thee,
 But without thee, not:
 Where on earth or in the sky
 Can you find a deity
 With a fairer lot?"

WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.

Open locks! unbar the gate!
 Behold the ready troop that wait
 The coming of the bride;
 Behold the torches, how they flare,
 Spreading aloft their sparkling hair,
 Flashing far and wide!

Lovely maiden! here we waste
 The timely moments; come in haste.
 Come then. . . . Out, alack!
 Startled at the glare and din,
 She retires to weep within,
 Lingering, hanging back!

Bashful honour and regret
 For a while detain her yet,
 Lingering, taking leave:
 Taking leave and lingering still,
 With a slow, reluctant will,
 With grief that does not grieve!

Aurunculeia, cease your tears,
And when to-morrow's morn appears,
 Fear not that the sun
Will dawn upon a fairer face,—
Nor in his airy, lofty race
 Behold a lovelier one !

Mark and hear us, gentle bride ;
Behold the torches nimbly plied,
 Waving here and there ;
Along the street and in the porch,
See the fiery-tressed torch
 Spreads its sparkling hair !

Like a lily, fair and chaste,
Lovely bride, you shall be placed
 In a garden gay,
A wealthy lord's delight and pride ;
Come away then, happy bride,
 Hasten, hence away !

Mark and hear us — he your lord,
Will be true at bed and board,
 Nor ever walk astray,
Withdrawing from your lovely side ;
Mark and hear us, gentle bride,
 Hasten, hence away !

Like unto a tender vine,
He shall ever clasp and twine,
 Clinging night and day,
Fairly bound and firmly tied ;
Come away, then, happy bride,
 Hasten, come away !

Make ready ! There I see within
The bride is veiled ; the guests begin
 To muster close and slow :
Trooping onward close about,
Boys, be ready with a shout —
 “Hymen ! Hymen ! Ho !”

THE PROCESSION.

Now begins the free career, —
 For many a jest and many a jeer,
 And many a merry saw;
 Customary taunts and gibes,
 Such as ancient use prescribes,
 And immemorial law.

Some at home, it must be feared,
 Will be slighted and cashiered,
 Pride will have a fall;
 Now the favourites' reign is o'er,
 Proud enough they were before, —
 Proud and nice withal!

Full of pride and full of scorn;
 Now you see them clipt and shorn,
 Humbler in array;
 Sent away, for fear of harm,
 To the village or the farm —
 Packt in haste away!

Other doings must be done,
 Another empire is begun,
 Behold your own domain!
 Gentle bride! Behold it there!
 The lordly palace proud and fair: —
 You shall live and reign

In that rich and noble house,
 Till age shall silver o'er the brows.
 And nod the trembling head,
 Not regarding what is meant,
 Incessant uniform assent
 To all that's done or said!

Let the faithful threshold greet,
 With omens fair, those lovely feet,
 Lightly lifted o'er;
 Let the garlands wave and bow
 From that lofty lintel's brow
 That bedeck the door!

THE WEDDING SUPPER.

See the couch with crimson dress —
Where, seated in the deep recess,
 With expectation warm,
The bridegroom views her coming near, —
The slender youth that led her here
 May now release her arm !

With a fixt intense regard
He beholds her close and hard
 In awful interview :
Shortly now she must be sped
To the chamber and the bed,
 With attendance due.

Let the ancient worthy wives
That have passed their constant lives
 With a single mate,
As befits advised age,
With council and precaution sage
 Assist and regulate.

She, the mistress of the band,
Comes again with high command,
 “ Bridegroom, go your way ;
There your bride is in the bower,
Like a lovely lily flower,
 Or a rose in May !

“ Ay, and you yourself in truth
Are a goodly proper youth,
 Proper, tall and fair ;
Venus and the Graces too
Have befriended each of you
 For a lovely pair ! ”

Fear not ! with the coming year,
The new Torquatus will be here,
 Him we soon shall see
With infant gesture fondly seek
To reach his father's manly cheek,
 From the mother's knee !

With laughing eyes and dewy lip
 Pouting like the purple tip
 That points the rose's bud ;
 While mingled with the mother's grace,
 Strangers shall recognize the trace
 That marks the Manlian blood.

— *Translation of JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.*

PICTURES.

“THE MARRIAGE OF PELEUS AND THETIS.”

THE MARRIAGE.

PINE-TREES gendered whilom upon soaring summit
 Swam (as the tale is told) through liquid surges of Neptune
 Far as the Phasis-flood and frontier-land *Ætëan* ;
 Whenas the youths elect, of Argive vigour the oak-heart
 Longing the Golden Fleece of the Colchis-region to harry,
 Dared in a poop swift-paced to span salt seas and their
 shallows,
 Sweeping the deep blue seas with sweeps a-carven of fir-
 wood.
 She, that governing Goddess of citadels crowning the
 cities,
 Buildd herself their car fast-flitting with lightest of
 breezes,
 Weaving plants of the pine conjoined in curve of the
 kelson ;
 Foremost of all to imbue rude Amphitrite with ship-lore.
 Soon as her beak had burst through wind-rackt spaces
 of ocean,
 While the oar-tortured wave with spumy whiteness was
 blanching,
 Surged from the deep abyss and hoar-capt billows the
 faces
 Seaborn, Nereids eying the prodigy wonder-smitten.
 There too mortal orbs through softened splendours regarded
 Ocean-nymphs who exposed bodies denuded of raiment
 Bare to the breast upthrust from hoar froth capping the
 sea-depths.

Then Thetis Peleus fired (men say) a-sudden with love-
lowe,

Then Thetis nowise spurned to mate and marry wi' mortal,
Then Thetis' sire himself her yoke with Peleus sanc-
tioned.

Oh, in those happier days now fondly yearned for, ye
heroes

Born (all hail!) of the gods begotten, and excellent issue
Bred by your mothers, all hail, and placid deal me your
favour.

Oft wi' the sound of me, in strains and spells I'll invoke
you;

Thee too by wedding-torch so happily, highly augmented,
Peleus, Thessaly's ward, whom unto Jupiter's self deigned
Yield of the freest gree his loves though gotten of God-
heads.

Thee, Thetis, fairest of maids Nereian, vouchsafed to
marry?

Thee did Tethys empower to woo and wed with her
grandchild;

Nor less Oceanus, with water compassing the Earth-globe?
But when ended the term, and wisht-for light of the day-
tide

Uprose, flocks to the house in concourse mighty convened,
Thessaly all, with glad assembly the Palace fulfilling:

Presents afore they bring, and joy in faces declare they.

Scyros desert abides: they quit Phthiotican Tempe,
Homesteads of Crannon-town, eke bulwarkt walls of
Larissa;

Meeting at Pharsalus and roof Pharsalian seeking.

None will the fields now till; soft wax all necks of the
oxen,

Never the humble vine is purged by curve of the rake-
tooth,

Never a pruner's hook thins out the shade of the tree-
tufts,

Never a bull up-ploughs broad glebe with bend of the
coulter,

Over whose point unuse displays the squalor of rust-stain.
But in the homestead's heart, where'er that opulent palace
Hides a retreat, all shines with splendour of gold and of
silver.

Ivory blanches the seats, bright gleam the flagons a-table,

All of the mansion joys in royal riches and grandeur.
 But for the Diva's use bestrewn is the genial bedstead,
 Hidden in midmost stead, and its polisht framework of
 Indian
 Tusk underlies its cloth empurpled by juice of the dye-
 shell.

THE WEDDING COVERLET.

This be a figured cloth with forms of manhood primeval,
 Showing by marvel-art the gifts and graces of heroes.
 Here upon Dia's strand wave-resonant, ever-regarding
 Theseus borne from sight outside by fleet of the fleetest,
 Stands Ariadne with heart full-filled with furies unbated,
 Nor can her sense as yet believe she 'spies the espièd,
 When like one that awakes new roused from slumber
 deceptive,
 Sees she her hapless self lone left on loneliest sand-bank :
 While as the mindless youth with oars disturbeth the
 shallows,
 Casts to the windy storms what vows he vainly had vowèd.
 Him through the sedges afar the sad-eyed maiden of
 Minos,
 Likest a Bacchant-girl stone-carven, (O her sorrow !)
 Spies a-tossing the while on sorest billows of love-care.
 Now no more on her blood-hued hair fine fillets retains
 she,
 No more now light veil conceals her bosom erst hidden,
 Now no more smooth zone contains her milky-hued pap-
 lets :
 All gear dropping adown from every part of her person
 Thrown, lie fronting her feet to the briny wavelets a
 sea-toy.
 But at such now no more of her veil or her fillet a-floating
 Had she regard : on thee, O Theseus ! all of her heart-
 strength,
 All of her sprite, her mind forlorn, were evermore hang-
 ing.
 Ah, sad soul, by grief and grievance driven beside thee,
 Sowed Erycina first those brambly cares in thy bosom,
 What while issuing fierce with will enstarkened, Theseus
 Forth from the bow-bent shore Piræan putting a-seawards
 Reacht the Gortynian roofs where dwelt the injurious
 Monarch.

For 't was told of yore how forced by pestilence cruel,
Eke as a bloody rite due for the Androgéonian murder,
Many a chosen youth and the bloom of damsels unmarried
Food for the Minotaur, Cecropia was wont to befurnish.
Seeing his narrow walls in such wise vexèd with evils,
Theseus of freest will for dear-loved Athens his body
Offered a victim so that no more to Crete be deported
Lives by Cecropia doomed to burials burying nowise;
Then with a swift ship and soft-breathed breezes a-stir-
ring,

Sought he Minos the haughty where homed in proudest
of mansions.

Him as with yearning glance forthright espièd the royal
Maiden whom pure chaste couch aspiring delicate odours
Cherisht, in soft embrace of a mother comforted all-whiles,
(E'en as the myrtles begot by the flowing floods of Eurotas,
Or as the tincts distinct brought forth by breath of the
spring-tide)

Never the burning lights of her eyes from gazing upon
him

Turned she, before fierce flame in all her body conceived
she

Down in its deepest depths and burning amiddle her
marrow.

Ah, with unmitigate heart exciting wretchedmost furies,
Thou, Boy sacrosanct! man's grief and gladness com-
mingling,

Thou too of Golgos Queen and Lady of leafy Idalium,
Whelmed ye in what manner waves that maiden fantasy-
firèd,

All for a blond-haired youth suspiring many a singulf!
Whiles how dire was the dread she dreed in languishing
heart-strings;

How yet more, ever more, with golden splendour she palèd!
Whenas yearning to mate his might wi' the furious mon-
ster

Theseus braved his death or sought the prizes of praises.
Then of her gifts to gods not ingrate, nor profiting nothing
Promise with silent lip, addressèd she timidly vowing.

For as an oak that shakes on the topmost summit of
Taurus

Its boughs, or cone-growing pine from bole bark resin
exuding,

Whirlwind of passing might that twists the stems with
its storm-blasts,
Uproots, deracinates, forthright its trunk to the farthest,
Prone falls, shattering wide what lies in line of its
downfall, —
Thus was that wildling flung by Theseus and vanquisht
of body,
Vainly tossing its horns and goring the wind to no pur-
pose.
Thence with abounding praise returned he, guiding his
footsteps,
Whiles did a fine drawn thread check steps in wander
abounding,
Lest when issuing forth of the winding maze labyrinthine
Baffled become his track by inobservable error.
But for what cause should I, from early subject digress-
ing,
Tell of the daughter who the face of her sire unseeing,
Eke her sister's embrace nor less her mother's endear-
ments,
Who in despair bewept her hapless child that so gladly
Chose before every and each the lively wooing of
Theseus?
Or how borne by the ship to the yeasting shore-line of
Dia
Came she? or how when bound her eyes in bondage of
slumber
Left her that chosen mate with mind unmindful depart-
ing?
Often (they tell) with heart inflamed by fiery fury
Poured she shrilling of shrieks from deepest depths of
her bosom;
Now would she sadly scale the broken faces of moun-
tains,
Whence she might overglance the boundless boiling of
billows;
Then would she rush to bestem the salt-plain's quivering
wavelet
And from her ankles bare the dainty garment uplifting,
Spake she these words ('t is said) from sorrow's deepest
abysses,
Whiles from her tear-drencht face outburst cold shivering
singulfs.

MEDEA'S LAMENT.

"Thus fro' my patrial shore, O traitor, hurried to exile,
Me on a lonely strand hast left, perfidious Theseus?
Thus wise farest, despite the godhead of Deities spurnéd,
(Reckless, alas!) to thy home convoying perjury-curses?
Naught then, ever availed that mind of cruelest counsel
Alter? No saving grace in thee was evermore ready,
That to have pity on me vouchsafed thy pitiless bosom?
Natheless not in past time such were the promises wordy
Lavished; nor such hopes to me the hapless were bidden;
But the glad married joys, the longed-for pleasures of
wedlock.

All now empty and vain, by breath of the breezes bescattered!

Now, let woman no more trust her to man when he
swareth,

Ne'er let her hope to find or truth or faith in his pleadings,

Who whenas lustful thought forelooks to somewhat attaining,

Never an oath they fear, shall spare no promise to
promise.

Yet no sooner they sate all lewdness and lecherous fancy,
Nothing remember of words and reck they naught of fore-swearing.

Certes, thee did I snatch from midmost whirlpool of
ruin

Deadly, and held it cheap loss of a brother to suffer
Rather to fail thy need (O false!) at hour the supremest.
Therefor my limbs are doomed to be torn of birds, and of
ferals

Prey, nor shall upheapt Earth afford a grave to my body!
Say me, what lioness bare thee 'neath lone rock of the
desert?

What sea spued thee conceived from out the spume of his
surges? —

What manner Syrt, what ravening Scylla, what vasty
Charybdis?

Thou who for sweet life saved such meeds art lief of
returning!

If never willed thy breast with me to mate thee in marriage,

Hating the savage law decreed by primitive parent,
Still of your competence 't was within your household to
home me,

Where I might serve as a slave in gladsome service familiar,

Laving thy snow-white feet in clearest crystalline waters
Or with its purpling gear thy couch in company strewing.
Yet for what cause should I plain in vain to the winds
that unknow me,

(I so beside me with grief!) which ne'er of senses endued

Hear not the words sent forth nor aught avail they to
answer?

Now be his course well-nigh engaged in midway of ocean,
Nor any mortal shape appears in barrens of sea-wrack.

Thus at the latest hour with insults over-sufficient

E'en to my plaints fere Fate begrudges ears that would
hear me!

Jupiter! Lord of all-might, oh, would in days that are
bygone

Ne'er had Cecropian poops toucht ground at Gnoesian fore
shore,

Nor to the unconquered Bull that tribute direful conveying

Had the false Seaman bound to Cretan island his hawser,
Nor had yon evil wight, 'neath shape the softest hard
purpose

Hiding, enjoyed repose within our mansion beguested!

Whither can wend I now? what hope lends help to the
lost one?

Idomenean mounts shall I scale? Ah, parted by whirl-
pools

Widest, yon truculent main where yields it power of
passage?

Aid of my sire can I crave? Whom I willing abandoned,

Treading in tracks of a youth bewrayed with blood of a
brother!

Can I console my soul wi' the helpful love of a helpmate
Who flies me with pliant oars, flies overbounding the sea-
depths?

Nay, an this Coast I quit, this lone isle lends me no roof-
tree,

Nor aught issue allows begirt by billows of Ocean:
 Nowhere is path for flight; none hope shows; all things
 are silent;
 All be a desolate waste; all makes display of destruction!
 Yet never close these eyne in latest languor of dying,
 Ne'er from my wearied frame a forth slow-ebbing my
 senses,
 Ere from the Gods just doom implore I, treason-betrayèd,
 And with my breath supreme firm faith of Celestials
 invoke I.
 Therefore, O ye who 'venge man's deed with penalties
 direful,
 Eumenides! aye wont to bind with viperous hair-locks
 Foreheads, — oh, deign outspcak fierce wrath from bosom
 outbreathing,
 Hither, oh hither speed, and lend ye all ear to my grievance,
 Which now sad I (alas!) outpour from innermost vitals
 Maugre my will, sans help, blind, fired with furious madness!
 And as indeed all spring from veriest core of my bosom,
 Suffer ye not the cause of grief and woe to vanish;
 But wi' the Will wherewith could Theseus leave me in
 loneness
 Goddesses! bid that Will lead him, lead his, to destruction!"

THE DEATH OF ÆGEUS.

E'en as she thus poured forth these words from anguish
 of bosom,
 And for this cruel deed, distracted, sued she for vengeance,
 Nodded the Ruler of Gods Celestial, matchless of All-
 night,
 When at the gest earth-plain and horrid spaces of ocean
 Trembled, and every sphere rockt stars and planets re-
 splendent.
 Meanwhile Theseus himself, obscured in blindness of
 darkness
 As to his mind, dismiss from his breast oblivious all
 things
 Erewhile enjoined and held thereto in memory constant,

Nor for his saddened sire the gladness-signals up-
 hoisting
 Heralded safe return within sight of the Erechthean
 harbour.
 For 't was told of yore, when from the walls of the
 Virginal Deëss
 Ægeus speeding his son, to the care of the breezes com-
 mitted,
 Thus with a last embrace to the youth spake words of
 commandment:—
 “Son! far nearer my heart (sole thou) than life of the
 longest,
 Son, I perforce dismiss to doubtful, dangerous chances,
 Lately restored to me when eld draws nearest his ending.
 Sithence such fortune in me, and in thee such boiling of
 valour
 Tear thee away from me so loath, whose eyne in their
 languor
 Never are sated with sight of my son, all dearest of
 figures.
 Nor will I send thee forth with joy that gladdens my
 bosom,
 Nor will suffer thee show boon signs of favouring Fortune,
 But fro' my soul I'll first express an issue of sorrow,
 Soiling my hoary hairs with dust and ashes commingled;
 Then will I hang stained sails fast-made to the wavering
 yard-arms,
 So shall our mourning thought and burning torture of
 spirit
 Show by the dark sombre dye of Iberian canvas spread.
 But, an grant me the grace Who dwells in Sacred Itone
 (And our issue to guard and ward the seats of Erechtheus
 Sware She) that be thy right besprent with blood of the
 Man-Bull,
 Then do thou so-wise act, and stored in memory's heart-
 core
 Dwell these mandates of me, no time their traces untrac-
 ing.
 Dip, when first shall arise our hills to gladden thy eye-
 glance,
 Down from thine every mast the ill-omened vestments of
 mourning,
 Then let the twisten ropes upheave the whitest of canvas,

Wherewith splendid shall gleam the tallest spars of the
 top-mast,
 These seeing sans delay with joy exalting my spirit
 Well shall I wot Time sets thee returning before me."
 Such were the mandates which stored at first in memory
 constant
 Faded from 'Theseus' mind like mists, compelled by the
 whirlwind,
 Fleet from aerial crests of mountains hoary with snow-
 drifts.
 But as the sire had sought the citadel's summit for out-
 look,
 Wasting his anxious eyes with tear-floods evermore
 flowing,
 Forthright e'en as he saw the sail-gear darkened with
 dye-stain
 Headlong himself flung he from the sea-cliff's pinnaced
 summit
 Holding his Theseus lost by doom of pitiless Fortune.
 Thus as he came to his home funest, his roof-tree
 paternal,
 Theseus (vaunting the death,) what dule to the maiden
 of Minos
 Dealt with unminding mind so dreed he similar dolour,
 She too gazing in grief at the kelson vanishing slowly,
 Self-wrapt, manifold cares revolved in spirit perturbed. . .

EMBROIDERY OF THE COVERLET.

But from the farther side came flitting bright-faced
 Iacchus
 Girded by Satyr-crew and Nysa-rearèd Sileni
 Burning wi' love unto thee (Ariadne !) and greeting thy
 presence. . . .
 Who flocking eager to fray did rave with infuriate
 spirit,
 "Evoë" frenzying loud, with heads at "Evoë" rolling.
 Brandisht some of the maids their thyrsi sheathed of
 spear-point,
 Some snatcht limbs and joints of sturlings rended to
 pieces,
 These girt necks and waists with writhing bodies of
 vipers,

Those wi' the gear enwombed in crates dark orgies
 ordained —
 Orgies that ears profane must vainly lust for o'erhear-
 ing —
 Others with palms on high snote hurried strokes on the
 cymbal,
 Or from the polisht brass woke thin-toned tinkling music,
 While from the many there boomed and blared hoarse
 blasts of the horn-trump,
 And with its horrid skirl loud shrilled the barbarous bag-
 pipe,
 Showing such varied forms, that richly decorate couch-
 cloth
 Folded in strait embrace the bedding drapery-veiled.

THE DIVINE GUESTS.

This when the Thessalian youths had eyed with eager
 inspection
 Fulfilled, place they began to provide for venerate God-
 heads,
 Even as Zephyrus' breath, seas couching placid at dawn-
 tide,
 Roughens, then stings and spurns the wavelets slantingly
 fretted —
 Rising Aurora the while 'neath Sol the wanderer's
 threshold —
 Tardy at first they flow by the clement breathing of
 breezes
 Urgèd, and echo the shores with soft-toned ripples of
 laughter,
 But as the winds wax high so waves wax higher and
 higher,
 Flashing and floating afar to outswim moon's purpurine
 splendours, —
 So did the crowd fare forth, the royal vestibule leaving,
 And to the house each wight with vaguing paces departed.
 After their wending, the first, foremost from Pelion's
 summit,
 Chiron came to the front with woodland presents sur-
 charged:
 Whatso of blooms and flowers bring forth Thessalian
 uplands

Mighty with mountain crests whatever of riverine lea
flowers

Reareth Favonius' air, bud-breeding, tepidly breathing,
All in his hands brought he, unseparate in woven gar-
lands,

Whereat laughed the house as soothed by pleasure of
perfume.

Presently Péneus appears, deserting verdurous Tempe —
Tempe, girt by her belts of greenwood ever impending,
Left for the Mamonides with frequent dances to worship;
Nor is he empty of hand, for bears he tallest of beeches
Deracinate, and bays with straight boles lofty and stately,
Not without nodding plane-tree nor less the flexible
sister

Fire-slain Phaëton left, and not without cypresses airy.
These in a line wide-broke set he, the Mansion surrounding,
So by the soft leaves screened, the porch might flourish
in verdure.

Follows hard on his track with active spirit Prometheus
Bearing extenuate sign of penalties suffered in bygoness,
Paid erewhiles what time fast-bound as to every member,
Hung he in carcanet slung from the Scythian rock-tor.
Last did the Father of Gods with his sacred spouse and
his offspring,

Proud from the Heavens proceed, thee leaving (Phœbus)
in loneliness,

Lone wi' thy sister twin who haunteth mountains of
Idrus:

For that the Virgin spurned as thou the person of Peleus,
Nor Thetis' nuptial torch would greet by act of her
presence.

When they had leaned their limbs upon snowy benches
reposing,

Tables largely arranged with various viands were gar-
nisht.

But, ere opened the feast, with infirm gesture their
semblance

Shaking the Parcæ fell to chanting veridique verses.

Robed were their tremulous frames all o'er in muffle of
garments

Bright-white, purple of hem enfolding heels in its edges;
Snowy the fillets that bound heads aged by many a year-
tide,

And as their wont aye was, their hands plied labour
 unceasing.
 Each in her left upheld with soft fleece clothèd a distaff,
 Then did the right that drew forth thread with upturn of
 fingers
 Gently fashion the yarn which deftly twisted by thumb-
 ball
 Speeded the spindle poised by thread-whorl perfect of
 polish;
 Thus as the work was wrought, the lengths were trimmed
 wi' the fore-teeth,
 While to their thin dry lips stuck wool-flecks severed by
 biting,
 Which at the first outstood from yarn-hanks evenly fine-
 drawn.
 Still at their feet in front soft fleece-flecks white as the
 snow-flake
 Lay in the trusty guard of wickers woven in withies.
 Always a-carding the wool, with clear-toned voices re-
 sounding
 Told they such lots as these in song divinely directed,
 Chants which none after-time shall 'stablish falsehood-
 convicted.

SPINNING-SONG OF THE FATES.

O who by virtues great all highmost honours enhancest,
 Guard of Emáthia-land, most famous made by thine off-
 spring,
 Take what the Sisters deign this gladsome day to disclose
 thee,
 Oracles soothfast told, — and ye, by Destiny followed,
 Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
 Spindles!

Soon to thy sight shall rise, their fond hopes bringing to
 bridegrooms,
 Hesperus: soon shall come thy spouse with planet auspi-
 cious,
 Who shall thy mind enbathe with a love that softens the
 spirit,
 And as thyself shall prepare for sinking in languorous
 slumber,

Under thy neck robust, soft arms dispreparing as pillow.
Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

Never a house like this such loves as these hath united,
Never did love conjoin by such-like covenant lovers,
As the according tie Thetis deigned in concert wi' Peleus.
Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

Born of you twain shall come Achilles guiltless of fear-
sense,
Known by his forceful breast and ne'er by back to the
foeman,
Who shall at times full oft in doubtful contest of race-
course
Conquer the fleet-foot doe with slot-tracks smoking and
burning.
Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

None shall with him compare, howe'er war-doughty a
hero,
Whenas the Phrygian rills flow deep with bloodshed of
Teucer,
And beleaguering the walls of Troy with longest of warfare
He shall the works lay low, third heir of Pelops the
perjured.
Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

His be the derring-do and deeds of valour egregious,
Often mothers shall own at funeral-rites of their children,
What time their hoary hairs from head in ashes are
loosened,
And wi' their hands infirm, they smite their bosoms
loose-duggèd.
Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

For as the toiling hind bestrewing denseness of corn-
stalks
Under the broiling sun mows grain-fields yellow to harvest,

So shall his baneful brand strew earth with corpses of
Troy-born.

Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

Aye to his valorous worth attest shall wave of Scamander
Which unto Hellé-Sea fast flowing ever dischargeth,
Straiter whose course shall grow by up-heapt barrage of
corpses,

While in his depths runs warm his stream with slaughter
commingled.

Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

Witness in fine shall be the victim rendered to death-
stroke,

Whenas the earthen tomb on lofty tumulus builed
Shall of the stricken maid receive limbs white as the
snow-flake.

Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

For when at last shall Fors to weary Achaians her fiat
Deal, of Dardanus-town to burst Neptunian fetters,
Then shall the high-reared tomb stand bathed with Polyx-
ena's life-blood,

Who, as the victim doomed to fall by the double-edged
falchion,

Forward wi' hams relaxt shall smite a body beheaded.

Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

Wherefore arise, ye pair, conjoin loves ardently longed-for,
Now doth the groom receive with happiest omen his god-
dess,

Now let the bride at length to her yearning spouse be
delivered!

Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
Spindles!

Neither the nurse who comes at dawn to visit her nursling
E'er shall avail her neck to begird with yesterday's rib-
band.

(Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
 Spindles!)
 Nor shall the mother's soul for ill-matched daughter
 a-grieving
 Lose by a parted couch all hopes of favourite grandsons.
 Speed ye, the well-spun woof out-drawing, speed ye, O
 Spindles!

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

Thus in the bygone days Peleus' fate foretelling
 Chanted from breasts divine prophetic verse the Parcæ.
 For that the pure chaste homes of heroes to visit in person
 Oft-tide the Gods, and themselves to display where mortals
 were gathered,
 Wont were the Heavenlies while none human piety spurned
 Often the Deities' Sire, in fulgent temple a-dwelling,
 Whenas in festal days received he his annual worship,
 Lookt upon hundreds of bulls felled prone on pavement
 before him.
 Full oft Liber who roamed from topmost peak of Par-
 nassus
 Hunted his howling host, his Thyiads with tresses di-
 shevelled. . . .
 Then with contending troops from all their city outflocking
 Gladly the Delphians hailed their God with smoking of
 altars.
 Often in death-full war and bravest of battle, or Mavors
 Or rapid Triton's Queen or eke the Virgin Rhamnusian,
 Bevies of weaponed men exhorting, proved their presence.
 But from the time when earth was stained with unspeak-
 able scandals
 And forth from greeding breasts of all men justice de-
 parted,
 Then did the brother drench his hands in brotherly blood-
 shed,
 Stinted the son in heart to mourn decease of his parents,
 Longed the sire to sight his first-born's funeral convoy
 So more freely the flower of step-dame-maiden to rifle;
 After that impious Queen her guiltless son underlying,
 Impious, the household gods with crime ne'er dreading
 to sully —
 All things fair and nefand being mixt in fury of evil

Turned from ourselves avert the great goodwill of the
Godheads.
Wherefor they nowise deign our human assemblies to
visit,
Nor do they suffer themselves be met in light of the day-
tide!

— *Translation of SIR RICHARD BURTON.*

NUPTIAL SONG.

Youths. Vesper is here, O youths, rise all; for Vesper
Olympus
Scales and in fine enfires what lights so long were ex-
pected.
Time 't is now to arise, now leave we tables rich-laden,
Now shall the Virgin come; now chant we the Hyme-
næus:

Hymen O Hymenæus, Hymen here, O Hymenæus!

Damsels. View ye the Youths, O Maids unwed? Then
rise to withstand them:
Doubtless the night-fraught Star displays his splendour
Cétéan.
Sooth 't is so; d' ye sight how speedily sprang they to
warfare?
Nor for a naught up-sprang: they'll sing what need we
to conquer!

Hymen O Hymenæus, Hymen here, O Hymenæus!

Youths. Nowise easy the palm for us (Companions!)
be proffered,
Lo! now the maidens muse and meditate matter of fore-
thought;
Nor meditate they in vain; they muse a humorous some-
thing!
Yet naught wonder it is, their sprites be wholly in labour.
We bear divided thought one way and hearing in other:
Vanquish't by right we must be, since Victory loveth the
heedful!

Therefore at least d' ye turn your minds the task to consider,
Soon shall begin their say whose countersay shall befit you.

Hymen O Hymenæus, Hymen here, O Hymenæus!

Damsels. Hesperus! say what flame more cruel in
Heaven be fannèd?
Thou who the girl perforce canst tear from a mother's
embraces,
Tear from a parent's clasp her child despite of her clinging
And upon love-hot youth bestowest her chastest of maiden-
hoods.
What shall the foeman deal more cruel to city becap-
tured?

Hymen O Hymenæus, Hymen here, O Hymenæus!

Youths. Hesperus! say what flame more gladsome in
Heaven be shining?
Thou whose light makes sure long-pledged connubial
promise
Plighted erewhile by men and erstwhile plighted by
parents.
Yet to be ne'er fulfilled before thy fire's ardours have
risen!
What better boon can the gods bestow than an hour so
desired?

Hymen O Hymenæus, Hymen here, O Hymenæus!

Damsels. E'en as a floweret born secluded in garden
enclosed,
Unto the flock unknown and ne'er upturn'd by the plough-
share,
Soothed by the zephyrs and strengthened by suns and
nourisht by showers . . .
Loves her many a youth and longs for her many a
maiden:
Yet from her lissome stalk when cropt that flower de-
flowered,

Loves her never a youth nor longs for her never a maiden:
 Thus while the virgin be whole, such while she 's the darling of kinsfolk;
 Yet no sooner is lost her bloom from her body polluted,
 Neither to youths is she joy, nor a dearling she to the maidens!

Hymen O Hymenæus, Hymen here, O Hymenæus!

Youths. E'en as an unmated vine which born in field of the barest
 Never upraises head nor breeds the mellow grape-bunch,
 But under weight prone-bowed that tender body a-bending
 Makes she her root anon to touch her topmost of tendrils;
 Tends her never a hind nor tends her ever a herdsman:
 Yet if haply conjoined the same with an elm as a husband,
 Tends her many a hind and tends her many a herdsman:
 Thus is the maid when whole, uncultured waxes she aged;
 But whenas union meet she wins her at ripest of seasons,
 More to her spouse she is dear and less she 's irk to her parents!

Hymen O Hymenæus, Hymen here, O Hymenæus!

Youths and Damsels. But do thou cease to resist (O Maid!) such bridegroom opposing,
 Right it is not to resist whereto consigned thee a father,
 Father and mother of thee unto whom obedience is owing.
 Not is that maidenhead all thine own, but partly thy parents'.
 Owneth thy sire one third, one third is right of thy mother,
 Only the third is thine: stint thee to strive with the others,
 Who to the stranger son have yielded their dues with a dower.

Hymen O Hymenæus, Hymen here, O Hymenæus!

— Translation of SIR RICHARD BURTON.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIEND.

IF, Calvus, feeling lingers in the tomb,
 And shades are touched by sense of mortal tears,
 Mourning in fresh regrets love's vanished bloom,
 Weeping the dear delights of vanished years;

Then might her early fate with lighter grief
 Thy lost Quinctilia's gentle spirit fill,
 To cherish, where she bides, the assured belief
 That she is nearest, dearest to thee still.

— *Translation of JAMES DAVIES.*

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS.

How pleasantly, Licinius, went
 The hours which yesterday we spent,
 Engaged as men like us befits
 In keen encounter of our wits!
 My tablets still the records bear
 Of all the good things jotted there:
 The wit, the repartee that flew
 From you to me, from me to you:
 The gay bright verse that seemed to shine
 More sparkling than the sparkling wine.

— *Translation of SIR THEODORE MARTIN.*

ON A ROMAN 'ARRY.

WHENEVER 'Arry tried to sound
 An H, his care was unavailing;
 He always spoke of 'orse and 'ound,
 And all his kinsfolk had that failing.

Peace to our ears. He went from home;
 But tidings came that grieved us bitterly —
 That 'Arry, while he stayed at Rome,
 Enjoyed his 'oliday in Hitaly.

— *Translation of HUMMEL AND BRODRIBB.*

TO CICERO.

Most eloquent of all the Roman race
 That is, hath been, or shall be afterward,
 To thee Catullus tenders highest grace,
 Sorriest of poets in his own regard;
 Yea, sorriest of poets, ay, and worst,
 As Tully is of all our pleaders first.

— Translation of JAMES DAVIES.

TO A LITTLE ORATOR.

WHEN in that wondrous speech of his,
 My Calvus had denounced
 Vatinius, and his infamies
 Most mercilessly trounced —

A voice the buzz of plaudits clove —
 My sides I nearly split
 With laughter, as it cried, “By Jove!
 An eloquent tom-tit!”

— Translation of SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

A DEDICATION.

My little volume is complete,
Fresh pumice-polished, and as neat
 As book need wish to be;
 And now, what patron shall I choose
 For these gay sallies of my Muse?
 Cornelius, whom but thee?

For though they are but trifles, thou
 Some value didst to them allow,
 And that from thee is fame,
 Who daredst in thy three volumes' space,
 Alone of all Italians, trace
 Our history and name.

Great Jove! what lore, what labour there!
Then take this little book, whate'er
Of good or bad it store;
And grant, oh, guardian Muse, that it
May keep the flavour of its wit
A century or more!

— *Translation of* SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

LABERIUS.

LABERIUS was born about 107 B.C. He was of the equestrian order, but distinguished himself as a writer of mimes. In October, 45, Publius Syrus, a professional actor, challenged all his craft to a trial of wit in extemporaneous farce. Cæsar, who was then celebrating his triumphal games, offered Laberius five hundred thousand sesterces to appear on the stage. This was equivalent to a command; and the aged knight reluctantly obeyed, for the profession of a mimus was regarded as infamous. But he used the degradation to effect his revenge; his prologue, which has been preserved, aroused compassion, and his lines were full of pointed wit which the Roman audience were quick enough to appreciate. In the person of a Syrian slave being whipped, he exclaimed, "Faith, Quirites, but we have lost our freedom," and again he exclaimed, "Many he needs must fear who is by many feared." All eyes were turned on the dictator. The people realized that in Laberius, Cæsar was purposely degrading the Roman nobility. Cæsar awarded the prize to Syrus. Laberius died two years later at Puteoli. He was very popular with his contemporaries, ranking in vigour above Terence and next to Plautus.

PROLOGUE.

NECESSITY — the current of whose sway
Many would stem, but few can find the way, —
To what abasement has she made me bend,
Now when life's pulse is ebbing to its end!
Whom no ambitious aim, no sordid bait,
Fear, force, nor influence of the grave and great.
Nor meed of praise, nor any lure beside,
Could move, when youthful, from my place of pride
Lo in mine age how easily I fall!
One honied speech from Cæsar's tongue was all;

For how might I resist his sovereign will,
Whose every wish the Gods themselves fulfil ?
Twice thirty years without a blemish spent,
Forth from my home this morn a knight I went,
And thither I return — as what ? a mime !
Oh, I have lived one day beyond my time !
Fortune — still wayward both in bad and good,
If 't was thy pleasure in thy changeful mood,
To tear the wreath of honour from my brow,
Why was I not far earlier taught to bow,
When with such aid as youth and strength afford,
I might have won the crowd and pleased their lord ?
Now, why thus humbled in the frost of age ?
What scenic virtues bring I to the stage ?
What fire of soul, what dignity of mien,
What powers of voice to grace the mimic scene ?
As creeping ivy kills the strangled tree,
So the long clasp of years has dealt with me.
Naught left, alas ! of all my former fame,
Save the poor legend of a tomb — my name !

— *Translation of NEAVES AND AYTON.*

PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO.

VERGIL (or Virgil) was born October 15, 70 B.C., in the small village of Andes (now Pietola), not far from Mantua in Cisalpine Gaul, where his father, who was probably a man of some means, had a farm. He was carefully educated at Cremona and Mediolanum (Milan), and after he had assumed the toga, at Naples. He learned Greek, and at Rome studied the Epicurean philosophy under Syron. His feeble health may have been the cause of his retirement to his farm, from which he was dispossessed after the battle of Philippi. The governor, Asinius Pollio, advised him to apply to Octavianus at Rome for the restitution of his property. The first Eclogue is supposed to commemorate his gratitude for the favour granted. In Rome, Vergil became acquainted with that munificent patron of literature, Caius Cilnius Mæcenas, who gathered around him that notable coterie which was the glory of the Augustan age. At the request of Mæcenas he wrote the "Georgics," the most finished of his works. The last lines he composed at Naples, after the battle of Actium, 31 B.C. Four years later Augustus wrote Vergil from Spain, asking of him some great poetical work. The poet, who had long contemplated an epic on the subject of Æneas, the mythical founder of Rome, complied. In the year 23, Cæsar's nephew Marcellus died, and Vergil introduced into the Sixth Book of the "Æneid" the memorable passage which caused Octavia, when she heard it, to swoon. In 20 Vergil was in Athens, and there met Augustus. He had intended to make a tour of Greece, but instead went back to Italy with the emperor. Shortly after his return he died at Brundisium (Brindisi), September 22, 19 B.C. He was buried in a tomb on the road leading from Naples to Pozzuoli. The inscription on the tomb, translated, reads: —

"Mantua brought me forth, Calabria smote me, now holds me
Parthenope. I have sung shepherds, farmers, and wars."

Vergil left a handsome property. On his death-bed he requested to have his "*Æneid*" destroyed, on the ground that he had not been allowed by the state of his health to polish it as he desired. But fortunately his friends disregarded his request, and very shortly after his death it was published and immediately became a text-book for Roman boys. Partly on account of the name of his mother, Maia, and partly because of the prophetic tendency of his eclogue addressed to Pollio, Vergil came to be regarded as a herald of Christianity, and during the Middle Ages acquired a marvellous reputation as a necromancer. By Dante he was chosen as guide through Hell and Purgatory. Vergil's writings are marked by exquisite polish and delicacy of style; his wide learning enabled him to introduce many brilliant episodes into his poems, but often at the expense of originality. He borrowed largely from the Greeks, notably Homer and Apollonius Rhodius; but in spite of all he is regarded as the best and noblest of the Roman poets.

THE BUCOLICS.

ECLOGUE I.

Melibœus. Stretcht in the shadow of the broad beech,
thou

Rehearsest, Tityrus, on the slender pipe
Thy woodland music. We our fatherland
Are leaving, we must shun the fields we love:
While, Tityrus, thou, at ease amid the shade,
Bidd'st answering woods call Amaryllis "fair."

Tityrus. O Melibœus! 'Tis a god that made
For me this holiday: for god I'll aye
Account him; many a young lamb from my fold
Shall stain his altar. Thanks to him, my kine
Range, as thou seest them: thanks to him, I play
What songs I list upon my shepherd's pipe.

Melibœus. For me, I grudge thee not; I marvel
much:

So sore a trouble is in all the land.
Lo! feeble *I* am driving hence my goats —
Nay *dragging*, Tityrus, one, and that with pain.

For, yearning here amidst the hazel-stems,
 She left her twin kids — on the naked flint
 She left them; and I lost my promised flock.
 This evil, I remember, oftentimes,
 (Had not my wits been wandering), oaks foretold
 By heaven's hand smitten: oft the wicked crow
 Croaked the same message from the rifted holm.
 — Yet tell me, Tityrus, of this "God" of thine.

Tityrus. The city men call *Rome* my folly deemed
 Was e'en like this of ours, where week by week
 We shepherds journey with our weanling flocks.
 So whelp to dog, so kid (I knew) to dam
 Was likest: and I judged great things by small.
 But o'er all cities this so lifts her head,
 As doth o'er osiers lithe the cypress tree.

Melibæus. What made thee then so keen to look on
 Rome?

Tityrus. Freedom: who marked, at last, my helpless
 state:

Now that a whiter beard than that of yore
 Fell from my razor: still she marked, and came
 (All late) to help me — now that all my thought
 Is Amaryllis, Galatea gone.
 While Galatea's, I despaired, I own,
 Of freedom, and of thrift. Though from my farm
 Full many a victim stept, though rich the cheese
 Prest for yon thankless city: still my hand
 Returned not, heavy with brass pieces, home.

Melibæus. I wondered, Amaryllis, whence that woe,
 And those appeals to heaven: for whom the peach
 Hung undisturbed upon the parent tree.
Tityrus was gone! Why, *Tityrus*, pine and rill,
 And all these copses, cried to thee, "Come home!"

Tityrus. What could I do? I could not step from
 out

My bonds; nor meet, save there, with Powers so kind.
 There, *Melibæus*, I beheld that youth
 For whom each year twelve days my altars smoke.
 Thus answered he my yet unanswered prayer;
 "Feed still, my lads, your kine, and yoke your bulls."

Melibæus. Happy old man! Thy hands are yet thine
 own!

Lands broad enough for thee, although bare stones

And marsh choke every field with reedy mud.
 Strange pastures shall not vex thy teeming ewes,
 Nor neighbouring flocks shed o'er them rank disease.
 Happy old man! Here, by familiar streams
 And holy springs, thou 'lt catch the leafy cool.
 Here, as of old, yon hedge, thy boundary line,
 Its willow-buds a feast for Hybla's bees,
 Shall with soft whisperings woo thee to thy sleep.
 Here, 'neath the tall cliff, shall the vintager
 Sing carols to the winds; while all the time
 Thy pets, the stock-doves, and the turtles make
 Incessantly their moan from æry elms.

Tityrus. Ay, and for this shall slim stags graze in
 air,

And ocean cast on shore the shrinking fish;
 For this, each realm by either wandered o'er.
 Parthians shall Arar drink, or Tigris Gauls;
 Ere from this memory shall fade that face!

Melibæus. And we the while must thirst on Libya's
 sands,
 O'er Scythia roam, and where the Cretan stems
 The swift Oaxes; or, with Britons, live
 Shut out from all the world. Shall I e'er see,
 In far-off years, my fatherland? the turf
 That roofs my meagre hut? see, wondering last,
 Those few scant cornblades that are realms to me?
 What! must rude soldiers hold these fallows trim?
 That corn barbarians? See what comes of strife,
 Poor people — where we sowed, what hands shall
 reap!

Now, Melibæus, prithee graft thy pears,
 And range thy vines! Nay, on, my she-goats, on,
 Once happy flock! For never more must I,
 Outstretcht in some green hollow, watch you hang
 From tufted crags, far up: no carols more
 I'll sing: nor, shepherded by me, shall ye
 Crop the tart willow and the clover-bloom.

Tityrus. Yet here, this one night, thou may'st rest with
 me,
 Thy bed green branches. Chestnuts soft have I
 And mealy apples, and our fill of cheese.
 Already, see, the far-off chimneys smoke,
 And deeper grow the shadows of the hills.

ECLOGUE II.

Corydon. For one fair face — his master's idol —
burned

The shepherd Corydon; and hope had none.

Day after day he came ('t was all he could)

Where, piles of shadow, thick the beeches rose:

There, all alone, his unwrought phrases flung,

Bootless as passionate, to copse and crag.

“Hardhearted! Naught carest thou for all my songs,
Naught pitiest. I shall die, one day, for thee.

The very cattle court cool shadows now,

Now the green lizard hides beneath the thorn:

And for the reaper, faint with driving heat,

The handmaids mix the garlic-salad strong.

My only mates, the crickets — as I track

'Neath the fierce sun thy steps — make shrill the woods.

Better to endure the passion and the pride

Of Amaryllis: better to endure

Menalcas — dark albeit as thou art fair.

Put not, oh fair, in difference of hue

Faith overmuch: the white May-blossoms drop

And die; the hyacinth swart, men gather it.

Thy scorn am I: thou ask'st not whence I am,

How rich in snowy flocks, how stored with milk.

O'er Sicily's green hills a thousand lambs

Wander, all mine: my new milk fails me not

In summer or in snow. Then I can sing

All songs Amphion the Dircean sang,

Piping his flocks from Attic Aracynth.

Nor am I all uncouth. For yesterday,

When winds had laid the seas, I, from the shore,

Beheld my image. Little need I fear

Daphnis, though thou wert judge, or mirrors lie:

— Oh! be content to haunt ungentle fields,

A cottager, with me; bring down the stag,

And with green switch drive home thy flocks of kids:

Like mine, thy woodland songs shall rival Pan's!

— 'T was Pan first taught us reed on reed to fit

With wax: Pan watches herd and herdsman too.

— Nor blush that reeds should chafe thy pretty lip.

What pains Amyntas took, this skill to gain!

I have a pipe — seven stalks of different lengths

Compose it — which Damœtas gave me once.
 Dying he said, 'At last 't is all thine own.'
 The fool Amyntas heard, and grudged, the praise.
 Two fawns moreover (perilous was the gorge
 Down which I tracked them!) — dappled still each
 skin —

Drain daily two ewe-udders; all for thee.
 Long Thestylis has cried to make them hers.
 Hers be they — since to thee my gifts are dross.
 Be mine, oh fairest! See! for thee the Nymphs
 Bear baskets lily-laden: Naiads bright
 For thee crop poppy-crests and violets pale,
 With daffodil and fragrant fennel-bloom:
 Then, weaving casia in and all sweet things,
 Soft hyacinth paint with yellow marigold.
 Apples I'll bring thee, hear with tender bloom,
 And chestnuts — which my Amaryllis loved,
 And waxen plums: let plums too have their day.
 And thee I'll pluck, oh bay, and, myrtle, thee
 Its neighbour: neighboured thus your sweets shall mix.
 — Pooh! Thou'rt a yokel, Corydon. Thy love
 Laughs at thy gifts: if gifts must win the day,
 Rich is Iolas. What thing have I,
 Poor I, been asking — while the winds and boars
 Ran riot in my pools and o'er my flowers?

— Yet, fool, whom fleest thou? Gods have dwelt in
 woods,

And Dardan Paris. Citadels let her
 Who built them, Pallas, haunt: green woods for me.
 Grim lions hunt the wolf, and wolves the kid,
 And kids at play the clover-bloom. I hunt
 Thee only: each one drawn to what he loves.
 See! trailing from their necks the kine bring home
 The plough, and, as he sinks, the sun draws out
 To twice their length the shadows. — Still I burn
 With love. For what can end or alter love?"

Thou'rt raving, simply raving, Corydon.
 Clings to thy leafy elm thy half-pruned vine.
 Why not begin, at least, to plait with twigs
 And limber reeds some useful homely thing?
 Thou'lt find another love, if scorned by this.

ECLOGUE III.

Menalcas. Whose flock, Damœtas? Melibæus's?

Damœtas. No, Ægon's. Ægon left it in my care.

Menalcas. Unluckiest of flocks! Your master courts
Neara, wondering if she like me more:
Meanwhile a stranger milks you twice an hour,
Saps the flocks' strength, and robs the suckling lambs.

Damœtas. Yet fling more charity such words at *men*.
You — while the goats looked goatish — we know who,
And in what chapel — (but the kind Nymphs laught) —

Menalcas. Then (was it?) when they saw me Micon's
shrubs

And young vines hacking with my rascally knife?

Damœtas. Or when by this old beech you broke the
bow

And shafts of Daphnis: which you cried to see,

You crossgrained lad, first given to the boy;

And harm him somehow you must needs, or die.

Menalcas. Where will lords stop, when knaves are come
to this?

Did not I see you, scoundrel, in a snare

Take Damon's goat, Wolf barking all the while?

And when I shouted, "Where's he off to? Call,

Tityrus, your flock," — you skulked behind the sedge.

Damœtas. Beaten in singing, should he have withheld

The goat my pipe had by its music earned?

That goat was mine, you mayn't p'r'aps know: and he

Owned it himself; but said he could not pay.

Menalcas. He beat by you? You own a decent pipe?

Used you not, dunce, to stand at the crossroads,

Stifling some lean tune in a squeaky straw?

Damœtas. Shall we then try in turn what each can do?

I stake you cow — nay hang not back — she comes

Twice daily to the pail, is suckling twins.

Say what *you* 'll lay.

Menalcas. I durst not wager aught
Against you from the flock: for I have at home

A father, I have a tyrant stepmother.

Both count the flock twice daily, one the kids.

But what *you* 'll own far handsomer, I 'll stake

(Since you will be so mad) two beechen cups,

The carved work of the great Alcimedon.

O'er them the chiseller's skill has traced a vine
 That drapes with ivy pale her wide-flung curls.
 Two figures in the centre: Conon one,
 And — what 's that other 's name, who 'd take a wand
 And show the nations how the year goes round;
 When you should reap, when stoop behind the plough?
 Ne'er yet my lips came near them, safe hid up.

Damœtas. For *me* two cups the selfsame workman
 made,
 And claspt with lissom briar the handles round.
 Orpheus i' the centre, with the woods behind.
 Ne'er yet my lips came near them, safe hid up.
 — This talk of cups, if on my cow you 've fixt
 Your eye, is idle.

Menalcas. Nay you 'll not this day
 Escape me. Name your spot, and I 'll be there.
 Our umpire be — Palæmon; here he comes!
 I 'll teach you how to challenge folks to sing.

Damœtas. Come on, if aught is in you. I 'm not loth,
 I shrink from no man. Only, neighbour, thou
 ('Tis no small matter) lay this well to heart.

Palæmon. Say on, since now we sit on softest grass;
 And now buds every field and every tree,
 And woods are green, and passing fair the year.
Damœtas, lead. *Menalcas*, follow next.
 Sing verse for verse: such songs the Muses love.

Damœtas. With Jove we open. Jove fills everything,
 He walks the earth, he listens when I sing.

Menalcas. Me Phœbus loves. I still have offerings
 meet
 For Phœbus; bay, and hyacinth blushing sweet.

Damœtas. Me Galatea pelts with fruit, and flies
 (Wild girl) to the woods: but first would catch my eyes.

Menalcas. Unbid Amyntas comes to me, my flame;
 With Delia's self my dogs are not more tame.

Damœtas. Gifts have I for my fair: who marked but I
 The place where doves had built their nest sky-high?

Menalcas. I've sent my poor gift, which the wild wood
 bore,
 Ten golden apples. Soon I 'll send ten more.

Damœtas. Oft Galatea tells me — what sweet tales!
 Waft to the god's ears just a part, ye gales.

Menalcas. At heart Amyntas loves me. Yet what then?

He mates with hunters, I with serving-men.

Damœtas. Send me thy Phyllis, good Iolas, now.
To-day's my birthday. When I slay my cow
To help my harvest — come, and welcome, thou.

Menalcas. Phillis is *my* love. When we part, she'll cry;

And fain would bid Iolas' self good-by.

Damœtas. Wolves kill the flocks, and storms the ripened corn;

And winds the tree; and me a maiden's scorn.

Menalcas. Rain is the land's delight, weaned kids' the vine;

Big ewes' lithe willow; and one fair face mine.

Damœtas. Pollio loves well this homely muse of mine.
For a new votary fat a calf, ye Nine.

Menalcas. Pollio *makes* songs. For him a bull demand,
Who butts, whose hoofs already spurn the sand.

Damœtas. Who loves thee, Pollio, go where thou art gone.

For him flow honey, thorns sprout cinnamon.

Menalcas. Who loathes not Bavius, let him love thy notes,

Mævius: — and yoke the fox, and milk he-goats.

Damœtas. Flowers and ground-strawberries while your prize ye make,

Cold in the grass — fly hence, lads — lurks the snake.

Menalcas. Sheep, banks are treacherous: draw not over-nigh:

See, now the lordly ram his fleece doth dry.

Damœtas. Tityrus, yon she-goats from the river bring.
I in due time will wash them at the spring.

Menalcas. Call, lads, your sheep. Once more our hands,
should heat

O'ertake the milk, will press in vain the teat.

Damœtas. How rich these vetches, yet how lean my ox.
Love kills alike the herdsman and the flocks.

Menalcas. *My* lambs — and here love's not in fault,
you'll own —

Witched by some jealous eye, are skin and bone.

Damœtas. Say in what land — and great Apollo be
To me — heaven's arch extends just cubits three,

Menalcas. Say in what lands with kings' names graven
are grown

Flowers — and be Phyllis yours and yours alone.

Palæmon. Not mine such strife to settle. You have
earned

A cow, and you: and whoso else shall e'er

Shrink from love's sweets or prove his bitterness.

Close, lads, the springs. The meads have drunk enough.

ECLOGUE IV.

Muses of Sicily, a loftier song

Wake we! Some tire of shrubs and myrtles low.

Are woods our theme? Then princely be the woods.

Come are those last days that the Sybil sang:
The ages' mighty march begins anew.

Now comes the virgin, Saturn reigns again:

Now from high heaven descends a wondrous race.

Thou on the newborn babe — who first shall end

That age of iron, bid a golden dawn

Upon the broad world — chaste Lucina, smile:

Now thy Apollo reigns. And, Pollio, thou

Shalt be our Prince, when he that grander age

Opens, and onward roll the mighty moons:

Thou, trampling out what prints our crimes have left,

Shalt free the nations from perpetual fear.

While he to bliss shall waken; with the Blest

See the Brave mingling, and be seen of them,

Ruling that world o'er which his father's arm shed peace. —

On thee, child, everywhere shall earth, untilled,

Show her first baby-offerings, vagrant stems

Of ivy, foxglove, and gay briar, and bean;

Unbid the goats shall come big-uddered home,

Nor monstrous lions scare the herded kine.

Thy cradle shall be full of pretty flowers:

Die must the serpent, treacherous poison-plants

Must die; and Syria's roses spring like weeds.

But, soon as thou canst read of hero-deeds

Such as thy father wrought, and understand

What is true worth: the champaign day by day

Shall grow more yellow with the waving corn ;
 From the wild bramble purpling then shall hang
 The grape ; and stubborn oaks drop honeydew.
 Yet traces of that guile of elder days
 Shall linger ; bidding men tempt seas in ships,
 Gird towns with walls, cleave furrows in the land.
 Then a new Tiphys shall arise, to man
 New argosies with heroes : then shall be
 New wars ; and once more shall be bound for Troy,
 A mightier Achilles.

After this,
 When thou hast grown and strengthened into man,
 The pilot's self shall range the seas no more ;
 Nor, each land teeming with the wealth of all,
 The floating pines exchange their merchandise.
 Vines shall not need the pruning-hook, nor earth
 The harrow : ploughmen shall unyoke their steers.
 Nor then need wool be taught to counterfeit
 This hue and that. At will the meadow ram
 Shall change to saffron, or the gorgeous tints
 Of Tyre, his fair fleece ; and the grazing lamb
 At will put crimson on.

So grand an age
 Did those three Sisters bid their spindles spin ;
 Three, telling with one voice the changeless will of Fate.

Oh draw — the time is all but present — near
 To thy great glory, cherisht child of heaven,
 Jove's mighty progeny ! And lo ! the world,
 The round and ponderous world, bows down to thee ;
 The earth, the ocean-tracts, the depths of heaven.
 Lo ! nature revels in the coming age.
 Oh ! may the evening of my days last on,
 May breath be mine, till I have told thy deeds !
 Not Orpheus then, not Linus, shall outsing
 Me : though each vaunts his mother or his sire,
 Calliopea this, Apollo that.
 Let Pan strive with me, Arcady his judge ;
 Pan, Arcady his judge, shall yield the palm.
 Learn, tiny babe, to read a mother's smile :
 Already ten long months have wearied her.
 Learn, tiny babe. Him, who ne'er knew such smiles,
 Nor god nor goddess bids to board or bed.

ECLOGUE V.

Menalcas. Mopsus, suppose, now two good men have met —

You at flute-blowing, as at verses I —

We sit down here, where elm and hazel mix.

Mopsus. Menalcas, meet it is that I obey

Mine elder. Lead, or into shade — that shifts

At the wind's fancy — or (mayhap the best)

Into some cave. See here 's a cave, o'er which

A wild vine flings her flimsy foliage.

Menalcas. On these hills one — Amyntas — vies with you.

Mopsus. Suppose he thought to outsing Phœbus' self?

Menalcas. Mopsus, begin. If aught you know of flames

That Phyllis kindles; aught of Alcon's worth,

Or Codrus's ill-temper; then begin:

Tityrus meanwhile will watch the grazing kids.

Mopsus. Ay, I will sing the song which t' other day

On a green beech's bark I cut; and scored

The music, as I wrote. Hear that, and bid

Amyntas vie with me.

Menalcas. As willow lithe

Yields to pale olive; as to crimson beds

Of roses yields the lowly lavender;

So, to my mind, Amyntas yields to you.

Mopsus. But, lad, no more: we are within the cave.

[*Sings.*] The Nymphs wept Daphnis, slain by ruthless death.

Ye, streams and hazels, were their witnesses:

When, clasping tight her son's unhappy corpse,

"Ruthless," the mother cried, "are gods and stars."

None to the cool brooks led in all those days,

Daphnis, his fed flocks: no four-footed thing

Stoopt to the pool, or cropt the meadow-grass.

How lions of the desert mourned thy death,

Forests and mountains wild proclaim aloud.

'T was Daphnis taught mankind to yoke in cars

The tiger; lead the winegod's revel on,

And round the tough spear twine the bending leaf.

Vines are the green wood's glory, grapes the vine's:

The bull the cattle's, and the rich land's corn,

Thou art thy people's. When thou metst thy doom,
 Both Pales and Apollo left our fields.
 In furrows where we dropt big barley seeds,
 Spring now rank darnel and the barren reed :
 Not violet soft and shining daffodil,
 But thistles rear themselves, and sharp-spiked thorn.
 Shepherds, strow earth with leaves, and hang the springs
 With darkness ! Daphnis asks of you such rites :
 And raise a tomb, and place this rhyme thereon :
 " Famed in the green woods, famed beyond the skies,
 A fair flock's fairer lord, here Daphnis lies."

Menalcas. Welcome thy song to me, oh sacred bard,
 As, to the weary, sleep upon the grass :
 As, in the summer-heat, a bubbling spring
 Of sweetest water, that shall slake our thirst.
 In song, as on the pipe, thy master's match,
 Thou, gifted lad, shalt now our master be.
 Yet will I sing in turn, in my poor way,
 My song, and raise thy Daphnis to the stars —
 Raise Daphnis to the stars. He loved me too.

Mopsus. Could aught in my eyes such a boon out-
 weigh ?
 Song-worthy was thy theme : and Stimichon
 Told me long since of that same lay of thine.

Menalcas [*sings*]. Heaven's unfamiliar floor, and clouds
 and stars,
 Fair Daphnis, wondering, sees beneath his feet.
 Therefore gay revelries fill wood and field,
 Pan, and the shepherds, and the Dryad maids.
 Wolves plot not harm to sheep, nor nets to deer ;
 Because kind Daphnis makes it holiday.
 The unshorn mountains fling their jubilant voice
 Up to the stars : the crags and copses shout
 Aloud, " A god, Menalcas, lo ! a god."
 Oh ! be thou kind and good unto thine own !
 Behold four altars, Daphnis : two for thee,
 Two, piled for Phœbus. Thereupon I 'll place
 Two cups, with new milk foaming, year by year ;
 Two goblets filled with richest olive-oil :
 And, first with much wine making glad the feast —
 At the fireside in snowtime, 'neath the trees
 In harvest — pour, rare nectar, from the can

The wines of Chios. Lyctian Ægon then
 Shall sing me songs, and to Damœtas' pipe
 Alphesibœus dance his Satyr-dance.
 And this shalt thou lack never : when we pay
 The Nymphs our vows, and when we cleanse the fields.
 While boars haunt mountain-heights, and fishes streams,
 Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew,
 Thy name, thy needs, thy glory shall abide.
 As Bacchus and as Ceres, so shalt thou
 Year after year the shepherd's vows receive ;
 So bind him to the letter of his vow.

Mopsus. What can I give thee, what, for such a song ?
 Less sweet to me the coming South-wind's sigh,
 The sea-wave breaking on the shore, the noise
 Of rivers, rushing through the stony vales.

Menalcas. First I shall offer you this brittle pipe.
 This taught me how to sing, " For one fair face : "
 This taught me " Whose flock ? Melibœus's ? "

Mopsus. Take thou this crook ; which oft Antigenes
 Asked — and he then was lovable — in vain ;
 Brass-tipt and even-knotted — beautiful !

ECLOGUE VI.

My muse first stoopt to trifle, like the Greek's,
 In numbers ; and, unblushing, dwelt in woods.
 I sang embattled kings : but Cynthius plucked
 My ear, and warned me : " Tityrus, fat should be
 A shepherd's wethers, but his lays thin-drawn."
 So — for enough and more will strive to tell,
 Varus, thy deeds, and pile up grisly wars —
 On pipe of straw will I my wood-notes sing :
 I sing not all unbid. Yet oh ! should one
 Smit by great love, should one read this my lay —
 Then with thee, Varus, shall our myrtle-groves,
 And all these copses, ring. Right dearly loves
 Phœbus the page that opens with thy name.

On, sisters !

— Chromis and Mnasyllus saw
 (Two lads) Silenus in a cave asleep :
 As usual, swoln with yesterday's debauch.

Just where it fell his garland lay hard by ;
And on worn handle hung his ponderous can.
They — for the old man oft had cheated each
Of promist songs — draw near, and make his wreaths
Fetters to bind him. Ægle makes a third,
(Ægle, the loveliest of the Naiad maids,)
To back their fears: and, as his eyes unclose,
Paints brow and temples red with mulberry.
He, laughing at the trick, cries, "Wherefore weave
These fetters? Lads, unbind me: 'tis enough
But to have seemed to have me in your power.
Ye ask a song; then listen. You I'll pay
With song: for her I've other meed in store."
And forthwith he begins. Then might you see
Move to the music Faun and forest-beast,
And tall oaks bow their heads. Not so delights
Parnassus in Apollo: not so charmed
At Orpheus Rhodope and Ismarus.

For this he sang: — How, drawn from that vast void,
Gathered the germs of earth and air and sea
And liquid flame. How the Beginning sprang
Thence, and the young world waxt into a ball.
Then Earth, grown harder, walled the sea-god off
In seas, and slowly took substantial form:
Till on an awed world dawned the wondrous sun,
And straight from heaven, by clouds unbroken, fell
The showers: as woods first bourgeoned, here and there
A wild beast wandering over hills unknown.
Of Pyrrha casting stones, and Saturn's reign,
The stolen fire, the eagles of the rock,
He sings: and then, beside what spring last seen
The sailors called for Hylas — till the shore
All rang with "Hylas," "Hylas:" — and consoles
(Happy if horned herds never had been born,)
With some fair bullock's love Pasiphae.
Ah! hapless maid! What madness this of thine?
Once a king's daughters made believe to low,
And ranged the leas: but neither stoopt to ask
Those base beasts' love: though each had often feared
To find the ploughman's gear about her neck,
And felt on her smooth brow for budding horns.
Ah! hapless maid! Thou roam'st from hill to hill:

He under some dark oak — his snowy side
 Cushioned on hyacinths — chews the pale-green grass,
 Or woos some favourite from the herd. "Close, Nymphs,
 Dictæan Nymphs, oh close the forest-glades!
 If a bull's random footprints by some chance
 Should greet me! Lured, may be, by greener grass,
 Or in the herd's wake following, vagrant kine
 May bring him straight into my father's fold!"
 — Then sings he of that maid who paused to gaze
 At the charmed apples: — and surrounds with moss,
 Bitter tree-moss, the daughters of the Sun,
 Till up they spring tall alders. — Then he sings
 How Gallus, wandering to Parnassus' stream,
 A sister led to the Aonian hills,
 And, in a mortal's honour, straight uprose
 The choir of Phœbus: How that priest of song,
 The shepherd Linus, — all his hair with flowers
 And bitter parsley shining, — spake to him.
 "Take — lo! the Muses give it thee — this pipe,
 Once that Ascræan's old: to this would he
 Sing till the sturdy mountain-ash came down.
 Sing thou on this, whence sprang Æolia's grove,
 Till in no wood Apollo glory more."

So on and on he sang: — How Nisus, famed
 In story, troubled the Dulichian ships;
 And in the deep seas bid her sea-dogs rend
 The trembling sailors. Tereus' tale he told,
 How he has changed; what banquet Philomel,
 What present, deckt for him: and how she flew
 To the far wilderness; and flying paused —
 (Poor thing) — to flutter round her ancient home.

All songs which one day Phœbus sang to charmed
 Eurotas — and the laurels learnt them off —
 He sang. The thrilled vales fling them to the stars
 Till Hesper bade them house and count their flocks,
 And journeyed all unwelcome up the sky.

ECLOGUE VII.

Melibœus. Daphnis was seated 'neath a murmurous oak,
 When Corydon and Thyrsis (so it chanced)
 Had driven their two flocks — one of sheep, and one

Of teeming goats — together : herdsmen both,
 Both in life's spring, and able well to sing,
 Or, challenged, to reply. To that same spot
 I, guarding my young myrtles from the frost,
 Find my goat strayed, the patriarch of the herd
 And straight spy Daphnis. He, espying me
 In turn, cries, "Melibœus ! hither, quick !
 Thy goat, and kids, are safe. And if thou hast
 An hour to spare, sit down beneath the shade.
 Hither unbid will troop across the leas
 The kine to drink : green Mincius fringes here
 His banks with delicate bulrush, and a noise
 Of wild bees rises from the sacred oak."

What could I do ? Alcippe I had none,
 Nor Phyllis, to shut up my new-weaned lambs :
 Then, there was war on foot — a mighty war —
 Thyrsis and Corydon ! — So in the end
 I made my business wait upon their sport. —
 So singing verse for verse — that well the Muse
 Might mark it — they began their singing-match.
 Thus Corydon, thus Thyrsis sang in turn.

(*They sing.*)

Corydon. "Ye Fountain Nymphs, my loves ! Grant
 me to sing

Like Codrus : — next Apollo's rank his lines : —
 Or here — if all may scarce do everything
 I'll hang my pipe up on these sacred pines."

Thyrsis. "Swains ! a new minstrel deck with ivy now,
 Till Codrus burst with envy ! Or, should he
 Flatter o'ermuch, twine foxglove o'er my brow,
 Lest his knave's-flattery spoil the bard to be."

Corydon. "'To Dian, from young Micon : this boar's
 head,

And these broad antlers of a veteran buck.'
 Full-length in marble — ankle-bound with red
 Buskins — I'll rear her, should to-day bring luck."

Thyrsis. "Ask but this bowl, Priapus, and this cake
 Each year : for poor the garden thou dost keep.
 Our small means made thee marble : whom we'll make
 Of gold, should lambing multiply our sheep."

Corydon. "Maid of the seas ! more sweet than Hybla's
 thyme,

Graceful as ivy, white as is the swan !

When home the fed flocks wend at evening's prime,
Then come — if aught thou car'st for Corydon."

Thyrsis. "Hark! bitterer than wormwood may I be,
Bristling as broom, as drifted sea-weed cheap,
If this day seem not a long year to me!

Home, home for very shame, my o'er-fed sheep!"

Corydon. "Ye mossy rills, and lawns more soft than
dreams,

Thinly roofed over by these leaves of green:

From the great heat — now summer's come, now teems
The jocund vine with buds — my cattle screen."

Thyrsis. "Warm hearth, good faggots, and great fires
you'll find

In my home: black with smoke are all its planks:

We laugh, who're in it, at the chill north wind,
As wolves at troops of sheep, mad streams at banks."

Corydon. "Here furry chestnuts rise and juniper:

Heapt 'neath each tree the fallen apples lie:

All smiles. But, once let fair Alexis stir
From off these hills — and lo! the streams are dry."

Thyrsis. "Thirsts in parched lands and dies the blighted
grass;

Vines lend no shadow to the mountain-height;

But groves shall bloom again, when comes my lass;
And in glad showers Jove descend in might."

Corydon. "Poplars Alcides likes, and Bacchus vines;

Fair Venus myrtle, and Apollo bay;

But while to hazel-leaves my love inclines,
Nor bays nor myrtles greater are than they."

Thyrsis. "Fair in woods ash; and pine on garden-
grass:

On tall cliffs fir; by pools the poplar tree.

But if thou come here oft, sweet Lycidas,
Lawn-pine and mountain-ash must yield to thee."

Melibæus. All this I've heard before: remember well
How Thyrsis strove in vain against defeat.
From that day forth 't was "Corydon" for me.

ECLOGUE VIII.

Alphesibæus's and Damon's muse —
Charmed by whose strife the steer forgot to graze;
Whose notes made lynxes motionless, and bade

Rivers turn back and listen — sing we next :
Alphesibœus's and Damon's muse.

Winn'st thou the crags of great Timavus now,
Or skirtest strands where break Illyrian seas ?
I know not. But oh when shall that day dawn
When I may tell thy deeds ? give earth thy lays,
That match alone the pomp of Sophocles ?
With thee began, with thee shall end, my song :
Accept what thou didst ask ; and round thy brow
Twine this poor ivy with thy victor bays.

'T was at the hour when night's cold shadow scarce
Had left the skies ; when, blest by herdsmen, hangs
The dewdrop on the grass ; that Damon leaned
On his smooth olive-staff, and thus began.

“Wake, morning star ! Prevent warm day, and come !
While, duped and humbled, I — because I loved
Nisa with all a husband's love — complain ;
And call the gods, (though naught their cognizance
Availed,) at my last hour, a dying man.
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady !

“There forests murmur aye, and pines discourse ;
And lovelorn swains, and Pan, who first reclaimed
From idleness the reed, hath audience there,
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady !

“Nisa — is aught impossible in love ? —
Is given to Mopsus. Griffins next will mate
With mares : our children see the coward deer
Come with the hound to drink. Go, shape the torch,
Mopsus ! fling, bridegroom, nuts ! Thou lead'st a wife
Home, and o'er Ceta peers the evening star.
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady !

“Oh, mated with a worthy husband ! thou
Who scorn'st mankind — abhor'st this pipe, these goats
Of mine, and shaggy brows, and hanging beard :
Nor think'st that gods can see what mortals do !
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady !

"Within our orchard-walls I saw thee first,
A wee child with her mother — (I was sent
To guide you) — gathering apples wet with dew.
Ten years and one I scarce had numbered then;
Could scarce on tiptoe reach the brittle boughs.
I saw, I fell, I was myself no more.
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady!

"Now know I what love is! On hard rocks born
Tmaros, or Rhodope, or they who dwell
In utmost Africa do father him;
No child of mortal blood or lineage.
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady!

"In her son's blood a mother dipt her hands
At fierce love's bidding. Hard was her heart too —
Which harder? her heart or that knavish boy's?
Knavish the boy, and hard was her heart too.
Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady!

"Now let the wolf first turn and fly the sheep:
Hard oaks bear golden apples: daffodil
Bloom on the alder: and from myrtle-stems
Ooze richest amber. Let owls vie with swans;
And be as Orpheus — Orpheus in the woods,
Arion with the dolphins — every swain,
(Begin, my flute, a song of Arcady!)

"And earth become mid ocean. Woods, farewell!
Down from some breezy mountain height to the waves
I'll fling me. Take this last gift ere I die.
Unlearn, my flute, the songs of Arcady!"

Thus Damon. How the other made reply
Sing, sisters. Scarce may all do everything.

Alphesibæus. "Fetch water: wreathe yon altar with
soft wool:
And burn rich vervain and brave frankincense;
That I may try my lord's clear sense to warp
With dark rites. Naught is lacking save the songs.
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home!

"Songs can bring down the very moon from heaven.
Circe with songs transformed Ulysses' crew.
Songs shall in sunder burst the cold grass-snake.
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home!

"Three threads about thee, of three several hues,
I twine; and thrice — (odd numbers please the god) —
Carry thy image round the altar-stones.
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home!

"Weave Amaryllis, in three knots three hues.
Just weave and say 'I 'm weaving chains of love.'
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home!

"As this clay hardens, melts this wax, at one
And the same flame: so Daphnis 'neath my love.
Strew meal, and light with pitch the crackling bay.
Daphnis burns me; for Daphnis burn these bays.
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home!

"Be his such longing as the heifer feels,
When, faint with seeking her lost mate through copse
And deepest grove, beside some water-brook
In the green grass she sinks in her despair,
Nor cares to yield possession to the night.
Be his such longing: mine no wish to heal.
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home.

"Pledges of love, these clothes the traitor once
Bequeathed me. I commit them, Earth, to thee
Here at my threshold. He is bound by these.
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home!

"These deadly plants great Moeris gave to me,
In Pontus plucked: in Pontus thousands grow.
By their aid have I seen him skulk in woods
A wolf, unsepulchre the buried dead,
And charm to other fields the standing corn.
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home!

"Go, Amaryllis, ashes in thy hand:
Throw them — and look not backwards — o'er thy head
Into a running stream. These next I 'll try

On Daphnis; who regards not gods nor songs.
Bring, songs, bring Daphnis from the city home!

"See! While I hesitate, a quivering flame
Hath clutched the wood, self-issuing from the ash.
May this mean good! Something — for Hylas too
Barks at the gate — it must mean. Is it true?
Or are we lovers dupes of our own dreams?
Cease, songs, cease. Daphnis comes from the city
home!"

ECLOGUE IX.

Lycidas. Mœris, on foot? and on the road to town?

Mœris. Oh Lycidas! — we live to tell — how one —
(Who dreamed of this?) — a stranger — holds our farm,
And says, "'T is mine: its ancient lords, begone!"
Beaten, cast down — for Chance is lord of all —
We send him — bootlessly mayhap — these kids.

Lycidas. Yet all, I heard, from where we lose yon hills,
With gradual bend down-sloping to the brook,
And those old beeches, broken columns now,
Had your Menalceas rescued by his songs.

Mœris. Thou heardst. Fame said so. But our songs
avail,

Mœris, no more mid warspears than, they say,
Dodona's doves may, when the eagle stoops.
A boding raven from a rifted oak
Warned me, by this means or by that to nip
This strange strife in the bud: or dead were now
Thy Mœris; dead were great Menalceas too.

Lycidas. Could such curse fall on man? Had we so
near
Lost thee, Menalceas, and thy pleasantries?
Who then would sing the nymphs? Who strow with
flowers

The ground, or train green darkness o'er the springs!
And oh! that song, which I (saying ne'er a word)
Copied one day — (while thou wert off to see
My darling, Amaryllis,) — from thy notes:
"Feed, while I journey but a few short steps,
Tityrus, my goats: and Tityrus, when they 've fed,
Lead them to drink: and cross not by the way
The he-goat's path: his horns are dangerous."

Mæris. But that to Varus, that unfinished one!
“Varus! thy name, if Mantua still be ours—
(Mantua! to poor Cremona all too near,)—
Shall tuneful swans exalt unto the stars.”

Lycidas. Begin, if in thee ’s aught. So may not yews
Of Cynus lure thy bees: so, clover-fed,
Thy cattle teem with milk. Me too the muse
Hath made a minstrel: I have songs; and me
The swains call “poet.” But I heed them not.
For scarce yet sing I as the great ones sing,
But, a goose, cackle among piping swans.

Mæris. Indeed, I am busy turning o’er and o’er—
In hopes to recollect it—in my brain
A song, and not a mean one, *Lycidas*.
“Come, Galatea! sport’st thou in the waves?
Here spring is purpling; thick by river-banks
Bloom the gay flowers; white poplar climbs above
The caves, and young vines plait a roof between.
Come! and let mad seas beat against the shore!”

Lycidas. What were those lines that once I heard thee
sing,
All unaccompanied on a summer night—
I know the music, if I had the words.

Mæris. “Daphnis! why watch those old-world planets
rise?

Lo! onward marches sacred Cæsar’s star,
The star that made the valleys laugh with corn,
And grapes grow ruddier upon sunny hills.
Sow, Daphnis, pears, whereof thy sons shall eat.”
—Time carries all—our memories e’en—away.
Well I remember how my boyish songs
Would oft outlast the livelong summer day.
And now they ’re all forgot. His very voice
Hath *Mæris* lost: on *Mæris* wolves have looked.
—But oft thou ’lt hear them from Menalcas yet.

Lycidas. Thy pleas but draw my passion out. And lo!
All husht to listen is the wide sea-floor,
And laid the murmurings of the sighing winds.
And now we ’re half-way there. I can desery
Bianor’s grave. Here, *Mæris*, where the swains
Are raking off the thick leaves, let us sing.
Or, if we fear lest night meanwhile bring up
The rain clouds, singing let us journey on

(The way will seem less tedious) — journey on
Singing: and I will ease thee of thy load.

Mœris. Cease, lad! We'll do what lies before us now:
Then sing our best, when comes the Master home.

ECLOGUE X.

Gallus. Oh Arethuse, let this last task be mine!
One song — a song Lycoris' self may read —
My Gallus asks: who'd grudge one song to him?
So, when thou slidest 'neath Sicilian seas,
May ne'er salt Doris mix her stream with thine:
Begin: and sing — while yon blunt muzzles search
The underwood — of Gallus torn by love.
We lack not audience: woods take up the notes.

Where were ye, Naiad Nymphs, in grove or glen,
When Gallus died of unrequited love?
Not heights of Pindus or Parnassus, no
Aonian Aganippe kept ye then.
Him e'en the laurels wept and myrtle-groves.
Stretcht 'neath the lone cliff, piny Manalus
And chill Lycæum's stones all wept for him.
The sheep stood round. They think not scorn of us;
And think not scorn, O priest of song, of them!
Sheep fair Adonis fed beside the brooks.
The shepherds came. The lazy herdsmen came.
Came, from the winter acorns dripping-wet,
Menalcas. "Whence," all ask, "this love of thine?"
Apollo came: and, "Art thou mad," he saith,
"Gallus? Thy love, through bristling camps and snows,
Tracks now another's steps." Silvanus came,
Crowned with his woodland glories: to and fro
Rocked the great lilies and the fennel bloom.
Pan came, Arcadia's Pan: (I have seen him, red
With elder-berries and with cinnabar:)
"Is there no end?" quoth he: "Love heeds not this:
Tears sate not cruel Love: nor rills the leas,
Nor the bees clover, nor green boughs the goat."
But he rejoins sad-faced: "Yet sing this song
Upon your hills, Arcadians! none but ye
Can sing. Oh! pleasantly will rest my bones,
If pipe of yours shall one day tell my loves.
Oh! had I been as you are! kept your flocks,

Or gleaned, a vintager, your mellow grapes !
 A Phyllis, an Amyntas — whom you will —
 Had been my passion — what if he be dark ?
 Violets are dark and hyacinths are dark. —
 And now should we be sitting side by side,
 Willows around us and a vine o'erhead,
 He carolling, or plucking garlands she.
 — Here are cold springs, Lycoris, and soft lawns,
 And woods : with thee I'd here decay and die,
 Now, for grim war accoutred, all for love,
 In the fray's centre I await the foe :
 Thou, in a far land — out the very thought ! —
 Gazest (ah wilful !) upon Alpine snows
 And the froz'n Rhine — without me — all alone !
 May that frost harm not thee ! that jagged ice
 Cut ne'er thy dainty feet ! I'll go, and play
 My stores of music — fashioned for the lyre
 Of Chalceis — on the pipe of Arcady.
 My choice is made. In woods, mid wild beasts' dens,
 I'll bear my love, and carve it on the trees :
 That with their growth my loves may grow and grow.
 Banded with nymphs I'll roam o'er Mænalus,
 Or hunt swift boars ; and circle with my dogs,
 Unrecking of the cold, Parthenia's glades.
 Already over crag and ringing grove
 I am borne in fancy : laugh as I let loose
 The Cretan arrow from the Parthian bow : —

Pooh ! will this heal thy madness ? will that god
 Learn mercy from the agonies of men ?
 'T is past : again nymphs, music, fail to please.
 Again I bid the very woods begone.
 No deed of mine can change him : though I drink
 Hebrus in mid December : though I plunge
 In snows of Thrace, the dripping winter's snows :
 Though, when the parcht bark dies on the tall elm,
 'Neath Cancer's star I tend the Æthiop's sheep.
 Love's lord of all. Let me too yield to Love."

* * * * *

— Sung are, oh holy ones, your minstrel's songs :
 Who sits here framing pipes with slender reed.
 In Gallus' eyes will ye enhance their worth :

Gallus — for whom each hour my passion grows,
As swell green alders when the spring is young.
I rise. The shadows are the singer's bane:
Baneful the shadow of the juniper.
E'en the flocks like not shadow. Go — the star
Of morning breaks — go home, my full-fed sheep!

— *Translation of CHARLES STUART CALVERLY.*

HARVEST STORMS.

"THE GEORGICS."

WHY should I speak of Autumn's stormy skies,
And stars that threaten tempest as they rise?
Or watchful cautions to the swain repeat,
When the day shortens and when droops the heat?
Or when the showery spring shall rush in vain
Or the spiked harvest bristle o'er the plain
And the green beard o'erswell with milky grain?
While range the reapers o'er the yellow land
And cut the brittle stalks with gripping hand.
Oft have I seen, in all their fury driven,
With battling concourse mix the winds of heaven:
Snatch from the clinging roots the ponderous corn,
Sudden aloft in gusty eddies borne:
Waft the light stems; in blackening whirls uprear
The flying stalks and scatter them in the air.
And oft the immense battalia of the sky
Brooding dark showers, the thronged cloud stoop from
high!
Air rushes down and deluges the soil;
Floats the high corn and drowns the oxen's toil.
The trenches fill; the channelled rivers rise,
And the breathed spray from chafing ocean flies.
Himself, the ethereal father, hovering shrouds
His presence in a noon-day night of clouds;
The lightnings from his gleaming hand are thrown;
The wide earth shakes; the beasts are fled and gone;
Fear falls on men and quails their humbled hearts:
He smites huge Athos with his flaming darts:
The rocks of Rhodope disparted bow,
And ruin rives Ceraunia's smouldering brow:

Rains dash in floods; the gust redoubling roars;
And howls, a mighty wind, from forests and from shores!
Fear this and mark what monthly sign impends;
Mark to what star cold Saturn's transit tends,
Or to what orbs, amidst the spacious sky,
Wander conjoined the fires of Mercury.
Pray, first the Gods; and, on the herbage green,
When Spring, at Winter's fall, smiles out serene,
Repeat the harvest rite; and still revere
The mighty goddess of the golden year.
Then plump the lamb, then mild the wine, and sleep
Is soft, upon the mountain woodland's steep.
Let all the village Ceres' power adore;
And milk and luscious wine with honey pour:
Thrice round the new-sprung corn the victim bear;
And, in procession, rend with shouts the air;
And Ceres call their humble roof to share.
Nor be the sickle's circling sweep begun,
When the ripe ears glow burnisht in the sun
Ere twisted oak-leaves bind the reaper's head,
Ere with boon songs the uncouth dance he tread.
That men, by signs unerring, might behold
The rains and heats and wind that waft the cold,
The Sire of Nature fixt his rules on high;
Bade us the changes of the noon desery;
By what prognostics winds are known to fall,
And swains, with watchful heed, their cattle stall.
When winds rise slow; the sea's heaved surface swells
In weltering foam; shrill crash the mountain dells;
Shores echo deep the beat of distant floods,
And a low hollow sound runs murmuring through the
woods!

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

"THE GEORGICS."

Oh, peasants, far too blest, if only this
Were theirs, the simple knowledge of their bliss!
Far from the din of arm, earth's foodful soil
With easy nutriment repays their toil.

Tho' not, at morn, their mansions' portals proud
Wide disembugue the ebbing flatterer crowd ;
No pillars chased with shells they rapt behold ;
Busts of fine brass, nor arras wrought with gold ;
Tho' their white wool no Syrian venom paint,
And their pure oil no foreign perfume taint ;
Yet rich in various wealth the peasant knows
A life ingenuous and a safe repose.
Calm fields, fresh dells, grots, limpid lakes, the breeze
Echoing with herds, and slumbers bowered with trees.
Here beasts of chase the lawn or forest range ;
Youth, trained to little, toils, nor sighs for change ;
All to the Gods a solemn reverence pay,
And holy shine the locks of silver gray ;
Here Justice lingered, this her last retreat ;
Here left the print of her departing feet.
Sweeter than all that rural peace bestows,
May they, whose love intense within me glows ;
Whose fillets crown me and whose raptures fire,
Oh, may the Muses rank me of their quire !
Theirs to reveal, before my lifted eye,
The paths of stars and wonders of the sky :
Whence sinks the solar disk in shade profound,
Whence the moon labours and whence rocks the ground ;
Why, bursting o'er its bounds, heaves high the main,
And, rolled within itself, is calm again ;
Why wintry suns dip swift their westering lights
In Ocean's wave, or slow delay the lingering nights.
But if these walks of Nature be denied,
If cold and sluggish creep my vital tide,
Be woodlands, then, my joy, and bubbling springs
That down the valleys branch their murmurings ;
Yes — let me, lost to fond ambition's dreams,
Inglorious love the forests and the streams.
Plains, where Sperchæus rolls his waters deep.
Taygetus, above whose craggy steep
The Spartan maid in Bacchic orgies flies,
Oh, wherefore are ye hidden from mine eyes ?
Who now shall lay me down to feel the gale
That freshening breathes in Hæmus' breezy vale ?
Stretch broad the giant branches o'er the glade,
And screen me with immensity of shade ?

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

CAUTION AGAINST SNAKES.

BURN cedar in thy stalls; forth startling shake,
With fumes of viscid gum, the fetid snake!
Oft, underneath the massive manger bred,
The touch-repelling viper skulks his head,
Scared at the gloaming sky: the adder crawls,
Fostered in gloom and trained to sheltering walls:
The bitter plague of herds, with poisonous wound
Tainting the flock, he cherishes the ground.
Swain! snatch a stone; snatch, quick, a sapling oak,
Beat down his crest and crush him at a stroke:
While threatening to arise, his head ascends,
While his swollen throat the rattling hiss distends.
See, deep in earth he hides his recreant head;
His middle folds in loosened trailings spread;
Now the last winding of his length retires,
And drags in tardy rings its lingering spires.
Calabria's forest screens a mortal pest,
Rolling its scaly back, and towering on its breast.
Spotted with lengthening streaks his belly gleams;
And, while the fountains burst in gushing streams,
And the moist spring and showery south winds cool
The grassy earth, he haunts the bank and pool;
There ravening gluts his blackening maw, with brood
Of croaking frogs and fishes of the flood.
When heat the marshes dries and rives the ground
He leaps to land and writhes his fiery eyes around;
Haggard with thirst, he rages on his way,
Scared with the burning agony of day.
Ah, may I not beneath the open sky,
Behind some wood, on verdure, slumbering, lie
When, his cast slough abandoned in the brake,
Sleek in new youth, rolls forth the glistening snake;
Starts from his cavernd eggs, or scaly young,
Soars on the sun and forks his quivering tongue!

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

THE DEAD OX.

"THE GEORGICS."

Lo ! smoking in the stubborn plough, the ox
 Falls, from his lip foam gushing crimson-stained,
 And sobs his life out. Sad of face the ploughman
 Moves, disentangling from his comrade's corpse
 The lone survivor : and its work half-done,
 Abandoned in the furrow stands the plough.
 Not shadiest forest-depths, not softest lawns,
 May move him now : not river amber-pure,
 That tumbles o'er the cragstones to the plain.
 Powerless the broad sides, glazed the rayless eye,
 And low and lower sinks the ponderous neck.
 What thank hath he for all the toil he toiled,
 The heavy-clodded land in man's behoof
 Upturning ? Yet the grape of Italy,
 The stored-up feast hath wrought no harm to him :
 Green leaf and taintless grass are all their fare ;
 The clear rill or the travel-freshened stream
 Their cup : nor one care mars their honest sleep.

— Translation of CHARLES STUART CALVERLY.

THE ARRIVAL OF ÆNEAS AT CARTHAGE.

"THE ÆNEID."

THERE was an auncient Citty, peopled by
 The *Tyrian* Colonies, to *Italy*,
 And farre-remoued *Tiber* opposite ;
 Hight *Carthage*, proud in wealth, and fierce in fight.
 In *Iuno's* loue then all on earth more deare ;
 More pris'd then *Samos* : here her charriot, here
 Her armes she plac't : this foster'd, this had made
 The Worlds great Head, had *Desteny*s obeyd.
 But she had heard the *Troian* Progeny
 Hereafter should the *Tyrian* towers destroy :
 Thence that farre-ruling Race, in battaile bold,
 Should *Libya* wast : This fate the *Parce* told.
 This feares, those armes remembers, which before

Troys walls she for her much lou'd *Argos* bore:
 Old seeds of wrath, and bitter grieve, infest
 As yet her mind: deepe rooted in her brest
 Was *Paris* Iudgement, and the iniury
 Of her despised forme; His kindred high
 In her distast; and *Ioue*-rapt *Ganimed*
 To honours rais'd: her flame this fuell fed.
 Who farre from *Latium* droue the *Troians*, tost
 On Seaes; poore Reliques, which the *Grecian* Hoast
 And dire *Achilles* fury left vnslaine:
 Wandring through all th' vn hospitable maine
 For many winters, driven by force of Fate.
 A worke so great to raise the *Roman* state.
Sicilia yet in sight, they hoise their sailes,
 And plough the foming brine with prosperous gailles:
 When *Iuno*, who in rancel'd bosome bare
 Eternall wounds, thus said; Must I despaire
 And yeild my selfe as vanquisht? Cannot I
 This *Troian* Prince devert from *Italy*?
 Because the *Fates* forbid. Could *Pallas* fier
 The *Grecian* Fleete, and drowne them in her ire,
 For one mans sin; *Oileus* rapefull loue?
 She horrid lightning from the clouds of *Ioue*
 Flung on their shippes, and seas with stormes vp-turnd:
 Him, vometing hot flames, his entrailes burnd,
 Her whirlwinds fixt on poynted rocks. But I,
Ioues sister, wife and empresse of the sky,
 Still with one nation warre: who will adore
 Our Power, or offer on our altars more?
 She this revolving in her burning brest
 T' *Æolia* flies, the land of windes, possest
 By *Æolus*: who here in fetters bindes
 The howling Tempests, and still struggling windes;
 Pent in vast caues: they muteny the more,
 And in the hollow mountaine lowdly rore.
 Great *Æolus*, thron'd in a lofty tower,
 With scepter calmes their rage, and curbes their power;
 Else Sea, Earth, and high heauen, that heady throng
 Would sweepe away, and hurry all along.
 Almighty *Ioue*, this fearing, these inclos'd
 In pitchy caues; high hills thereon impos'd:
 And gaue a King, who knew how to restraine,
 To calme their strife, and when to giue the reine.

Whom *Iuno* thus intreats. O *Æolus*,
 (For vnto thee, the King of men, and vs,
 Giue power to smoothe, and lift the floods on high :)
 A nation, long with me at enmity,
 Now sailes through *Tyrrhen* Seas; who *Ilium*
 Would bring to *Italy*, and Gods' ore-com:
 Their ships strike with thy stormes; or bury these
 In the vast deepe, or scatter on the seas.
 Twice seauen Nymphs serue me, elegantly faire;
 Yet none with *Deiopæa* may compare:
 Her for this merit, I to thee will ioyne
 In constant wedlock, to be only thine:
 She shall thy bed and boord for euer grace
 And make thee father to a goodly race.
 Then *Æolus*: O Queene, 'tis thine to will;
 My duty thy commaundment to fulfill.
 This kingdome, scepter, and my grace with *Ioue*,
 Sprung from thy bounty; that I feast aboue
 Among the Gods: by thee so potent made
 O're tempests and proud stormes. This hardly said,
 His lance into the hollow mountaine pusht:
 Windes as in troopes through that wide passage rusht.
 Earth rend with whirlwindes: on vast seas now raue.
 East, South, South-west windes, ioyntly quit the caue
 In hideous gusts; high billows driue to shore:
 Shrouds rattle, men cry out, and surges rore.
 Forth-with darke clowdes from *Troians* take the sight
 Of Heauen, and Day; the Sea vsurpt by Night.
 Skies thunder, and quick lightning fires the aire:
 All menace instant ruine. Cold despaire
 Dissolues *Aeneas* feoble knees: dismaid,
 He sighs, and hand to heauen erecting said:
 Thrice happy you, who in your parents sight
 Before Troy fell in honourable fight.
 O *Diomed*, of *Greekes* the most renoun'd,
 Why could not thy strong hand this life confound
 In *Phrigian* fields? Where great *Sarpedon*, where
 Brave *Hector* fell by fierce *Achilles* speare:
 Where *Simois* in his tainted streames o'rewhelmes
 So many worthies, heapes of sheilds and helmes.
 This vtterd, from the North the lowd wind warres;
 Flats all their sailes; swolne seas advans'd to starres.
 Ores crack: the winding ships their sides expose

To crushing floods, which in huge mountaines rose.
 These on high billowes hang; the yawning waues
 Shew those their bottom sands, and troubled graues.
 By Southwindes rapt, on hidden rocks three fall,
 (Those fatall rocks th' *Italians* Altars call)
 The seas all-wracking Ridge: three *Eurus* spight
 Droue on dire *Syrts* (a lamentable sight)
 Bilgd on the flats, in quick-sands wrapt. Before
 His eyes, a mighty Sea o're that which bore
 Faithfull *Orontes* and his *Licians* flew
 And from the Poope the Maister head-long threw:
 Then in swift eddies turnes; thrice hurries round
 The foundred vessell, in that whirlepit drownd.
 Armes, plancks, and *Troian* riches, here and there
 Flote on broad seaes. And now these tumults tere
Iliones strong ship; the shippes which bold
Achates held; which *Abas*, which the old
Alethes bore: the hostil water breakes
 Through all their ript-*vp* seames, and springing leakes.
Neptune meane while perceiu'd the sea to rore
 With blustering windes, which from the bottome tore
 The tost-*vp* waues, incenst, the cause suspects;
 And o're the flood his sacred head erects.
 There sees *Æneas* wretched fleet distrest:
 His *Troian* friends by seas and skies opprest.
Iuno's deceit and hate her brother knew
 Who *Zephyrus* and *Eurus* haies: Are you
 (Said he) so confident in your high birth;
 That dare, without our leaue, mix heauen with earth,
 And with your tumults swell th' intraged Seas?
 Which I — Yet first we will our floods appease:
 Nor shall like insolencies be forgot.
 Fly timely hence; and tell your King, the lot
 Gaue vs, not him, the empire of the Deepes,
 And this fear'd Trident. Ragged rocks hee keeps;
Eurus, your court: there let him domineare;
 And o're th' incaued windes his Scepter beare.
 Sooner then said, he calmes the boistrous maine;
 Scatters the cloudes, the Sun restores againe.
Cymothœ, *Tryton*, now their force vnite;
 Ships shoue from rocks, rais'd by his Tridents might:
 He loosens the vast *Syrts*, the surges raines;
 And rakes with nimble wheiles the liquid Plaines.

As when Sedition often flames among
 A mighty People, the ignoble throng
 To out-rage fall: then stones and fier-brands fly;
 Rage armes provides: when they by chance espy
 One reverentst for his worth, all silent stay
 With listening eares; whose graue perswasions sway,
 And pacify their mindes: so when the rude
 Tumultuous Seas their King and Father viewd,
 Their fury fell. Who vnder clear'd-vp skies
 With slack rein'd steeds on prosperous charriot flies.
 Altering their course, the weary *Troians* stand
 For nearest shores, and reach the *Libyan* strand.

Deepe in a Bay and Ile with stretcht-out sides
 A Harbor makes, and breakes the iustling tides:
 The parting floods into a land-lockt sound
 Their streames discharge, with rocks invirond round:
 Whereof two, equall lofty, threat the skyes;
 Vnder whose lee the safe Sea silent lies:
 Their browes with darke and trembling woods arayd
 Whose spreading branches cast a dreadfull shade.
 Within the hanging rock a caue, well knowne
 To sacred Sea-nymphs, bencht with living stone,
 In fountaines fruitfull. Here no hauser bound
 The shaken shipp, nor anchor broke the ground.
 Hether *Aeneas* brought seven ships (no more
 Were left of all); the much-desired shore
 The *Troians* now possesse: who land in hast,
 And on the beach their Sea-sick bodies cast.
 Then fier from flints *Achates* strikes: touch-wood
 The sparks receaues, enlarg'd with flaming food.
 Corne, in salt water drencht, they spent and pin'd
 In hast produce; some parch on coles, some grind.
 Meanwhile *Aeneas* climbs a steepe ascent;
 And throws his eyes on all the seas extent,
 In search of *Phrygian* ships: for *Anthus*, chac't
 In stormes; for *Caphis*; for the bright armes plac't
 On *Caicus* high poope; but none descry'd.
 Three stragling staggs then on the shore espy'd,
 Who all the heard, that followed sloyly, led;
 And now along the ranker vally fed.
 His bow and quiver, which *Achates* bore,
 In hast he snatcht; and those that stalkt before
 (Their branched hornes aloft advancing) slew:

Then to the couert they the rest pursew;
 Nor left, till seauen lay bathed in their blood:
 The number of those ships which scap't the flood.
 Return'd to euery one doth one afford:
 Then wine (by good *Acestes* laid aboard
 When lately they *Trinacria* left) imparts
 In flowing bowles; thus chearing their sad hearts. . . .

Pious *Æneas*, hauing spent the night
 In wakefull cares, arose with early light;
 To make discouery on what Country cast;
 Whether by beasts (since all lay wild and wast)
 Or men possest: this seriously intends;
 And to impart his knowledge to his friends.
 Vnder a hanging rock the Navy lay,
 Conceal'd with trees, which made a night of day.
 With him he bold *Achates* onely tooke
 And in his hand two steele-tipt iauelins shooke.
 His mother meets him in the silvan shade;
 Arm'd and accoutred like a *Spartan* Maid:
 Or like the swift *Harpalice* of *Thrace*;
 Out-stripping steeds, and *Hebers* heady Race.
 The Huntresse on her shoulder hung her bow;
 In amarus windes her dangling tresses flow,
 Her spreading garments tuckt aboue the knee;
 Who thus began: Harke young-men, did you see
 None of my Quiver-bearing sisters, clad
 In *Lynxes* skinnes? Nor heard them when they had
 The foming bore in chace, with shouts and cryes?
 This *Venus* spake, thus *Venus* son replies:
 Wee nor thy sisters saw, nor heard their cry.
 But o what art thou? sure a deity!
 Such beauty shines not in a mortall face;
 Nor spake they so that are of humane race;
 Or *Phœbus* sister, or a Nymph thou art:
 What ere, o favour! and reliefe impart:
 Say, vnder what strange clime? In all the round
 Of Earth, what land haue our misfortunes found?
 Here wander we, the place nor people knowne;
 By Seas and tempests on this country throwne:
 Thy Alters our fat offering shall imbrew.
 She thus reply'd: Such honours are not dew.
 The *Tyrian* virgins quivers vse to beare;

And purple buskins, bound with ribands, weare.
 The *Punick* Realmes, *Agenors* Citty, man'd
 By *Tyrians*, know; though in the *Lybian* land:
 A nation great in armes. Here *Dido* raignes;
 Who fled from *Tyrus*, and her brothers traines.
 The iniuries and circumstance to tell
 At large, were long: in brief it thus befell.
Sychæus was her spouse, in wealth aboue
 All that *Phœnitia* knew; nor lesse her loue.
 To him her sire, with sacred Auguries,
 In nuptiall bands the modest Virgin tyes.
 And now her brother, dire *Pigmalion*, held
 The *Tyrian* scepter: he in ill exceld
 Even men possest with hellish Furies: who
 With trecherous hands before the alter slew
 Secure *Sychæus*: by the blind desire
 Of gold incenst; and slights his sisters fire.
 The murder long conceal'd, with many wiles
 And flattering hopes, the louers grieve beguiles.
 When lo, her husbands Ghost (he vninterd)
 In dead of sleepe, with gastly looke appear'd:
 The bloody altar, his deepe wounds displaies;
 With all the secret murderer bewrayes.
 Then charg'd her to forsake that place with speed:
 And hidden treasure to supply her need
 Reveales. These motiues *Dido's* thoughts incite:
 Who mustering vp her friends, prepares for flight.
 Such flock about her, who or hate or feare
 The Tyrant. Now in seaz'd-on ships they beare
 Their wealth to Sea; with it ill purchased
Pygmaliions treasure; by a woman led:
 And there arriu'd, where now to lofty skies
 The stately walls and towers of *Carthage* rise
 The purchas'd soyle called *Brisa*: built within
 The compasse of a Bulls extended skin.
 But what are you? Whence come you? whether bound?
 He sighing said, his words in passion drownd:
 Goddesses, should I from their originall
 Our sufferings tell; should you giue eare to all
 The Annals of our toyles, approaching Night
 First in *Olympus* would inclose the light.
 We auntient *Troians* (if that name be knowne)
 Long tost on sundry seas; by tempests throwne

On *Lybian* shores: *Æneas* is my name,
 Who bring with me my rescu'd Gods; my fame
 Surmountes the starres: now *Italy*, the place
 From whence we sprung, we seeke; *Ioues* sacred Race
 Lost *Phrygia* I with twenty ships forsooke;
 And by my mother-Goddesse counsell, tooke
 The way which fates prescrib'd: seauen, vnberaft
 By seas, and cruell stormes, alone are left.
 Vnknowne, distressed, on the *Libyan* wast
 We stray; from *Asia* and from *Europ* chast.

Venus the sad expressions of his hart
 Thus gently interrupts: What ere thou art,
 Thou by the favour of the heavenly Powers
 Suruiu'st to see the *Cathaginian* towers.
 Goe on to *Dido's* Court: thy men againe
 (Vlesse my skill in *Augury* be vaine)
 And scattered ships, thou shalt in safety find;
 Borne into harbor by the Northerne wind.
 Twelue ioyful swans behold, late chased by
Ioues towring Eagle through the empty sky;
 Which now in ordered files together light
 On vnder earth; or thither bend their flight;
 How freed from danger, sporting in a ring,
 They clap their siluer wings, and ioyntly sing:
 Even so those storme-chas'd ships in glad consort
 Are entred, or now safely saile to Port.
 Proceede, and tread that ready path. This said
 In turning she her rosy neck displayd
 Her tresses with *Ambrosia* dewd expire
 A heauenly odor; her inlarg'd attire
 Trailes on the ground: her gate a goddesse showes.
 He by these signes his flying Mother knowes;
 And thus pursuues her: Art thou cruell growne?
 Why dost thou, to deceaue thy son, put on
 Such varied figures? O, why may not wee
 Ioyne hands, discourse, and seem the same we be.
 Accusing thus, his way to *Carthage* holds:
 Whom *Venus* in a dusky clowd infolds;
 That none may see them in that gloomy mask,
 Hurt, hinder, or their cause of comming ask.
 The pleased Queene to *Paphos* then retires,
 Where stood her Temples: there a hundred fiers
 (Whose flagrant flames *Sabeen* gums deuoures)

Blaze on as many altars, crown'd with flowers.

Meanewhile they both the troden path pursue,
 And from a hill the neighbouring Citty view:
 That ample Pile (a village late) they then
 Admire; the gates, the streets, and noise of men.
 The *Tyrians* ply their taskes: some bulwarks reare,
 Strong walls extend, and stones or roule or beare:
 Some seats for houses choose, some lawes proiect,
 Graue Magistrates and Senators elect.
 Here these an ample Heuen dig; there they
 For lofty Theaters foundations lay:
 Others in quarries mighty Pillars hew,
 To grace the Spectacles that should ensew.
 Industrious Bees so in the prime of May
 By sun-shine through the flowry meddows stray,
 When they produce their young, or store their hiue
 With liquid hony, or in cabins stiuie
 That pleasant Nectar: when they take the loads
 Which others bring, or chase from their aboads
 The lazy drone; the hony redolent
 With flowers of thime: all hot on labour bent.
 O happy you whose citty thus aspires.
 (*Æneas* said) and her high roofes admires.
 With that (o wonderful!) wrapt in a clowd,
 Invisible he mingles with the crowd.
 A shady groue amidst the Citty stood:
 Here *Tyrians* erst, when by the raging flood
 And furious tempests on those borders throwne,
 Dig'd vp a Horses head, by *Iuno* showne:
 Which never-failing Plenty did fore-tell;
 And here they should in glorious armes excell.
 Here *Tyrian Dido Iuno's* Temple plac'd;
 In offerings rich, by her faire statue grac'd:
 The staires of brasse, the beames with brasse were bound,
 The brazen doores on grinding hinges sound.
 The sights within this sumptuous Fane his feare
 Did first asswage; and first *Æneas* here
 Durst hope for safety, his sad spirits rais'd.

— Translation of GEORGE SANDYS (ed. of 1632).

THE FUNERAL GAMES FOR ANCHISES.

"ÆNEID," V.

Soon as the vessels to deep sea came, no land with the
 eye
 Seen any longer, around them the waters, above them
 the sky,
 Purple cloud drave over the hero's head, in its womb
 Carrying darkness and storm, and the waves grew rough
 with the gloom.
 Even the pilot himself, Palinurus, cries from his post:
 "Why these clouds that encompass the heavens in a
 gathering host?
 What doom, lord of the billows, awaits us?" Then in
 a breath
 Bids them to reef all canvas, and bend with a will to the
 oars,
 Now to the tempest trimming his sails: "Great hero,"
 he saith,
 "Even were Jove Immortal to plight me his heavenly
 faith,
 Never with skies like these can I reach the Italian
 shores.
 Shifting winds roar contrary ways, from the blackening
 west
 Rising in force, and the mists of the air into cloud are
 prest;
 All too feeble the vessels to strive therewith, or essay
 Head to the storm. Since Fate is the sovereign, ours to
 obey
 Turn our course at her bidding! Methinks not far on the
 sea
 Sicily's coasts and the kingdoms of brotherly Eryx be,
 If I aright have remembered the stars observed on the
 way."
 Quoth Æneas: "In sooth this many an hour, it is plain,
 Such is the will of the breezes, and all thy labour is vain.
 Alter the course. What welcomer shore can a Teucrian
 find,
 More to desire as a shelter for ships outworn by the wind,
 Than where Acestes of Troy still breathes sweet life, and
 the blest

Ashes and bones of a father in earth are folded to rest ? ”
So for the haven they make once more, and a following
gale,

Risen from the west inflates with a favouring breath their
sail.

Over the heaving billows the ships of the Teucerians go ;
Gladly at last to an anchor are brought on the beach they
know.

High on a neighbouring mountain, Acestes, king of the
land,

Armed with his javelins grim, in the skin of a Libyan
bear,

Saw with amaze Troy's vessels arrive, then sped to the
strand.

Son of the river Crimissus, his mother an Ilian fair,
Trojan of race, he remembered his great forefathers, and
bade

Joy to the crews of returning, his rustic treasures dis-
played,

Aided and solaced the tired.

When the morrow's morn with her bright
Eastern rays first scattered the flying stars of the night,
Scouring the sand of the wide sea-shore, Æneas his clan
Summoned to council, and thus from a rising hillock
began :

“Glorious race of the Dardans ! Immortal sons of the
sky !

One year, lo ! is complete, one circle of moons gone by,
Since all mortal remains of a sainted father we laid
Here in the earth, and the sorrowful altars dressed to his
shade.

Soon, if I err not, the day draws dear, that forever shall be
Mournful and ever revered — so Destiny wills it — to me.
Exile were I to spend it on quick Gætulian sands,
Found at its dawn within Argive seas, or a Danaan's
lands,

Still should annual victims, and solemn pomp for the
dead

Ever be paid, and his altar with funeral offerings spread.
Now at his tomb, by his own dear ashes, his children
stand,

Guided hither, methinks, by the Gods' invisible hand.

Driven to a brotherly shore and its havens by winds of
the deep,
Come, and with cheerful honour the dead in remembrance
keep.

Ask at his tomb for a fair sea-wind. May he grant me
the joy

Gifts like these ere long, in a new-built city of Troy,
Year by year on an altar his name has hallowed to place.
Two huge oxen, Acestes, the Trojan-born, of his grace
Gives unto each of the ships. This night to the banquet
command

Ilion's gods, and the gods of Acestes, king of the land.
After the ninth fair morning for mortal men has unfurled
Genial day, and the rays of the dawn uncurtained the
world,

I with a race of the vessels will open the Trojan games.
Every runner of speediest foot, each hero who claims
Praise for his arrow light or his javelin, all who demand
Boldly to enter the battle with cestus-gauntleted hand,
Let them attend, and aspire each brave to the conqueror's
palm.

Crown ye with boughs; and be hushed, all voices, in
holiest calm."

Then with the myrtle of Venus the chieftain wreathes
him. With joy

Helymus, aged Acestes, adorn their foreheads; the boy
Ascan obeys the behest, and the youthful gallants of
Troy.

While from the council assembled, the son with his
thousands around

Strides in the midst of the host to the father's funeral
mound;

Twain huge flagons of wine unwatered, of new milk
twain,

Pours for libation, and two great bowls of the blood of
the slain.

Scattering bright-hued flowers on the tomb: "All hail,"
he exclaims,

"Ashes of one whom vainly I rescued once from the
flames,

Spirit and shade of my sire, all hail! Not mine the
emprise

By thy side to attain to the promised Italian skies,
Seeking an unknown Tiber on far Ausonia's soil."

Ere he had uttered the word, amid sevenfold masses of
coil,
Sliding in seven great rings, from the sacred hollows of
gloom
Trailed an enormous serpent, in peace wreathed over the
tomb,
Silently gliding from altar to altar, his every fold
Chequered with dark blue blots; bright patches of fiery
gold
Burned on his scales, as the bow from a raincloud break-
ing anon
Flashes a thousand colours, that glance in the distant sun.
Spellbound stood Æneas. The serpent in long array
Made through flagons and polished cups his sinuous way,
Tasted the feast, then, leaving the altars where he had
fed,
Entered in peace once more the sepulchral mound of the
dead.
Whether his sire's familiar, or genius haunting the shore
Thus be revealed him, he knows not, renews his rites but
the more;
Slays, as is meet, twain ewes of the yester year at the
shrine,
Two young heifers with darkening backs, two votive
swine;
Pours from the bowl libation, and summons back from
the grave
Great Anchises' ghost, set free from the Acheron wave.
Gladly his comrades offer, as each can spare of his cheer,
Gifts, load every altar, and slaughter many a steer;
Brazen caldrons appoint to the fire, then, stretched on the
sward,
Under the spits live embers place, roast flesh for the
board.

THE SHIP RACE.

'T was the expected day, and the Sun-god's horses had
borne
Upwards in light unclouded the ninth fair queen of the
morn.

Led by the name and the fame of Acestes, king of the
land,
Tribes from the marches gather in concourse gay to the
strand,
Eager some to compete, and the Teucrians some to
behold.
Gifts are arranged in the centre before all eyes to be
seen ;
Tripods meet for the priest and the altar, garlands of
green,
Branches of palm for the conqueror's meed, bright arms
for the bold,
Raiment dipt in the purple, with talents silver and gold.
Hark ! from the central hill 't is the trumpet sounds for
the games !
Pickt from the fleet four equal barks, each ponderous-
oared,
Enter the watery lists. Here Mnestheus, noblest of
names,
Teucrian warrior now — ere long an Italian lord—
Urges the flying Dragon, her crew all keen for the race :
Sire of the Memmian house. There Gyas steers to his
place,
Handling the huge Chimæra, immense of bulk and of
span,
Vast as a floating town. Three tiers that his Teucrians
man,
Triple banks uplifted in order over the brine,
Drive her. The great Sergestus, from whom our Sergian
clan,
Sails in the Centaur tall ; and the dark blue Scylla is
thine,
Haughty Cloanthus, father of Rome's Cluentian line.

Far in the deep sea facing the foam-white shore is a
rock ;
Ever, when stars are veiled and the northern hurricane
raves,
Drowned in the billows, and lashed by the thundering
water shock ;
Silent in summer weather, it springs from the slumbering
waves
Level and bare, and is haunted of sea-gulls loving the sun.

Bough of a holm-oak green, ere race of the ships has begun,

Yonder the kind chief sets, as a sign for the mariner oar,
Whence to return and to sweep at a distance round to the shore.

Duly by lot their places are chosen; in purple and gold
High on the stern the commanders shine, all bright to behold.

Poplar branches for garlands the joyous mariners twine,
Bared and anointed shoulders with glistening unguent shine.

Benches are manned. All arms reach eagerly, grasping the oar;

Hearts to the signal strain. Through rioting pulses run
Throbbing fear and desire of immortal praise to be won.
Then at the ringing sound of the clarion, halting no more,

Each from the station suddenly bounds; shouts roll to the sky;

Under the swing of the shoulders the foam-flakes rapidly fly.

Side by side deep furrows are cloven, the great sea gapes,
Rent to a chasm by the blades and the beaks with their trident shapes.

Not so swiftly the cars in the two-wheeled chariot race
Scour the expanse of plain, stream forth from the barrier space;

Not so plunges the yoke, when the charioteer as he speeds
Tosses his flowing reins, and arising, lashes his steeds.

Thundering voices and loud applause from the wood-lands sound,

Roll from the land-locked shores, from the mountains echo around.

Far to the front shoots Gyas, of crowd and of thunder clear,

Gliding ahead on the water. Cloanthus follows in rear;
Better his service of oars, but his vessel's ponderous size
Heavily stays him. Behind, at an equal interval, vies
Dragon with Centaur vast for the foremost lead on the bow.

Now 't is the Dragon hath it—the Centaur passes her now.

Beak by beak and together the pair now travel in line,
Each with her long keel ploughing in lengthened furrows
the brine.

Nearer the ships had drawn meanwhile to the reef and
the mark,

When, still leading the van, midway on the watery realm,
Gyas shouts to Menœtes, the master guiding his bark :

“ Whither away to the starboard seas ? Turn hither the
helm ;

Cling to the shore, graze lightly the larboard rocks with
the blade.

Leave deep water to others,” he spake ; but Menœtes,
afraid,

Sheered to the open, in fear of the shallows, deaf to his
chief.

“ Whither away so wildly, Menœtes ? Head for the
reef ! ”

Gyas thunders again. For Cloanthus, lo ! is at hand
Close on her larboard quarter and holding nearer to land.
Edging the shore on the left, in the inner channel
between

Gyas’s bark and the loud sea-rocks, his Scylla is seen,
Suddenly forges ahead to the front, flies suddenly past,
Then rounds swiftly the beacon, and holds safe water at
last.

Fierce grief broke to a flame in the hero’s heart ; on his
cheeks

Salt tears rolled ; in his anger the tardy Menœtes he
seeks.

All unmindful of honour’s voice and the lives of his
crew,

Headlong into the waters the laggard helmsman he
threw,

Strode himself to the rudder, himself assumed the
command,

Cheerily spake to his men, then wrested the helm to the
strand.

Scarcely from under the billows emerging, stricken in
years,

Heavy with dripping raiment, Menœtes slowly appears ;
Makes for the dry rock level, and yonder safely he sits.

Laughter greeted his fall, and pursued him swimming to
land ;

Laughter follows him still as the salt seawater he spits.
Hope at the sight inspirits the hearts of the hindmost
pair,

Ere he recovers, the palm from the lingering Gyas to
bear.

Seizing the vantage water, Sergestus edges the bank,
Draws not his Centaur clear of the rival keel on her
flank;

Part of her broadside clears it, a part is prest by the
prow

Still of the jealous Dragon. Amidst his mariners now
Over his deck strides Mnestheus bold: "Rise all to the
oar,

Brave companions!" he shouts; "great Hector's fellows
of yore,

Whom I chose to be mine upon Ilion's funeral night;
Put forth now your spirit, the old inveterate might,
Which once nerved ye the sands of the shifting Syrtes to
brave,

Dread Ionia's seas, and the merciless Malean wave.

Mnestheus asks no triumph, alas!—no conqueror's
place.

Yea! let them that are chosen of Neptune win in the
race!

Natheless, deem it reproach to be last. This victory gain,
Friends, at the least, and preserve us from shame's
indelible stain."

Every muscle is strained; they bend to the benches with
glee,

Brass-bound timbers are shaken with huge strokes dealt
to the sea.

Waters recede from beneath them; the limb and the
feverish lip

Quiver with quick-drawn breath, and the sweat-drops
over them drip.

Chance vouchsafed to the gallants the modest fame they
desire.

While in the inner channel Sergestus, all upon fire,
Heads for the rock,—as he nears it, for want of an
ampler sweep,

Lo! ill-fated he strikes upon the crags that jut to the
deep.

Even the reefs are shaken; the oars upon splinters of
rock

Catch and crash, and the bows hang helpless and rent
with the shock.

Oarsmen spring from the thwarts, hold fast to the ledge
with a cry,

Busily handle the steel-shod pike, and the boat-hook ply,
Then collect from the waters the shattered oars of the
crew.

Mnestheus gaily behind, inspired by his triumph anew,
Plies a redoubled stroke and, the breezes now at command,
Steers for the shelving seas, sweeps down through the
open to land.

So some dove, from the rock's dark cavern suddenly
roused,

Whose dear home, whose nestlings sweet in its hollows
are housed,

Rushes apace to the fields, and, driven in her terrible
scare

Forth from her cell, beats loudly her sounding pinions in
air;

Reaches unbroken stillness, and floats down silent skies,
Sails on her shining journey, and moves no wing as she
flies.

So sped Mnestheus now, and his bark on her voyage held
Over the homeward seas, of her own smooth motion
impelled.

First in his triumph he passes Sergestus battling amain
Still with the rock and the shoals, and for succour
shouting in vain,

Learning feebly to row with his fragments of shattered
blade.

Next for the floating monster, Chimæra, and Gyas he
made;

Place the Chimæra resigns, of her helmsman reft, and at
last

Only Cloanthus remains, as the end draws near, to be
past.

On him he closes, with main might labours, presses the
race;

Shouts are redoubled, the great crowd cheer as he follows
in chase—

Heaven with the voices resounds. These glow for
thought of the shame
Should their laurels be stolen, and rivals rob them of
fame;
Even at sweet life's cost for the glory of victory long;
Yonder thrive on success; their strength is to seem to be
strong.

Beak on a level with beak, peradventure both of the
braves
Now had divided the prize, but Cloanthus spreads to the
waves
Both clasped hands, prays loudly, attests all heaven to
his vow:
"Gods, whose royal domain is the sea, whose waters I
plough,
Gladly before your altars a milk-white bull I will lay,
Yonder on shore, right gladly a debtor's offerings pay;
Fling to the billows a victim's heart, pour wine from the
bowl."
Lo! as he spake, he was heard far down in the waves by
the whole
Nereid band, and the Neptune choir, and the ocean maid,
Fair Panopea. The sire Portunus graciously laid
Hands almighty upon him, and pushed his ship as she
flew.
Swifter than southern gale or a feathered arrow she made
Soon to the shore, and was lost in the distant harbour to
view.

Summoning all, Æneas by voice of herald proclaims
Now his Cloanthus victor of all Troy's fleet in the games;
Crowns with the bay-leaf green his brows; then gives to
the crews
Largess noble of three steers each, for the winner to
choose;
Flagons of wine, and of silver a massive talent besides.
Special honours apiece for the captains then he provides;
First for the victor a gold-bound scarf, twice round it in
rows
Thick Melibœan purple for border meandering goes.
Here inwoven a prince with his hounds and his arrows is
seen

Chasing the fleet-foot deer amid Ida's forests of green ;
Eager and breathless seems. There swooping, and talons
displayed,

Jupiter's armour-bearer has borne him aloft from the
glade.

Wildly his aged guards stretch forth vain hands upon
high ;

Furious hounds yell vainly with baying throats to the
sky.

Next to the chief who merits the second honour, he told
Hauberk woven of polished chain, thrice threaded with
gold —

Spoil that his conquering hands from the slain Demoleos
tore

'Neath high Troy, on the rapidly rolling Simois' shore.

Heavy and many its folds ; upon straining shoulders
to-day

Hardly can Sagaris even, or Phegeus, bear it away —

Stalwart slaves ; yet of old its lord in his armour-chain

Drove Troy's scattering legions in hot flight over the
plain.

Brazen caldrons twain for a third last guerdon he gave ;
Bowls from the silver wrought, and engraven with tracery
brave.

Now all held their prizes and proud were wending their
way,

Purple ribbons adorning their foreheads bound with the
bay,

When from the wild rock painfully rescued, many an oar
Missing, but one tier left his disabled bark, to the shore
Home amid jeers Sergestus his way inglorious wrought.

As on the crown of the great highway some snake that is
caught, —

Crushed by a wheel as it crosses, or left in torture to lie
Mangled and all but slain by the stone of a passer-by, —
Seeking idly for shelter, it writhes round slowly, in part
Fierce to the last, eyes blazing with fire, throat lifted to
dart

Hiss upon hiss ; — part, lamed with the wound, still keeps
it in vain

Wreathing its spires, and entwining its knotted coils in
its pain ; —

So with her oarage crippled, the ship makes slowly her way,
Nevertheless spreads canvas, and glides full sail to the bay.
Then for the rescued bark, for the sailors saved from the seas,
Troy's glad chief to Sergestus the promised guerdon decrees;
Gives him Pholoe fair for a slave, in her motherly bloom,
Cretan of race, twin boys at her bosom, and skilled at the loom.

THE FOOT RACE.

Ship race o'er, Troy's gracious lord to a meadowy space
Leads them, enclosed all round in a darksome forest's embrace,
Set in the mountains. An oval of green through the valley extends,
Like some theatre's ring. With his thousands hither he wends,
Sits on the rude-built throne, then bids by the herald's call
Those who list to the race, and arrays their prizes for all.
Trojans hither repair with Sicilians mixed; in the van,
Famed for his beauty, the young Euryalus, budding to man;
Nisus for noble love that he bare to the beautiful boy.
Next them Dioreas, a prince of the bright blood royal of Troy.
Patron and Salius follow in rear, an Acarnan the one,
One, Tegeæan lineage true, Arcadia's son.
Then two youths of Sicanian race, Panopes, and the bold Helymus, foresters both, of Aestes henchmen enrolled.
Many besides whose names dim history veils in a cloud.
Now Æneas on high in the midst of the gathering crowd:
"Trojans," he cries, "give ear and attend. This festival day
None of the number around me shall go ungifted away.
Two bright Gnosian arrows of polished steel he shall bear;
Each take with him a hatchet of silver chasing to wear.

All shall be given this guerdon alike; three winners
receive

Prizes beyond, and of olive pale their garlands inweave.
First for the victor a steed, bright trappings on forehead
and breast;

Next for the second a quiver by Amazon fingers dressed,
Filled with Thracian arrows; a blazing baldric of gold
Girds it about, with a gem for a buckle looping its fold.
Home with a helmet of Argos shall he contented the
third."

Places they take; at the sound of the signal suddenly
heard

Over the racecourse rapidly pour, from the barriers roll
Forth as a thunder-shower their keen eyes marking the
goal.

First with a flash, ere others can follow, impetuous
springs

Nisus in front, more swift than the wind or the light-
ning's wings.

Second Salius speeds, at a distance, far in the rear;

Third Euryalus comes, but comes at an interval clear;

Helymus follows; Diore behind, see! hard on his trace,
Heel upon heel and shoulder to shoulder presses the
chase.

Over a longer reach had the course now finishing ranged,
Past he had flown, and a doubtful race to a victory
changed.

Now was the last lap wellnigh gained, spent runners were
fast

Nearing the final goal, when the ill-starred Nisus at last
Slid on the blood of the steers at the morning sacrifice
slain,

Where it had drencht in a torrent the green expanse of
the plain.

Lo! in the hour supreme of his triumph, the youth as he
trod

Kept not his foot on the treacherous soil, but face to the
sod

Fell, in the victims' gore and the ordure meeting with ill;
Yet in his fall he forgot not his loved Euryalus still,
Rose, as Salius came, in the midst of the slippery way;
Salius, over him rolled, in the thick sand heavily lay.

So to the front Euryalus flies, and, thanks to his friend,
Victor, amid loud cheers, loud plaudits, reaches the end;
Helymus next him, Dioreas a third. Now over the great
Audience lifted, to where Troy's elders in dignity sate,
Rises the loud-tongued clamour of Salius, claiming his
meed,

Robbed of his honours by fraud. For the young Eury-
alus plead

Chiefly the people's voice, and his boyish tears and
confest

Merit that seems most winning when all in loveliness
drest.

With him Dioreas sides, of the grievance loud to complain,
Who has in vain succeeded, the third prize earned but in
vain,

Should first place in the honours to Salius now be
restored.

Sentence the great Æneas announces: "Each his reward
Keeps unchanged; our order of merit none may displace.
Yet may I pity a friend who has fallen untouched by
disgrace."

Then an enormous hide gives Salius, heavy with hair,
Loaded with golden claws of an Afric lion, to wear.

"If," quoth Nisus, "the vanquished to gifts so lordly
attain,

If thou pity the fallen on this wise, what will remain
Worthy to offer Nisus, who earned with merit the crown,
Had not the same chance thrown him that threw thy
Salius down?"

And as he spake, he discovered his limbs and forehead
defiled

Still with stains of his fall. Æneas graciously smiled,
Bade them a buckler bring, Didymaon's cunning design,
Trophy by Danaans hung at the portal of Neptune's
shrine;

With this glittering honour adorns Troy's glorious
child.

THE SPARRING CONTEST.

After the races are ended, the prizes portioned as due:
"Breathes there any among ye," proclaims Æneas anew,
"Valiant and ready of heart, let him enter yonder the
lists,

There in the face of his fellows uplift his gauntleted wrists."

Then as he spake he displayed two prizes reserved for the bold:

First for the victor a bull, with his horns all ribbons and gold;

Helmet bright and a sword for the vanquisht, to solace defeat.

Swiftly the summons is answered. In giant force to his feet

Leapt great Dares — around him the murmured hum of the crowd —

Dares accustomed of old to encounter Paris the proud;
Who, at the tomb where Hector illustrious rests with the slain,

Stretched vast Butes in death on the yellow sand of the plain,

Son of Bebrycian sires and elate with his champion bays.

Now once more to the battle the Dares of ancient days
Lifts his towering crest, lays broadening shoulders bare,
Lunges with arms alternate, and showers his blows on the air.

Where is another to match him? From all yon myriad bands

Who dares challenge him now? Who gloves in defiance his hands?

Deeming in bright ambition that all men yield him the day,

Grasping the horns of the bull impatiently, yonder he stands.

"Son of a goddess," he thunders, "if none dare join in the fray,

Am I for ever to wait? How long is it seemly," he cries,

"Here to detain me? Command me to go my way with the prize."

Thundering cheers ring forth from the Trojans; in common accord

All men cry for the brave to be given his promised reward.

Gravely Acestes turns to rebuke Entellus, who sate
Near on a meadow bank: "Entellus, once in thy day

“Travest in vain of the brave, wilt suffer a prize so great
Tamely without one blow to be borne by another away?
Where is thine Eryx now, that master and god thy
tongue

Idly proclaims; thy glory that over Sicily rung? —
All thy trophies hanging around thy halls in array?”

“Love of renown and ambition,” he answers, “neither is
fled;

Fear has extinguisht neither, but lingering age makes
dead

This chill blood, and my outworn strength grows icy and
cold.

Had I what once was mine, what makes yon blusterer
bold

Vain of his powers, were only my manhood still in its
youth,

Guerdon none were needed, nor bullock goodly in sooth,
Hither to draw me. Of gifts I reckon but lightly.” He
cast

Into the midst, as he spake, two ponderous gauntlets
vast,

Wherewith fiery Eryx was used in the battle to stand,
Showering blow upon blow from his mighty and gaunt-
leted hand.

Men stood silent and awed at the seven huge hides of the
dread

Oxen, inbound and stiffened with masses of iron and
lead.

Dares himself is appalled, and declines them, standing
apart.

Even the heroic son of Anchises balances long,
Hither and thither turning, the measureless folds of
thong.

Slowly the old man spake with a breath deep drawn
from his heart:

“Ah! had ye looked on the gauntlets of Hercules, gazed
on the god

Armed, seen yonder on these sad shores that battle of
blood!

Eryx of old thy brother was harness thus for the fray;
Still with brains and with gore thou seest they are
dabbled to-day.

Gloved in these he confronted the great Alcides; to
these

I was accustomed in days when a blood less prone to
repose

Succoured still my veins, nor was envious age by degrees
Over my forehead sprinkling as yet her whitening snows.
Still, if Dares the Trojan mislikes these weapons of mine,
Great Æneas desires, my master Acestes approves,
I, that the battle be equal, the Eryx gauntlets resign.

Thou be afraid no longer, and doff Troy's champion
gloves."

Lightly he flung from his shoulder his folded mantle
away,

Bared his enormous thews, vast bones, huge arms, to
the day,

Then stood forth as a giant, and towered supreme on the
sands.

Gauntlets of even weight Troy's lord brings forth for the
fray;

Cases in equal armour the rival champion hands.

Each upon tiptoe stood, rose suddenly there to his
height,

Lifting on high with undaunted heart both arms to the
light,

Heads draw loftily back from the reach of the enemy's
stroke;

Hands in skirmish with hands play quickly, the battle
provoke.

Dares the nimbler-footed, in manhood's confident ease;
Huge Entellus of limb and of weight, — but his tardier
knees

Totter, and troubled breath convulses his towering frame.
Wound upon wound unavailing the rival warriors aim,
Blows on their hollow flanks rain thickly, the great thuds
sound

Back from the breasts; hands wander, their ears, their
temples, around.

Cheekbones rattle. Astrain, but in posture ever the same,
Firm Entellus stands, and eludes each volley that flies
Only with bending body and ever vigilant eyes.

Dares, like a commander who storms from his earth-made
mound

Some tall town, or besieges a mountain fort with his train,
Every entrance tries, reconnoitres wisely the ground,
Often essays the assault, but essays it ever in vain.
Now Entellus his right hand showed as he rose to the
 blow,
Showed for a moment, and struck, but his rapid enemy's
 eye
Saw it already descending, and, ere it lighted below,
Dares darted aside, and it past him harmlessly by.
Huge Entellus his strength on the vain wind wasted, and
 prone
Earthwards heavily thundered by no man's stroke but his
 own.
So upon high Erymanthus, or Ida's mountain incline,
Hollow with age, comes crashing, at last uprooted, the
 pine.

Trojans rise to behold, and the brave Trinacrians rise;
All with conflicting passions fired;—shouts roll to the
 skies.

First on the field of disaster the royal Acestes appears,
Lifts from the earth with pity his comrade equal in years.
Undismayed, unabated, the hero now to the fight
Keener than ever returns; wild anger rouses his might:
Honour inspires him, and sense of a valour yet unrevealed.
Furiously Dares he chases in hot flight over the field;
Now with his right hand leads, with his left hand now,
 the attack,
Ceaseless, unresting ever. As hailstorms smiting the stack
Rattle on turret and roof, so rains Entellus his blow—
Plies both hands, drives hither and thither the buffeted
 foe.

Further the wise Æneas permits not fury to rage,
Leaves not fierce Entellus insatiate battle to wage,
Orders a truce forthwith, leads shattered Dares away
Far from the battle, and gently consoles him thus by the
 way:

“Ill-starred brave! What madness, alas, thy wit has
 estranged?
Seest thou not thy strength is surpast, Heaven's pleasure
 is changed?
Yield to the Gods.” And an end thereon of the duel
 decrees.

Home to the vessels his faithful friends lead Dares, his
knees
Tottering, and shaken: — his head sways feebly, a crim-
soning flood
Spurts from his lips in a torrent, and teeth spurt forth
with the blood.
Back to the ships he is led; his companions, summoned,
receive
Helmet and sword; to Eutellus the bull and the victory
leave.
Now o'erjoyed with his triumph, the victor, proud of his
prize:
"Learn, thou son of the Goddess, and ye, O Trojans," he
cries,
"What was the youthful strength of the old Entellus, and
say
From what death ye recover your rescued Dares to-day."
Firmly he planted his feet, as he spake, confronting the
bull
Where as the prize it stood, and, his right hand lifting
amain,
Swinging the stroke and arising, delivered the gauntlet full
'Twixt both horns, drove home to the bones, and shattered
the brain.
Thundering down upon earth with a shudder the bull
drops dead.
Loudly the hero shouts: "I remit thee in Dares' stead,
Eryx, a nobler victim; his debt thy warrior pays;
Victor, his art he abandons, and here thy gauntlet he lays."

THE CONTEST WITH THE BOW.

Thence Æneas invites all comers to feats of the bow;
Places the prizes in view; with his own strong hand from
below
Lifts from the ship of Serestus a mast. On its summit
in air
Hangs, as a mark for the archers, a dove made fast in a
snare.
Yonder the concourse gathers. The lots in a helmet are
flung;
First from the brass amid shouts thy name, Hippocoon,
sprung;

Mnestheus second — in race of the vessels victor but
now —
Still with the garland green of an olive bound on his
brow;
Third Eurytion; brother of thine, bright archer of Troy,
Pandarus, chosen of old by a goddess the truce to destroy,
First upon Danaan ranks that day thine arrow to cast.
Buried deep in the helmet Acestes lay to the last,
Ready to vie with the youths, though a veteran. Each
one strings
Cord to the bow, from the quiver himself the artillery
brings.
First from the twanging thong Hippocoon's arrow im-
pelled
Cleaves as a lash the divided skies, then strikes and is
held
Fast in the timber; the stricken mast-tree shakes, and
the bird
Flutters with fear: all round them her pinions flapping
are heard.
Next keen Mnestheus placed him, his bowstring drawn
to the breast,
Levelled his eye and his weapon, his keen glance upward
address:
Failed in an evil hour to the dove herself to attain,
Broke with his shaft but her fetters, the hempen cords of
the chain,
Where by her captive feet from the masthead lofty she
hung.
Into the breezes she flew, to the dark clouds rapidly
sprung.
Now with his bow to the bolt-head drawn and his arrow
displayed,
Swift as a thought to his brother a prayer Eurytion
prayed;
Eyed her in clear sky sailing, with joy escaping the
dart,
Under a dark cloud flapping her wings — then pierced to
her heart.
Breathless she fell, amid heaven's bright stars left life,
and restored
Home, as she downwards floated, the fatal bolt to its
lord.

Only Acestes now was remaining, hope of a prize
Gone, yet his arrow he still sent forth to the heavenly
skies,

Proudly displaying an old man's art and his resonant
bow.

Sudden a sign was revealed them, as later chronicles
show,

Full of an awful omen; a great woe pointed the tale;
Prophets of doom long after proclaimed its meaning of
bale.

Lo! as it rose through cloudlets of glory, the reed took fire,
Printing in flames its flight, then, vanishing, seemed to
expire

Lost on the viewless winds, as the stars unfixt from the
sky

Shoot full often across it, and bright hair trails as they
fly.

Awed the Sicilians stood at the sign, and the warriors of
Troy,

Praying the Gods immortal; the great Æneas with joy
Hails it as omen fair, then folds in a loving embrace
Happy Acestes, and loads him with gifts excelling in
grace.

"Take them," he cries, "O father, for by this marvellous
sign

Heaven's high monarch decrees that especial honours be
thine.

Take what once was bestowed on Anchises aged and
gray —

This great bowl, all graven with figures, which in his day
Thracian Cisseus gave him, a royal gift and a sure,
Token and pledge of the love that he bare him, long to
endure."

Then he encircled his brows with the bay-tree green, and
address

Royal Acestes as victor beyond all others confest.

Naught Eurytion gentle of him who is chosen complains,
Though 't was his own good arrow the dove from the skies
that had cast.

Second in order of honour the brave who Sundered her
chains.

He who spitted the pole with his feathered reed is the
last.

DISPLAY OF THE CAVALIERS.

Now Æneas the father, or ever the festival ends,
Summons Epytides, comrade and guardian true, who
attends

‘ Youthful Iulus, and speaks in his faithful ear the com-
mand :

“ Hasten to Ascan the prince ; if his boyish cavalry band
Ready he hold, with his steeds for the pageant ranged at
his side,

Bid him parade his troop in his grandsire’s honour, and
ride

Forth in his armour.” Himself the invading throng he
ordains

All to depart from the course, and to clear free space on
the plains.

In Troy’s children march, and before their sires in a line
Mounted on well-reined horses, a glittering company,
shine.

Murmured applause breaks forth from the allied hosts, as
they go ;

Hair bound down, as the wont is, with leaflets stript from
the bough.

Lances of cornel tipped with steel each carries in rest,
Some on the shoulder a quiver smooth. High set on the
breast

Round each throat run twisted a flexible golden chain.

Companies three, — three chiefs in command, — prick
over the plain

Twice six glorious children behind each leader arrayed —
Equal divisions, a captain for each, — in splendour
parade.

One young squadron is led by a youthful Priam in
glee, —

Named from his grandsire’s name, and begotten, Polites,
of thee,

Troy’s illustrious son, ere long to be Italy’s pride, —

Borne on a Thracian courser with white all dappled and
pied ;

White on his pasterns, white on his forehead shines as a
star.

Next rides Atys, from whom our Latin Atians are,
Atys, tender of years, and beloved of Iulus the boy.

Last, but before all others in beauty, Iulus of Troy,
Set on a Sidon steed which Dido lovely of yore
Gave him as token and pledge of a love to endure ever-
more.

Mounted on Sicily's chargers the rest, and by Sicily's
king

Horsed for the pageant. A cheer from the gathered Teu-
crian ring

Breaks as the shy band enters. The scene with pleasure
they view,

Find in the looks of the children the fathers' faces anew.

After the joyous riders have made their round of the
throng

Under the eyes of the sires, Troy's herald, standing apart,
Shouts the expected signal, and lashes his thundering
thong.

Every company gallops asunder, the three troops part
Into retiring halves; — at a sign each, suddenly, lo!

Wheels to the front, and, with weapons couched, bears
down on the foe.

Now once more they retire — once more with the lance
they meet —

Turn and return their paces — the field to the enemy bar —

Circles alternate weave upon circles still incomplete, —

Waking with battle armour the shadowy image of war.

Backs now bare in retreat — now point their steel to the
breast —

Now plight truce and together are pacing, lances in rest.

Even as the fabled road in the Labyrinth olden of Crete

Ran through sunless walls and a thousand paths of deceit,

Till all tracks for retracing the journey failed in a maze

Whence none came that had entered, for none found clew
to its ways;

So with inwoven paces the Trojan chivalry bright

Ride, and in sportive tangle involve gay battle and flight;

Like some dolphin shoal, that afloat on the watery plain

Cleaves Carpathia's billows and distant Libya's main.

This fair fashion of handling the steed, these trials of
skill,

Ascan revived when he circled with ramparts Alba the
Long;

Taught old Latium's father to keep this festival still,
As he had kept it himself, and his Trojan chivalry young.
Alba her people tutored; from these, imperial Rome
Held the tradition, preserving the rites ancestral of home.
Troy are the children called; Troy's squadron the bright
cavalcade.

Thus far funeral games in a father's honour were played.

THE BURNING OF THE SHIPS.

Fortune here grew fickle, to each fair promise untrue.
While at the tomb they pay him the funeral honours as
due,

Lo! to the Ilian vessels Saturnian Juno sent
Forth from the skies bright Iris, and breathed fair winds
as she went.

Deep her mighty designs, and her ancient wrath un-
allayed.

So on a rainbow formed of a thousand colours, the
maid,

Viewless to mortal eyes, ran down heaven's slope in the
breeze.

Over the vast assembly her glances wander; she sees
Shores and deserted harbours; the vessels lying un-
manned:

While withdrawn from the rest, Troy's dames on a deso-
late strand

Wept for the lost Anchises, and, as they wept him, the
band

Gazed on the deep great sea. "Still many a water, alas!
Many a billowy reach for a toil-worn people to pass!"

One cry fills each bosom, on each lip rises the prayer:
"O for a city! The toils of the wave are weary to
bear!"

Straight to the heart of the throng as a spirit of evil she
flew,

Laid her immortal raiment by and her heavenly face,
Beroe, aged wife of the Thracian Doryclus, grew,
Mother of children once, with a name and a glorious
race.

Thus in the midst of the Trojan dames stood Iris to
view.

“Ah! sad sisters,” she cries, “why might not a Danaan
foe

Trail us to die beneath Ilion’s walls? Ah! people of
woe,

What fierce ruin awaits thee at Fortune’s merciless
hands?

Seven long summers already are closing, since in the war
Ilion fell, and we wander, alas! o’er waters and lands.

Wild sea-rocks we encounter, and measure many a star,
Seeking on ocean’s wastes for an Italy, which as we come
Vanishes ever, and always tost on the tumbling foam.

Here are the brotherly kingdoms of Eryx, Acestes’ halls;
May we not here plant homes, give here to a nation her
walls?

Land of my fathers! Penates from foemen rescued in
vain!

Shall Troy call by her name no citadel ever again?

May it not ever be mine on a Hector’s rivers to look,

Gaze on another Xanthus, another Simois brook?

Come, let us harry with fire the accursed ships. As I
dreamed,

Lo! in a vision the shade of the seer Cassandra,
meseemed,

Gave me the lighted torches: ‘The Troy ye are seeking
is here;

Here,’ she exclaimed, ‘your home.’ ’Tis the hour
already to strike.

Portents of heaven brook little delay. Four altars are
near

Kindled to Neptune. Torches and will God gives us
alike.”

Leading the way as she spake, she uplifted a terrible
brand,

Swung it around and above her, with main might heaving
her hand,

Wheeled it in flames and flung it. The hearts of the
women of Troy

Throbbled as they saw, spell-bound they stand with a
furious joy.

One theron of the number, a soul well stricken in years,
Pyrgo, nurse of the children of Priam, cries to her peers:

“Mothers of Troy! no Beroe this, no consort of thine —
Doryclus — here; mark well yon tokens of beauty divine:

Note those burning glances; the breath that around her
is shed;

Heavenly look, and immortal tones, and a goddess's tread.
'T is but an hour since yonder I left, myself, as I came,
Beroe sick and repining, because, disconsolate dame,
She of her sisters alone must lay no gift on the grave,
Naught to Anchises bring of the honours due to the
brave."

Doubtful at first Troy's matrons. With evil eyes they
survey

Ilion's ships, each wavering spirit balanced between
Craven desire of the land, and a realm that calls them
away;

When, on her pinions soaring, celestial Iris was seen
Cleaving in rainbow-light an enormous arc to the clouds.
Scared by the portent now, in bewildered frenzy, the
crowds

Shout in accord; pluck faggot and firetorch forth from
the fire;

Strip each altar, and fling boughs, branches, and brands,
from the shrine,

Piled in disorder. The God of the flames gives reins to
his ire;

Riots on bench, and on oar, and on rosined timbers of
pine.

Swift to the funeral tomb, and the people ranged for the
show,

News of the fleet upon fire Eumelus carries, and, lo!

Yonder behind them the cinders in dark clouds floating
they see.

Forth Ascanius bounds to the front; as he lately in glee
Led his battalion, so to the camp in danger his horse

Hotly he spurs, and his panting guards check vainly his
course.

"What strange madness," he thunders, "and what wild
thing do ye seek,

Ill-starred dames? No enemy this, no tents of the Greek
These that ye burn. Your own bright hopes in the fire
ye destroy.

Lo, it is I, 't is the Ascan ye know!" And his helmet
the boy

Flung dislodged from his temples before their feet as he
spake —

Helmet employed so lately in sport, war's image to wake.
Soon Æneas in haste draws near with the Teucrian host.
Troy's dames, hither and thither in panic over the coast
Scattering, steal to the forests and deep cave hollows
away;

Loathing the deed that is done, and abhorring the light
of the day.

Sobered they know their friends, and the Juno madness
is spent.

Not that unvanquishèd flames so soon their fury relent,—
Under the wetted timbers the tow still smoulders and
glows,

Vomiting thick pent smoke; heat, gathering strength as
it goes,

Feeds on the keels; fierce fire spreads downward and
ranges below;

Neither can stalwart hero, nor waters, master the foe.

Then from his shoulders his raiment the chieftain rend-
ing in prayer

Calls on the Gods for succour; uplifts clasped hands to
the air:

“Jove Almighty! if yet one Trojan remain of the race
Whom thine hatred assails not, if still thy pitying face
Looks upon human sorrows, preserve our vessels from
fire;

Save Troy's feeble nation from perishing, Heavenly Sire!
Else, if death we deserve, with thine awful thunders to
death

Hurl this remnant weak, and thyself o'erwhelm us, ” he
saith.

Scarce has the prayer been breathed, when a tempest
dark as the night

Breaks in a streaming shower. Earth trembles on plain
and on height,

Shaken with thunder. From uttermost heaven fall
rivers of rain,

Murky, and black with storms from the southward
sweeping in train.

Every vessel is drowned in the downpour; timbers in
part

Charred and consumed by the fire at length are soaked
to the heart.
Soon all fiery vapour is quencht, and the vessels of
Troy—
Four of the number missing—are saved from flames
that destroy.

THE DEATH OF PALINURUS.

Over the heart of the gentle chief joy banishing fear
Steals in its turn; and swiftly he bids his mariners rear
Every mast, stretch every sail on the sail-yards wide.
All, in accord and together, the ropes make fast to the
side;
Now on the right hand, now on the left, they loosen the
sheet,
Vary the points of the sail. Fair winds waft onward
the fleet.
Foremost rides Palinurus; in front of the squadron he
speeds;
Others behind him are bidden to steer their course as he
leads.
Near to the slope of the furthest heavens, night dank
with the dew
Reached already, in peaceful slumber the limbs of the
crew
Gently reposed, each laid on the rude oak bench by his
oar;
When Sleep, lightly descending from heaven's star-glis-
tening floor,
Parted the darksome air, and dispelled night's shadows,
in quest,
Brave Palinurus, of thee. Dire dreams for thine inno-
cent breast
Bore the immortal god, as he sate on the poop of the ship,
Phorbas in outward shape, these words on his heavenly
lip:

"Iasus-born Palinurus, the sea takes onward the fleet;
Airs breathe evenly; lo! 't is an hour when slumber were
sweet.
Rest those brows, let wearied eyes play truant to toil;
I for a little will ply thy task and be pilot awhile."

Hardly uplifting his glance, Palinurus answered and
spake

"Is it the old Palinurus thy lips bid thus to mistake
Look of a tranquil water, of billows seeming to sleep?
Me, Palinurus, to rest on the faith of the monster deep?
What, trust Troy's Æneas to breezes treacherous, I,
Duped so oft by the treason of clear and unclouded sky?"

Even as he spake, to the tiller he still clung closely, his
hand

Never relaxing, the stars with his eye still steadily
scanned.

Lo! the immortal god waves over his temples a spray
Steeped in a Stygian charm and in Lethe's dew by the
way,

Closes, despite his endeavours, the mariner's swimming
eyes.

Soon as his limbs were slackening in slumber's early
surprise

Stooping, he hurled him below to the shining seas, in his
fall

Trailing shattered planks from the stern and the rudder
withal,

Headlong driven, and invoking his comrades vainly and oft.
Then to the viewless breezes the god sailed lightly aloft.

Not less safely and swiftly the fleet rides over the wave,
Travels bold and secure in the promise that Neptune
gave.

Nearly at last to the cliffs of the Sirens now it was blown,
Dangerous once, still whitened with many a mariner's
bone.

Hollow with thunder of surge everlasting the great rocks
sound.

Then, perceiving the roll of his vessel, her helmsman
drowned,

Troy's chief helmed her himself through the midnight
waves and the gloom,

Groaning aloud, sore stricken with grief for his follower's
doom,

"Ah! too readily trusting to calm of waters and sky,
Thine upon sands unknown, Palinurus, naked to lie!"

— Translation of BARON BOWEN.

THE ARRIVAL IN ITALY.

"ÆNEID," VI.

SPEAKING these words with tears, and giving free rein
to his vessels,
Safely he glides at last to the shore of Chalcidian Cumæ.
Seaward they turn their prows; the stubborn tooth of
the anchor
Firmly secures the ships; curved sterns are fringing the
shore-line.
Then the young men in troops leap eagerly down from
the galleys
On the Hesperian strand. Some search out the sparks
that lie hidden
Deeply in veins of flint; some plunge into forest and
jungle
Haunted by beasts of prey, and bring tidings of rivers
discovered.
Faithful Æneas, however, ascends to the heights where
Apollo
Dwells, and adventures the gloom of the dread unap-
proachable Sibyl,
Even the awful abode of her whom the Delian prophet
Fills with his own great soul, and the gift of inspired
divination.
Now they draw nigh to the groves and golden halls of
Diana.
Dædalus, fleeing the kingdom of Minos, — so runs the
tradition, —
Trusting himself on swift and adventurous wings to the
heavens,
Flew through the trackless sky toward the glimmer of
frosty Arcturus,
Never arresting his flight till he gained the Chalcidian
mountain.
Here, first restored to the earth, his feathery oarage, O
Phæbus,
Unto thyself he vowed, and built thee a marvellous
temple;
Carved on its gate is the death of Androgeos; then, with
what pathos,

Stand the Athenians, doomed to surrender in yearly
atonement
Maidens and youths, twice seven; behold the dread urn
standing empty!
Darkly companioning this, looms the island of Crete from
the ocean.
Here is the mad and incestuous passion of Pasiphæ
pictured,
Here its unnatural fruit, that monster half brute and half
human;
Darkly the Minotaur stands monumental of nameless
dishonour.
Here, too, that marvellous maze with its hopelessly
intricate windings;
Hopelessly? Nay, for the king hath pitied his love-
stricken daughter,
And hath himself resolved the bewildering plan of the
palace,
Guiding her lover's return by a thread; thou, Icarus,
also,
Largely hadst shared in a work so grand, had sorrow
permitted.
Twice he essayed in gold to picture thy cruel misfortune;
Twice fell the father's hand. And thus they might long
have continued
Scanning each scene in turn; but, lo! their herald,
Acestes,
Timely appeared, with Deiphobe, daughter of Glaucus,
and priestess
Both of Diana and Phœbus, who spake these words to
Æneas:
"Not such sights as these the present hour is demanding!
Now from the virgin herd to slaughter seven bullocks
were better,
Also as many lambs, selected according to custom."
Thus she addressed the king,—nor delayed was the
sacrifice ordered.
Then to her lofty abode the prophetess summons the
Trojans.
Vast is the cavern hewn in the side of the mountain of
Cumæ.
Pathways an hundred are there, wide arching, and portals
an hundred,

Whence, through an hundred mouths, the Sibyl's responses are uttered.
Them, at the threshold, the virgin arrests: "To question the future,
Now is the time. The god! behold the god!" and, thus crying,
Suddenly faces the gate, herself nor in feature nor colour;
Kempt are her tresses no more; she is gasping, her bosom is heaving;
Swells with a frenzy her passionate soul, and towering above them,
And with no mortal voice, for the god is now breathing upon her
Nearer and still more near; "Dost halt in thy vows and petitions,
Trojan Æneas," she cries; "Art silent? Then never the mighty
Mouths of this awful shrine shall open;" and, thus having spoken,
Ceased, and an icy chill unnerved the strong limbs of the Trojans,
While from his inmost heart their king poured forth his petitions:
"Phœbus, compassionate ever of Troy's overwhelming disasters;
Thou who didst guide the hand and Dardanian arrow of Paris
'Gainst Achilles' frame, my pilot o'er many dark billows,
Breaking on boundless shores; my guide to Massylian peoples,
Far remote; and to lands far fringed by the Libyan Syrtes,
Now that at last we are come to fugitive Italy's sea-coast,
Let it suffice that the Fates of Troy thus far have pursued us.
Ye, too, well may be reconciled now to the Purgamene nation,
Gods and goddesses all, whom Ilium e'er hath offended,
Or the great Dardan name. And thou, O priestess most holy,
Thou that foreknowest the future, O grant (and I ask for no kingdom

Promised me not by fate) that Latium harbour the Trojans,
Sheltered their wandering gods and Teuceria's troubled
Penates;

Trivia, then, to thee and to Phœbus a temple of massive
Marble will I erect, and games shall be named for Apollo;
Thee, too, Sibyl benign, great shrines await in our king-
dom;

For I will treasure thy oracles there, and the mystic
arcana

Unto our race revealed; and chosen men to thy service
I will ordain. But, oh, write not upon leaves thy re-
sponses,

Lest, at the sport of the wind, they fly disturbed from
their order;

Sing them thyself, I pray." Then, closing his lips, he is
silent.

Not submissive, however, as yet to Apollo, the fearful
Prophetess raves in the cavern, and still the great god
from her bosom

Hopes to be able to drive; her frenzied lips the more
sternly

Ruling, Apollo curbs and masters her furious spirit.

Now, of their own accord, the ponderous doors of the
temple

Open their hundred mouths, and utter the word of the
Sibyl.

"Hail to thee, finally done with the sea and its manifold
perils!

Graver, however, of land remain. The Dardans shall
enter

Into Lavinian realms; dismiss this care from thy bosom,—
But they shall likewise repent of their coming, for battles,
grim battles

Now I behold, and the Tiber all foaming with blood and
with carnage!

Neither shall Simois fail thee, nor Xanthus, nor Doric
encampments;

Cradled already in Latium rises a second Achilles;

Goddess-born, too, is he; nor e'er will implacable Juno

Far from the Teucrians be; while thou, as a suppliant
beggar,

Where shalt thou wander not, among Italy's nations or
cities?

Sorely the Trojans shall suffer again from a foreign alliance,

And from an alien bride.

Yield not thou to misfortunes, but go the more bravely to meet them,

Up to the limit thy Fates permit. The first way of safety, What will surprise thee most, from a town of the Grecians will open."

Thus from her hidden shrine the Sibyl of Cumæ replying, Chanted her fearful enigmas, and thundered them forth from her cavern,

Darkly involving the truth; such force, while she rages, Apollo

Uses to urge her on, and goads her wild spirit to frenzy.

Soon as her raving subsides, and her furious lips become silent,

Answers Æneas the hero: "O maiden, not one of my trials Rises before my view as a startling or strange apparition; I have already imagined them all, and endured them in spirit;

Only since here, we are told, are the gates of the monarch infernal,

Also the murky pool of the fountain of Acheron, be it Mine to look once more on the face of my father belovèd; Show me the path to take, throw wide the terrible portals! Him on my shoulders I hurried through flames and a thousand pursuing

Weapons, and bore him away unharmed from the midst of his foemen.

Long he companioned my way; he shared all the perils of ocean;

Patiently suffered with me all the threats of the sea and the heavens,

Weak as he was, and beyond an old man's lot or endurance.

Nay, it was he who implored and enjoined me to go to thy threshold

Seeking thy favour. I humbly entreat thee, kind maiden, to pity

Father and son, for power unbounded is thine, and not vainly

Hecate set thee here to govern the groves of Avernus.

If, upon tuneful lyre and Thracian cithern relying,

Orpheus was able to charm Eurydice's spirit from Hades, If, by dying alternately, Pollux, redeeming his brother, Trod and retrod the path so often, why call to remembrance

Theseus or Hercules mighty? I, too, have a birthright in Heaven."

While he was praying thus, and holding the horns of the altar,

Thus did the Sibyl begin her reply: "O child of Immortals,

Trojan son of Anchises, descent to Avernus is easy;

Both by night and by day the gates of grim Pluto stand open;

But to retrace the step, to get back to the air and the sunlight,

This is labour and toil. A few have been able to do it, Heirs of the gods, whom Jove hath graciously loved, or a quenchless

Valour restored to earth. The space intervening vast forests

Guard, and Cocytus surrounds with sunless and wandering waters.

Yet, if so deep the desire of thy heart, if so urgent thy longing

Twice on the Stygian wave to embark, if twice upon gloomy

Tartarus thou wouldst gaze, if this labour of madness delight thee,

Hear what must first be done. There's a tree in the heart of a forest,

Hiding within its gloom a branch all golden in leafage,

Golden in stem, and held to be sacred to Stygian Juno.

This the whole wood surrounds, and buries in valleys of shadow.

Yet, before any have leave to descend to the earth's dark abysses,

First he must ravish away from the tree her golden-haired children;

This for her own delight hath fair Proserpina ordered

Brought to herself. The first no sooner is plucked, than a second

Branch of like metal appears, as golden of leaf as the other.

Search for it, therefore, with eyes uplifted, and when
thou hast found it,
Grasp it with reverent hand, for thee will it willingly
follow,
Needing no force, if the fates are calling thee ; otherwise
never
Shalt thou by strength or by toughness of iron be able to
move it.
More than all this, the corse of a comrade of thine lieth
lifeless,—
Thou, alas, knowing it not!—and pollutes the whole
fleet by its presence,
While thou art questioning fate, and lingering here at
our threshold.
Him, to his place of rest, first bear, and bury the body ;
Lead black sheep to the altar ; let this be thy first expia-
tion ;
So shalt thou look, at last, on the Stygian groves, and the
kingdom
Trackless to living feet.” She spake, closed her lips, and
was silent. . . .

THE DESCENT TO AVERNUS.

There was a bottomless pit, wide yawning with frightful
abysses,
Jagged, and guarded by darkening waves and shadowy
forests,
Over which none of the birds that fly had ever been
able
Safely to wing their way, so deadly and dense exhalations
Rose from its murky throat to the lofty dome of the
heavens ;
Wherefore this dismal lake had been named by the Gre-
cians, Avernus.
Here hath the priestess at first ranged four black bullocks
in order,
Then on the brow of each a libation of wine is outpouring,
And from between the horns, the hairs that are uppermost
plucking,
These on the sacred fire she lays as the first expiation,
Hecate loudly invoking, who rules both in Hell and in
Heaven.

Others draw knife to the throat, and catch the hot blood
in their goblets;

While Æneas himself a black-fleeced lamb with his sword-
blade,

Unto the Mother of Furies and unto her powerful sister
Slays, and a barren cow, to thee, O Proserpina, offers.

Then to the Stygian king he consecrates altars at mid-
night,

Laying upon the flames the inward parts of the bullocks,
Firm and unbroken, and pouring rich oil on the hot blaz-
ing vitals.

But, as the first faint flush of morning foretokened the
sunrise,

Rumbled the earth beneath, and a waving began in the
topmost

Boughs of the forest, and hounds bayed loud in the dark-
ness to herald

Hecate's advent. "Avaunt! Avaunt, ye profane," cried
the Sibyl;

"Far be your feet withdrawn; depart one and all from
the forest!

But, do thou dare the way, thy sword pluck forth from
the scabbard;

Now hadst thou needs be bold, now steadfast of heart, O
Æneas!"

Speaking no more, she hath flung herself frenziedly into
the cavern.

He, with resolute step, keeps pace with the stride of his
escort.

Gods, whose dominion is over the dead! and ye, voice-
less shadows!

Chaos, and Phlegethon, too, ye realms far silent in dark-
ness,

Sanction me now to reveal the things I have heard; let
me open

Mysteries hid in the depths of the earth beneath her dark
vapour.

Under the shield of the silent night they went through
the shadow,

Through the unpeopled abodes of Dis, and his ghostly
dominions,

As by the treacherous light of the faithless moon, in a
forest,

Travellers pass when Jove hath buried the heavens in
shadow,
And dark night hath stolen the colour from every object.
Hard by the mouth of Hell, where yawn the wide portals
infernal,
Grief and avenging Care have fixed their slumberless
couches;
Here wan Sickness dwells, with wretched Age for a
neighbour,
Sordid Penury, too, and Fear, and desperate Famine;
Shapes that affright the eye; and Death and Labour and
Slumber,
Dull twin brother to Death, and the guilty Joys of the
spirit.
Near to the opposite portal, lo! death-dealing War is
abiding;
There are the iron cells of the Furies, and Discord, in
frenzy
Binding together her viperous tresses with blood-crim-
soned fillets.
Midway, a gloomy elm vast boughs and centuried branches
Giant-like stretches abroad, and there false dreams have
their dwelling, —
So it is said, — and beneath all the leaves they are swarm-
ing and clinging.
There are the phantoms besides of a myriad monsters
prodigious;
Centaurs are stalled in the entrance, with Scylla, half
beast and half human,
Hundred-handed Briareus, too, and the Dragon of Lerna,
Horribly hissing; and, armed with breathings of flame,
the Chimæra;
Gorgons, and Harpies dire, and Geryon's three-headed
spectre.
Then, in sudden alarm, Æneas, unsheathing his dagger,
Flashes the naked blade in defiance of all who approach
him;
And did his wiser guide not warn him that light, unsub-
stantial
Beings are fitting about in the shadowy semblance of
bodies,
He would rush on, and in vain with steel strike shadows
asunder.

THE RIVER OF ACHERON.

Hence is the way that leads to Tartarean Acheron's
billows;
Here, aroil with slime, and with vortex vast, is a whirl-
pool,
Seething, and all its mud disgorging into Coeytus.
Guarding these waters and floods is a boatman, beheld
with a shudder,
Charon, of terrible filth, whose great gray beard all
neglected
Flows from his chin; his eyes outstanding like fiery
torches,
Dingy the mantle and foul that hangs in a knot from his
shoulders.
Poling his barge himself, he handles the sails unassisted,
While in his dusky skiff he ferries the dead o'er the
river;
Old, even now, but a god's old age is ruddy and rugged.
Hither a straggling crowd were all rushing down to the
margin, —
Matrons and men, and the souls, discharged from life's
duty, of heroes.
Valiant of heart, and of boys, and unmarried girls, and
of children
Laid on funeral pyres before the sad eyes of their parents,
Many as are the leaves that fall at the first cold of autumn
Far in the forest, or thick as the birds that from Ocean's
deep waters
Gather in flight to land when icy Winter pursues them
Over the billows, and urges them on to a sunnier climate.
Standing there, then, they begged to be first in making
the crossing;
Stretching out their hands to the further shore in en-
treaty;
But the inflexible ferryman, choosing now one, now an-
other,
Drives the others away far back from the banks of the
river.
Moved and amazed by the tumult, Æneas cries, "Tell
me, O maiden,
What is the will of this multitude thronging the bank of
the river?"

What do these souls desire? Or say with what discrimination

These retire from the shore, while those are swept o'er the dark waters?"

Briefly the prophetess old replied to the question as follows:—

"Son of Anchises, assuredly sprung from the gods, thou art looking

Down on the Stygian lake, and the slumbering depths of Cocytus,

Taking an oath in whose name e'en the gods are afraid to be faithless.

All this throng thou beholdest are poor and unfuneralled people;

Yonder old ferryman, Charon; those crossing the river, the buried;

None may he bear across these dreadful shores and hoarse waters,

Till in their quiet graves their bodies are peacefully sleeping,

Near to these banks for an hundred years they wander and hover,

Then are permitted once more to return to the coveted waters."

THE CROSSING OF THE STYX

So they continue their journey begun, and draw nigh to the river.

Now as the Stygian ferryman looked from the wave, and perceived them

Threading the silent wood, and shoreward bending their footsteps,

Straightway attacking with words, he angrily challenged their coming:—

"Thou, whoever thou art, who bravest our stream with thy weapons,

Speak! Why comest thou? Halt! Reply, but advance at thy peril.

This is the region of shades, of sleep, and of slumberous midnight.

Living bodies to bear in our Stygian craft is forbidden.

When I received on the lake Alcides himself at his coming,

It was no joy to me; nor Pirithous pleased me, nor
Theseus,
Though they were sprung from the gods and were also by
mortals unvanquished.
That one seized with his hands the warder of Hell, and
he dragged him
Forth from the very throne of the King, enchained and
affrighted;
These attempted to force the Queen from the chamber of
Pluto."
Briefly to him replied the Amphrysian Sibyl as fol-
lows:—
"No such insidious plots are here—thy fear is un-
grounded;
Nor do our arms bring force. Lo, still in his den your
gigantic
Warder may bark his fill, and frighten pale shadows for-
ever;
Still by her uncle's door may chaste Proserpina linger.
Trojan Æneas, renowned alike for his faith and his valour,
Through the profoundest shades of Erebus goes to his
father.
If thou art not constrained by so noble a proof of devo-
tion,
Yet this branch"—and she showed him the branch that
lay hid in her bosom—
"Thou mayest know." His heart then sinks from its
tumult of passion;
Speaking no more, and awed by the mystical gift of the
fateful
Branch not seen before for many a year, the dull coloured
Vessel he turned about, and pushed in close into the
margin.
Then, the unbodied shades, that on the long benches were
huddled,
Routing, he cleared the boat, at the same time into its
hollow
Taking unwieldy Æneas, beneath whose weight the
stitched shallop
Groaned, and its leaky sides drank deep of the trickling
water.
Over the stream at last, unharmed, both Sibyl and hero
Deep in a dismal swamp, mid sea-green sedges he landed.

THE REALMS OF THE DEAD.

Cerberus, stretching his monstrous bulk in an opposite cavern,
Makes these regions resound with the noise of his three-throated howling.
Now, as she sees his neck upbristling with serpents, the seeress
Flings him a sop imbrued with honey and somnolent juices.
He, with hunger mad, his three throats widely distending,
Catches it ere it falls, and, relaxing his powerful haunches,
Prone on the earth lies huge along the whole length of the cavern.
Seizing the pass, while its keeper is buried in slumber,
Æneas
Swiftly withdraws from the brink of the river none ever recrosses.
Presently cries are heard, and the sound of a great lamentation,
And, at the outer gate, the wailing spirits of children,
Babes unsharing in life's delight, and torn from the bosom,
Whom a dark day bore away, and plunged into Death's bitter waters.
Next abide those condemned to death upon false accusation;
Nor are these places assigned without formal allotment of judges;
Minos, presiding, impanels a jury, assembling a silent Council of ghosts, and investigates fully their lives and transgressions.
Stations next these are reserved for the sorrowing spirits, who guiltless,
By their own hands found death, and hurled their souls into darkness,
Loathing the light. But, ah! how willingly now would they suffer
Hunger and bitter toil, if restored to the land of the living!
Heaven forbids, and the mournful ooze of desolate marshes

Holds, and the Styx restrains, nine times enfolded around them.

Near by, also, are shown the Plains of Lamentation, —
Such is the name they bear, — extending far over the valley.

Here lone pathways hide, and groves of myrtle o'er-shadow

Those whom pitiless love hath wasted with cruel repining;

Not in death itself are they freed from the thralldom of passion.

Phædra and Procris he saw, and there he saw sad Eryphyle,

Showing the wounds received from her cruel son; and Evadne,

Pasiphaë, also; with whom Laodamia went as companion;

Cæneus, too, now changed once more from a man to a maiden,

Dowered again by fate with the vanished grace of her girlhood;

Compassed about by whom, her bosom still bleeding, Phœnician

Dido came wandering on in the boundless wood, and the Trojan

Hero, soon as he stood by her side and distinguished her shadowed

Form, as one who sees, or thinks he hath seen, in the early

Dawn of the month, amid clouds, a glimmer of silvery moonlight,

Burst into tears, and spoke with tenderest words of affection:

“Then were the tidings true that reached me, unfortunate Dido?

‘Dido is dead; by the sword she hath ended her life and her trouble.’

Ah, and have I been the cause of thy death? I swear by the heavens,

By the great gods above, by whatsoe’er oath Hell regardeth,

Not of mine own desire, O Queen, did I loose from thy harbour;

But the commands of the gods, that are driving me now
through these shadows,
Through this wilderness tangle of thorn and midnight
darkness,
By their own power constrained; nor could I at all have
imagined
That I should bring thee by going so grievous a burden
of sorrow.
Stay thine impatient feet! withdraw thyself not from
our presence.
Whom dost thou flee? These words are the last fate
grants us forever.”
Thus did Æneas endeavour to soothe her implacable spirit,
And bring tears to the eyes where fierce indignation was
burning.
She, with averted face, remained looking fixedly down-
ward,
Changed in expression no more, as Æneas began to en-
treat her,
Than if hard flint she stood, or a rock on the mount of
Marpessa.
Finally, breaking away, unrelenting, she hurries for refuge
Into the shadowy grove, and there her first lover, Sy-
chæus,
Comforts her every care, and answers her heart's deepest
longing.
Nevertheless, dismayed by her undeserved anguish,
Æneas
Follows her far on her way with tears of compassion and
sorrow.

THE HEROES OF TROY.

Thence his allotted way he toils; and now they are
gaining
Those most distant fields reserved for illustrious heroes.
Tydeus meets him here, and Parthenopæus, distinguished
Highly in war; here, too, appears the pale shade of
Adrastus;
Here, lamented on earth, the Dardanians fallen in battle,
Whom, in a long array, beholding, he groaned in his
spirit,
Glaucus he recognized there, Thersilochus also, and
Medon,

Three of Antenor's line, Polyphætès, the servant of Ceres,
Also Idæus, who still retained both his car and his armour.
Frequent to right and left the spirits come thronging
about him,
Nor does one look suffice; they are ever delighted to
linger,
Eager to walk by his side, and question the cause of his
coming.
Ah! but the chiefs of the Greeks, and Agamemnon's
battalions,
When they behold the man and his glittering arms
through the shadows,
Tremble with deadly fear; and some turn their backs
in confusion,
Or, as of yore, retreat to their ships; others raise una-
vailing
Cries; their voices die on lips wide parted, but silent.
Here Deiphobus, too, son of Priam, he sees, with his
body
Wounded from head to foot, his features all cruelly
mangled;
Marred are his face and his hands; his temples are robbed
of their beauty;
Shorn are his ears,* and his nose by a hideous cut is
disfigured.
Hardly he knew him at all, as he trembling covered his
frightful
Wounds, yet he instantly spoke in his well-known voice
to the hero:—
“Valiant and mighty Deiphobus, sprung from the proud
blood of Teucer,
Who hath desired to inflict so cruel a punishment on
thee?
Who hath been suffered to injure thee thus? It was
rumoured among us
During that fatal night, that exhausted by killing so
many,
Thou hadst fallen at last on a mound of Pelasgian
corpses.
Then on the Rhætian shore, by a cenotaph raised in thine
honour,
Taking my stand, I called three times and aloud on thy
spirit;

Now thy name and thine arms are guarding the place;
thee; my comrade,
Vainly I sought, ere departing, to lay in the soil of thy
country."

Answered the son of Priam: "My friend, thou hast
nothing neglected;
Thou hast done all for Deiphobus, all for the spirit
departed.

Naught but my fate and the murderous crime of the
Spartan hath plunged me

Into these ills; it is she that hath left me these marks
of remembrance;

For, how that fatal night we passed in ill-founded
rejoicing,

Well dost thou know, too well to need any word of
reminder.

Soon as the fatal horse leaped over our towering
ramparts,

Pregnant with steel, and filled with a legion of soldiers
in armour,

She, on pretence of a festival, marshalled the Phrygian
matrons,

Dancing with Bacchanal songs, herself in the midst with
a flaming

Torch, and she called to the Greeks from the loftiest
point of the fortress.

Me, with care forespent, and buried in sleep, my ill omened
Chamber was sheltering then; and a deep and delectable
slumber,

Likest the stupor of death, was weighing me down as I
lay there.

Meanwhile my excellent wife had removed all my arms
from the palace,

Even my faithful sword she had stolen from under my
pillow;

Into the palace she called Menelaus; my door she threw
open,

Hoping, forsooth, to bestow a most precious reward on
her lover,

Ay! and that thus might be purged all the sin and the
shame of her lifetime.

Why do I linger? They burst my door; one comrade is
added,

Even that father of crime, Ulysses. Ye gods! to the
Grecians

Recompense grant in kind, if I with clean lips demand
vengeance!

But, in return, say, now, what chances have brought
thee, still living,

Into this place? Dost come by ocean wanderings
driven;

Or by the gods' decree? or what is the fortune constrains
thee

Saddened and sunless abodes and realms of confusion to
visit?"

While they exchanged these words, already Aurora
had traversed,

High in her rosy car, the meridian line of the heavens.

All their allotted time might perhaps have been spent in
this manner,

But their companion gave warning, and briefly the Sibyl
admonished:—

"Night rushes on, O Æneas; we squander our moments
in weeping;

This is the place where the path divides into opposite
courses;

One on the right to the city of Pluto the mighty
extending:—

We to Elysium thus;—but that on the left retri-
bution

Brings to the damned, and sends them down to regions
infernals."

Answered Deiphobus, "Nay, great priestess, give over
thine anger,

I will depart, I will fill the roll, and return to the
shadows:

Onward, our Glory, on! Improve thine happier
fortunes!"

So much only he spake, and speaking turned backward
his footsteps.

Quickly Æneas looks back, and sees a broad city
extending

Under a cliff to the left, surrounded by triplicate
bulwarks.

Round it the swift flowing stream of Tartarean Phlege-
thon rushes,

Surging with flames of fire, and roaring through rock-laden channel.

Huge was the gate in front, with impregnable adamant columns,

So that no might of man, nor e'en the battalions of Heaven

Warring against it prevail; high looms the grim fortress of iron;

While Tisiphone, girt with her blood-dripping mantle, is crouching,

Guarding the entrance by night and by day with no respite of slumber.

Hence from afar deep groans were heard, and the echo of cruel

Scourging, and dragging of chains, and the sound of the clanking of iron.

Halted Æneas, and stood dismayed by the noise, and bewildered.

"What are these forms of crime? Speak boldly, O maiden, and answer.

What are the pains they bear? Why rises this wailing to heaven?"

Thus, then, the priestess replied: "O glorious chief of the Trojans,

No pure spirit is suffered to pass that threshold infernal; But, when great Hecate placed the Avernian grove in my

keeping,
She, herself, showed me all Hell, and taught me the judgments of Heaven.

Over these stern domains, Rhadamanthus, the Cretan, presiding,

Tortures hypocrisy true, and forces the false to confession

Even of crime committed on earth, whose late expiation

Any deferred until death, exulting in futile deception.

Armed with her scourges, avenging Tisiphone lashes the guilty,

Ceaselessly taunting their woe, her left hand lifting her cruel

Serpents on high, and she calls her pitiless army of sisters.

Then, with a creaking of harsh, grating hinges, the terrible portals

Open before them at last. Dost see what manner of
warden
Sits in the outer porch, what a shape is on guard at the
threshold ?
Hydra, more cruel and huge, her fifty dark mouths gaping
open,
Watches the gate within ; then Tartarus, yawning before
you,
Plunges as far again sheer down into the regions of dark-
ness
As to our upward gaze high tower the crests of Olympus.

THE HORRORS OF TARTARUS.

“Here do the first-born children of Earth, her off-
spring Titanic,
Hurled by the thunder down, still writhe in its deepest
abysses.
Here, too, I saw the Aloïdan twins, gigantic of stature,
Who with their hands essayed to rend the vast arch of
the heavens,
And to thrust Jupiter down from his throne of celestial
dominion,
There, too, I witnessed the fearful atonement Salmoneus
rendered,
Daring to imitate Jupiter’s fire, and Olympian thunder,
Bornè in a four-horse car, and brandishing torches, he
proudly
Passed through the tribes of Greece, and the principal
city of Elis.
Madman ! to claim for himself the honour due only to
Heaven,
Counterfeiting with brass and the horny hoofs of his
horses
Cloud, and tempest, and hail, and the matchless voice of
the thunder !
But, from an angry sky, one bolt the omnipotent Father
Hurling, — not firebrands, he, nor flaring and smouldering
torches, —
Dashed him headlong down by the awful breath of his
lightning.
Tityos, son of all-mothering earth, could be recognized
also,

Stretched on the ground, his frame o'er nine whole acres
 extending,
While, with its curving beak, a ravenous vulture forever
Tearing his undying liver and vitals prolific of torment,
Worries about for its food, and under his ribs' lofty
 arches
Ever abides, and allows no rest to the burgeoning fibres.
Why of the Lapithæ speak, of Pirithous, or of Ixion,
Whom a dark rock overhangs, ever slipping, and trem-
 bling, and seeming
Certain to fall; the frames of grand and luxurious
 couches
Glitter with gold, and feasts that a monarch might envy
 are standing
Full in their view; but the chief of the Furies, couching
 beside them,
Instantly leaps to her feet if they stretch forth their
 hands to the tables.
Beating them back with her torch, and thundering curses
 upon them.
Here, whoever on earth hath been guilty of hating a
 brother,
Whoso hath beaten a parent, or broken faith with a
 client,
All who have selfishly clung to treasure unearthed by
 good fortune,
Setting apart no share for their friends — and this throng
 is the greatest —
All for adultery slain, and all who have joined in
 sedition,
Daring to break their oaths and plighted vows of alle-
 giance;
All, here imprisoned, await their reward. Seek not to
 discover
What that punishment is, or what manner of doom hath
 o'erwhelmed them.
Some a huge rock must roll, or, immovably fastened, are
 hanging
Stretched by the spokes of wheels; there sits, and shall
 sit through the ages,
Heart-broken Theseus, while Phlegyas mournfully cries
 through the shadows,
Testifying aloud, and admonishing all who will listen,

‘Learn from my fate to be just, and hold not the gods in derision.’

This one hath bartered his country for gold, and a powerful tyrant

Placed on the throne, and laws for a price hath ordained and abolished;

This with unholy desire hath dishonoured the name of a daughter;

All have dared some infamous crime, and daring, achieved it.

Not, if an hundred tongues were mine, if mine were an hundred

Mouths, and an iron voice, could tell all the forms of transgression,

Or all the names rehearse of the retributions they suffer.”

Soon as the reverend priestess of Phœbus had ended her story,

“Speed on your way,” she cried; “now finish the course undertaken.

Hasten we onward! The walls wrought out in the forge of the Cyclops

Now I behold, and the gate in the arching rock that confronts us,

Where we are now required to surrender the gift we are bearing.”

Silently, then, pressing forward together through shadowy pathways,

Swiftly they cover the space that remains, and draw nigh to the portal.

Quickly Æneas approaches the entrance, and over his body

Sprinkles pure water, and fastens the branch to the lintel before him.

THE REALM OF THE BLEST.

Finally, when this was done, and the rites of the goddess completed,

Into glad places they come, and delectable meadows, embosomed

Deep in delightful groves, the blessed abode of the righteous.

Here a sublimer air over-mantles the valleys with purple;

Here their own stars they know, and their own sun shineth
above them.
Some, in grassy courts, are training their disciplined
bodies,
Or, on the yellow sand, are contending in friendly
encounter;
Others are treading a dance, and marking the measure
with carols;
Nor does the Thracian bard, apparelled in long flowing
garments,
Fail to awake from his lyre the varying notes of the
octave,
Striking them now with his fingers, and now with an
ivory plectrum.
Here is the ancient line of Teucer's illustrious children,
Heroes noble of soul, and nurtured in happier ages:
Ilus, Assaracus also, and Dardanus, Ilium's founder.
Yonder the arms and the empty cars of the heroes delight
him;
Spears stand fixed in the earth, and, ranging at large
and untethered,
Horses are grazing the plain. All the fondness for car
and for armour
Ever confessed in life, their delight in the care of their
shining
Steeds, abides unchanged long after the body is buried.
Others to right and left along the bright sword are
discovered
Feasting, and chanting hymns of glad thanksgiving in
chorus,
Deep in a fragrant grove of laurel, from whence to the
valley
Rolls the abundant tide of Eridanus down through the
forest.
Here are the heroes who fell while fighting the wars
of their country,
Here are the holy priests whose lives upon earth were
unsullied,
Here the poets divine, who sang as inspired by Apollo,—
All who have dignified life by the arts they have won by
invention,
All who have worthily earned the lasting regard of their
fellows,

All these, having their brows encircled with snow-white
fillets,
Scattered in various groups, the Sibyl addresses as
follows —
Chiefly Musæus, for him the most numerous band of
companions
Gather about and revere, as he stands head and shoulders
above them : —
“Tell us, ye fortunate souls, and thou most illustrious
poet,
Where is the region, and where the place that is holding
Anchises ?
For, for his sake are we come, and have crossed the great
river of Darkness.”
Thereupon, briefly the hero replied to the questioning
Sibyl : —
“None hath a changeless abode ; we dwell in the
shadowy forests,
Couch by the banks of streams, and wander through rill-
freshened meadows ;
Yet if your hearts are so eagerly bent on fulfilling your
mission,
Traverse this ridge, and soon I will set a smooth pathway
before you.”
Speaking, and taking the lead, he showed them, far down
in the valley,
Sunlighted plains, and then they left the tall hilltops
behind them.
But, in the midst of the green and hill-sheltered valley,
Anchises
Chanced to be fondly reviewing the spirits imprisoned,
and destined
Soon to the light of earth. Yes ! there he stood reckon-
ing over
All the long roll of his line, and all his beloved
descendants,
Reading the fortune and fate, and the conduct and wars
of the heroes.
When he discovers Æneas approaching across the green
meadow,
Eagerly both his arms are opened wide to receive him ;
Wet are his cheeks with tears, and his lips break forth
in rejoicing : —

“Comest thou, then, at last, and thy long-trusted love for
thy father,
Hath it the hard way won? Am I suffered to gaze on
thy features,
O my son; may we speak in the voices of old to each
other?
This I kept ever in mind, for this I was trusting the
future,
Counting the lingering days; nor hath my heart's longing
deceived me.
Borne over how many lands, and o'er what expanses of
ocean,
Thee I receive, and by perils how great hath my son
been encompassed!
How have I feared lest harm should befall thee in Libya's
kingdom!”
He, however, “O father, thine image, thy sorrowful
image,
Fronting me often, constrained to continue my course to
thy dwelling;
Moored is our fleet in the Tuscan sea. O give me, my
father,
Give me thy hand to grasp; forbid thou me not to em-
brace thee!”
Wet were his cheeks with tears, while thus he stood
earnestly pleading;
Thrice, he attempted to throw his arms 'round the neck
of his father,
Thrice, unavailing clasped, the image denied his embraces
Like the light kiss of the wind, still more like a dream
in its swiftness.

Meanwhile Æneas perceives a lonely grove in a distant
Part of the valley, and hears the whispering leaves of a
forest,
Also peaceful abodes on the shore of the river of Lethe.
Hovering round about were peoples and tribes without
number;
And, as in meadows where bees, in the cloudless sunshine
of summer,
Cluster on varied flowers, and swarm about snow-white
lilies,
So the whole plain is filled with the murmur of shadowy
legions.

Dazed by so wondrous a sight, and knowing not what it portended,
Straightway, Æneas inquired the name of the far distant river,
Who were the men that were thronging its banks in so mighty a concourse.
Father Anchises replied : " The souls to whom fate hath appointed
Reincarnation are there, on the shore of the river of Lethe,
Endless release from care, and eternal oblivion quaffing. These have I long desired to marshal in order before thee, Naming thee all their names, and rehearsing our line of descendants,
So that in Italy won, thy joy and mine own may be greater."
" Must we, my father, believe that hence to the air and the daylight
Some of the souls will arise, and return into burdensome bodies ?
What so dread desire have sorrowful spirits for living ? "
" Surely, my son, I will answer, and leave thee no longer in darkness,"
Father Anchises replies, and discusses each question in order.
" In the beginning the air, and the earth, and the waters of ocean,
Also the moon's bright orb, the sun, and the great constellations,
Thrilled with an indwelling soul ; and a spirit, pervading each atom,
Stirred the whole mass, and informed each part of the boundless creation :
Whence the race of men, and beasts, and birds was engendered, —
Yea, and the monsters that breed 'neath the marble plain of the ocean.
Theirs is the vigour of fire, and celestial the source of their being,
Save as inimical bodies embarrass their freedom, and earth-born
Frames and corruptible members have deadened the fire of the spirit.

Hence are their fears and hopes, their griefs and their joys; and, in darkness,
Prisoned in sightless clay, they attain not the heavenly vision:

Nay, when the last faint glimmer of life shall have gone from the body,

Not even then shall all ills, nor all traces of carnal corruption,

Leave the unhappy soul; and it must be that manifold evils,

Slowly and deeply acquired, are ingrained in a marvellous manner.

Therefore by pain are they purged, and penance for former transgression

Pay to the uttermost; some, suspended, are spread to the fleeting

Winds; from others the stain of sin is washed by a whirling

Torrent of water away, or the spirit is chastened by burning;

Each his own chastisement bears; thence unto Elysium's freedom

We are dismissed, and we few in the fields of the blest are abiding

Till, when our cycle be ended, a day in the far distant future

Purge from the purified soul the last lingering vestige of evil,

Leaving a deathless flame of pure uncontaminate spirit.

After these souls have completed a full millennial circle,
God calls them all in a numberless band to the river of Lethe,

That as the future dawns, the past may be wholly forgotten,
And that again may be born a desire for the life of the body."

Silent Anchises became, then guided his son and the Sibyl

Through the gathering throng to the midst of the murmuring concourse.

Then he selected a mound from whence to survey the long column

Threading the distant plain, and study the faces approaching.

THE HEROES OF ROME.

“Come, now, let me unfold in words what glory the
future
Holds for the Dardan race, what descendants in Italy
wait thee,
Souls of illustrious heroes predestined thy name to
inherit;
Listen, and I will reveal thy fate and the fate of thy
people.
Seest thou yonder youth, who leans on an ironless spear-
shaft?
Fate hath assigned him the earliest place in the light;
he shall soonest
Rise to the air above, old Troy with new Italy
blending,—
Silvius, Alban the name, the latest born of thy children,
Whom in the years of thine age a Lavinian wife shall
have borne thee;
Child of the forest he, a king, with kings for descendants,
Whence o’er the long white city our line shall inherit
dominion.
Next after him is that Procas, the pride of the Ilian
nation,
Capys, and Numitor, too, and, reviving thy name and
thy glory,
Silvius, surnamed Æneas, as famous for faith as for
fighting,
If he shall ever attain his rightful dominion in Alba.
Ah! what youths they are! behold, what a vision of
valour!
Proudly they lift their brows with civic oak over-
shadowed!
These shall establish Nomentum, Fidena, and Gabii, for
thee;
Those shall set on the hills the crown of Collatia’s
castles;
Castrum Inui, too, Pometia, Bola, and Cora;
Lands that are now unnamed shall bear these names in
the future.
Ay! and the son of Mars shall forever be named with
his grandsire;
Romulus, he who shall call Assaracan Ilia mother:

Seest thou how twin plumes stand forth as a crest from
his helmet?
How the great Father hath set his own seal of divinity
on him?
Lo, my son, thine illustrious Rome shall, under his
sceptre,
Measure her empire with earth, and measure her valour
with Heaven!
She, for herself and alone, seven hills shall surround with
her ramparts,
Blest in her brood of men: as the Berecynthian
mother,
Crowned with her turrets, is borne in her car through
Phrygian cities,
Glad in the birth of gods, and embracing an hundred
descendants,
Habitants all of the sky, all dwelling on lofty Olympus.
Hitherward, now, concentre thy gaze; look forth on this
nation;
These, thy Romans, behold! Lo, Cæsar and all the
Iulian
Line, predestined to rise to the infinite spaces of heaven.
This, yea, this is the man, so often foretold thee in
promise,
Cæsar Augustus, descended from God, who again shall a
golden
Age in Latium found, in fields once governed by Saturn.
Further than India's hordes, or the Garymantian
peoples,
He shall extend his reign; there's a land beyond all of
our planets,
'Yond the far track of the year and the sun, where sky-
bearing Atlas
Turns on his shoulders the firmament studded with bright
constellations;
Yea, even now, at his coming foreshadowed by omens from
Heaven,
Shudder the Caspian realms, and the barbarous Scythian
kingdoms,
While the disquieted harbours of sevenfold Nile are
affrighted!
Verily, neither Alcides e'er traversed so much of this
planet,

Though he hath slaughtered the brazen-hoofed stag, and
secured Erymanthus
Peace in his forest glades, though his bow hath made
Lerna to tremble ;
Nor, who triumphantly guideth his coursers with vine-
wreathèd bridle,
Bacchus, down-driving his tigers from Nysa's precipitous
mountains.
And do we hesitate still to broaden our prestige by
valour ?
Or shall we yield to fear, and withdraw from Ausonia's
borders !
Ah, but who yonder is he, distinguished by branches of
olive,
Sacred insignia bearing ? The locks and gray beard of
the Roman
King I recognize there, who first shall establish a city
Founded in law ; he shall rise from the poor, narrow
acres of Cumæ
Unto an empire vast. Then quickly shall come to suc-
ceed him
Tullus, predestined to break the repose of his country,
and rally
Slumbering heroes, and troops unacquainted with con-
quest, to battle.
Next after him, behold vainglorious Ancus advancing,
Already, even now, too dependent on popular favour.
Seest thou, too, the Tarquinian kings, and the proud
Roman spirit
Breathing in Brutus, th' avenger ? behold ye the fasces
recovered ?
Consular power he first shall assume, and the terrible
axes ;
And, in fair Liberty's name, this father shall sentence
his children
Unto the pains of death for conspiring against the
Republic.
Ill-fated hero ! However his deeds may be judged in
the future,
Love for his country and boundless ambition for glory
shall conquer !
Nay, but the Decii see, and the Drusi beyond, and
Torquatus,

Pitiless with his axe, and Camillus restoring the standards.
Those, however, whose arms thou seest are equal in splendour,
Spirits harmonious now, and as long as the darkness constrains them,
How great a war, alas, shall they wage with each other, if ever
They shall attain to the light of life; what battle, what carnage!
Down from the Alpine heights and the walls of Monœcus, the father
Rushes to meet the son arrayed with Eastern battalions.
Suffer ye not, my lads, your souls to grow used to such conflicts;
Turn not your stalwart might against the life of your country!
And do thou first forbear, who tracest thy line to Olympus.
Fling from thy hand the spear, thou blood of my blood!
That one, renowned for the Greeks he hath slain, shall drive his triumphant
Car to the Capitol's height, when the city of Corinth is conquered;
That one shall Argos destroy, and Agamemnon's Mycenæ,
Capturing Perseus himself, the descendant of warlike Achilles,
Venging the sires of Troy, and the shrine of dishonoured Minerva.
Who can great Cato forget, or pass thee, O Cossus, in silence?
Who the two Gracchi, or Scipios twain, twin lightnings of battle,
Libya's scourge, or Fabricius, poverty crowning with honour?
Or who would name thee not, as thou sowest thy furrow, Serranus?
Whither, ye Fabii, bear ye the wearied? That Maximus art thou
Who dost alone reëstablish our prestige in war by delaying.

Others may fashion the breathing bronze with more delicate fingers;
Doubtless they also will summon more lifelike features from marble;
They shall more cunningly plead at the bar; and the mazes of heaven
Draw to the scale, and determine the march of the swift constellations;
Thine be the care, O Rome, to subdue the whole world to thine empire;
These be the arts for thee, the order of peace to establish, Them that are vanquished to spare, and them that are haughty to humble!"

Thus spake Father Anchises, and thus, as they marvel, continued:—

"See how Marcellus advances, adorned with rich trophies of conquest!

How as a victor he comes, surpassing all heroes in glory! Knightly defender of Rome, he shall save her from deadliest peril,
Crushing the armies of Carthage, and quelling the Gallic rebellion,
Offering trophies thrice in the temple of Father Quirinus." Then did Æneas exclaim,—for he saw, by the side of Marcellus,
Wondrous in beauty, a youth, arrayed in glittering armour,
Yet with joyless brow, sad eyes, and sorrowful features:—

"Who, my father, is he, who follows yon hero so closely? Is he his son, or one of his glorious line of descendants? Round him what comrades are surging! Himself, how inspiring a presence!

Yet is dark night brooding over his head with the shadow of sorrow."

Then, with a burst of tears, doth Father Anchises make answer:—

"Ah! seek not, my son, to learn the deep grief of thy people;
Fate shall vouchsafe to the world but a glimpse of his glory, nor suffer Earth to detain him long. Too great in your eyes would the Roman

Nation appear, ye gods, were gifts such as these to be lasting!

What lamentation of men shall arise from yon plain to the mighty

City of Mars! and what funeral rites shalt thou witness, While by his new-made grave thou shalt mournfully ripple, O Tiber!

Neither shall ever a son of the Ilian line raise the Latin Fathers to hope so high, nor e'er shall the land of the Roman

Glory so proudly again in any one of her children.

Ah, what devotion, what freshness of faith, and, unconquered in battle,

What a right arm were his! There were none who could safely withstand him,

Whether with arms he should march on foot to encounter his foemen,

Or should he plunge the spur in the flank of his foam-dappled charger.

Ah! thou child of our tears, if thou breakest from fate's bitter bondage,

Thou, Marcellus shalt be! Bring lilies, full handfuls of lilies,

Let me strew blossoms of purple; at least, let me offer thy spirit

These little tokens of love, and render this trivial tribute!"

So, throughout all that bright country, they wandered on hither and thither

Over wide, airy plains, and noted each mountain and valley.

After Anchises hath guided his son through the vistas of Heaven,

When he hath kindled his soul with desire for a glorious future,

Then of the wars that are soon to be waged he speaks to the hero;

Tells of Laurentian tribes, and tells of the town of Latinus;

Teaching both how to avoid and how to endure each misfortune.

Twain are the gates of Sleep, and of these, by common tradition,

One is of horn, whereby true visions pass easily upward;
Fashioned of ivory fair, the other is white and resplendent,
Yet are the dreams untrue that the Spirits release
through its portals.
Here, having spoken these words to his son and the
Sibyl, Anchises
Halted his steps, and then, through the ivory gateway
dismissed them.
He by the speediest way returns to his ships and his
comrades.
Coasting the shore to the right he comes to the port of
Cajeta;
Anchor from prow is dropped, and the sterns are at rest
on the seashore.

— *Translation of* HARLAN HOGE BALLARD.

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MANILIUS.

MANILIUS, Manlius, or Mallius was the author of an astrological poem in five books entitled "Astronomica." He is supposed to have lived in the age of Augustus, but nothing whatever is known about him. His style was harsh and obscure, but offers some curious details of ancient scientific notions.

THE MILKY WAY.

NOR will we hide what ancient Fame profest:
How milke which gusht from *Iuno's* whiter brest
In heaven that splendent path and circle drew;
From whence the name, as erst the colour grew.
Or troopes of vnseene starres there ioyne their light;
And with vnited splendour shine more bright.
Or Soules of *Heroes*, from their bodies freed,
Exchanging Earth for Heaven, (their vertues meede)
Shine in that Orbe, their proper place of rest;
And liue aetheriall liues, of heauen possest.

— *Translation of* GEORGE SANDYS (1632).

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.

HORACE, the most popular of all the Roman poets, was born at Venusia, in Apulia, on the 8th of December, 65 B.C. His father, formerly a slave, had been manumitted before he was born, and occupied the unpopular calling of tax-gatherer. From its profits he bought his farm in the romantic region south of the River Aufidus, and was enabled to give his talented son the best education then possible. He took him to Rome, probably about the age of twelve, and put him into the most fashionable schools; one of his teachers, Orbilius Pupillus, as notorious for his severities in flogging as Dryden's Dr. Busby, is commemorated by Horace in his "Epistles," where he is called *plagosus*. Horace studied Greek and Latin and in his eighteenth year went to Athens, where he took courses in philosophy at the famous Academy. Later in life he became an adherent to the doctrines of Epicurus. In the year 43, after the assassination of Cæsar, when Brutus took refuge in Athens, Horace joined his army and was given command of a legion with the rank of military tribune. He shared in the battle of Philippi, and the disgraceful part which he, in common with the republican army, took in running away after their defeat, was made the subject of a playful allusion in the seventh ode of the second book. He obtained pardon, returned to Rome, and was appointed a clerk in the questor's office, where he managed to live by great economy, his paternal estate having been confiscated. Some of his poems attracted the attention of Vergil and others, and he was introduced to Mæcenas, the generous patron of literature. They became intimate friends. In 37 Horace accompanied Mæcenas on that famous journey to Brundisium so charmingly described in the fifth satire. Three years later Mæcenas gave the poet a delightful little farm in the valley of Ustica, about fifteen miles from Tibur—the present town of Tivoli. This Sabine farm, with its beautiful situation and romantic scenery, is often mentioned

in Horace's poems. He had a home at Tibur also, and during the latter years of his life when he was not at Rome he was at one of these two places.

The first book of Horace's "*Satires*" appeared in 35. Two years later he brought out his second book of them. He scores the follies of vice with keen wit, but without lofty moral indignation. The "*Epodes*," in which he is supposed to have got his inspiration from Archilochus, appeared in the year 31. Seven or eight years later, when he had passed his fortieth year, came the three books of "*Odes*." Full of epigrammatic and felicitous turns of expression, they have always appealed to the scholar. His love poems are delicate and graceful, but they have no depth of passion or feeling. Horace never married.

The first book of his "*Epistles*" was published in 20 or 19, and with the second book, the date of which is uncertain, are regarded as the most perfect remains of Roman verse. Two years later came the "*Carmen Seculare*"; and shortly after Horace had reached his fiftieth year he brought out the fourth book of "*Odes*," the tone of which is far more serious and dignified than the earlier ones. The "*Ars Poetica*," which may have been written to dissuade one of the younger Pisos from devoting himself to poetry, by holding up its difficulties, especially when one has no calling for it, appeared at some uncertain date toward the end of the author's life. Horace, who was never of very robust health, and had grown stout, died suddenly November 17, 8 B.C. He left no will, and the Emperor Augustus, who was his friend and patron, took charge of his estate and saw that he was buried near Mæcenas, who had died a few weeks previously. Horace's philosophy rested on three general maxims inculcating moderation in all things, present content, and courage in facing an unknown future. He was of gay and buoyant disposition, but possessed of a fine dignity and spirit of independence. His delightful personality seems to breathe from his verses, and no poet ever lived who came nearer to the hearts of more readers. The number of editions of the original and of translations runs up into the thousands. Few scholars have been able to resist the temptation of trying to translate the elusive beauty and cleverness of his poetry. The choice is very great.

CIVIL WAR.

EPODE VII.

WHITHER, O whither rush ye in fell wrath?
Why fit the sheathed sword to red right hands?
Too little hath there yet of Thracian death
Crimsoned the seas and lands?

Not that the envious Punic citadel
Should fall in fire on Rome's victorious day,
Or the chained Briton, once invincible,
Move down the sacred way.

But that thou mayest the Parthian prayer fulfil,
A self-destroying city. Not such mind
Have wolves or lions, such a thirst to kill;
They war not with their kind.

Doth some blind fury, or a spur more keen,
Urge you, or crime? I pray you, let me know.
None answers — their pale stupor may be seen;
Their stricken blood beats low.

This is it: evil bitter fates impel
Rome's children, the fraternal murder's crime,
Our deep inheritance, since Remus fell,
Of curse unto all time.

— *Translation of* PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

ODE II., BOOK I.

ENOUGH of snow and hail in tempests dire
Have poured on earth, while heaven's eternal Sire
With red right arm at his own temples hurled
His thunders, and alarmed a guilty world.

Lest Pyrrha should again with plaintive cries
Behold the monsters of the deep arise,
When to the mountain summit Proteus drove
His sea-born herd, and where the woodland dove

Late perch'd, his wonted seat, the scaly brood
Entangled hung upon the topmost wood,
And every timorous native of the plain,
High floating, swam amid the boundless main.

We saw, pusht backward to his native source,
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid course;
With impious ruin threatening Vesta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign;

With grief and rage while Ilia's bosom glows,
Boastful, for her revenge, his waters rose;
But now the uxorious river glides away,
So Jove commands, smooth-winding to the sea.

And yet, less numerous by their parents' crimes,
Our sons shall hear, shall hear to latest times,
Of Roman arms with civil gore imbrued,
Which better had the Persian foe subdued.

Among her guardian gods, what pitying power
To raise her sinking state shall Rome implore?
Shall her own hallowed virgins' earnest prayer
Harmonious charm offended Vesta's ear?

To whom shall Jove assign to purge away
The guilty deed? Come, then, bright god of day,
But gracious veil thy shoulders, beamy bright,
Oh! veil in clouds the unsufferable light.

Or come, sweet queen of smiles, while round thee rove
On wanton wing, the powers of mirth and love;
Or hither, Mars, thine aspect gracious bend,
And, powerful, thy neglected race defend.

Parent of Rome, amidst the rage of fight
Sated with scenes of blood, thy fierce delight,
Thou, whom the polish'd helm, the noise of arms
And the stern soldier's frown with transport warms:

Or thou, fair Maia's winged son, appear,
And human shape in prime of manhood wear;
Declared the guardian of the imperial state,
Divine avenger of great Cæsar's fate:

Oh! late return to heaven, and may thy reign
With lengthened blessings fill thy wide domain!
Nor let thy people's crimes provoke thy flight
On airy pinions to the realms of light.

Great prince and father of the state, receive
The noblest triumphs which thy Rome can give;
Nor let the Parthian with unpunished pride,
Beyond his bounds, O Cæsar, dare to ride.

— *Translation of PHILIP FRANCIS.*

TO THE SHIP BEARING VERGIL TO ATHENS.

ODE III., BOOK I.

So may the Queen of Cyprian heights,
So Helen's brethren, starry lights,
So speed thy course the Lord of wind,
And all, save Zephyr, fastly bind:

O Ship, thou hast a debt to pay,
Our Vergil; hold him well, I pray,
Unharm'd to Attic bounds consign,
And save that life, the half of mine.

'T was armed with oak and triple brass,
His breast, who first made bold to pass
In fragile bark the truculent seas,
Nor feared the boding Hyades,

Nor southwest wind at war with north,
Nor headlong Notus blustering forth,
Like whom no tyrant Adria sways
The tempest to allay or raise.

All forms of death will he defy
Who views rude waves with tearless eye,
Sea-monsters, and thy deadly sweep,
Thou sheer Acroceraunian steep.

Of purpose Heaven by severing main
Divided lands; but all in vain
If rebel ships, in Heaven's despite,
May leap the waves, and lands unite.

For men, o'erbold to do and dare,
Right down the heavenly barriers tear,
And Japhet's race, portentous birth,
By guilty theft bring fire to earth.

That crime achieved, a strange array
Of Fevers, and unknown Decay,
Swept down on man, and Death perforce
Made speedier his appointed course.

The might of Hercules destroyed
Hell's bars, and in the airy void
With lawless wings, not given to man,
The flight of Dædalus began.

In naught, we think, can mortals fail:
We seek, like fools, high heaven to scale;
With crime so rife, Jove cannot lay
The bolts, that speak his wrath, away.

— *Translation of WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.*

TO LUCIUS SESTIUS.

ODE IV., BOOK I.

CONQUER'D with soft and pleasing Charms,
And never-failing Vows of her Return,
Winter unlocks his frosty Arms
To free the joyful Spring;
Which for fresh Loves with youthful Heat does burn;
Warm South-Winds court her, and with fruitful Showers
Awake the drowsie Flowers
Who haste and all their Sweetness bring
To pay their yearly offering.

No nipping White is seen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleasant Green,
And only fragrant Dews now fall;
The Ox forsakes his once warm Stall
To bask i' th' Sun's much warmer Beams;
The Ploughman leaves his Fire and his Sleep,
Well pleased to whistle to his labouring Teams;
Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to 's frisking Sheep.
Nay, tempted by the smiling sky
Wreckt Merchants quit the Shore;
Resolving once again to try
The Wind and Sea's Almighty Power;
Chusing much rather to be Dead than Poor.
Upon the flowery Plains,
Or under shady Trees,
The Shepherdesses and their Swains
Dance to their rural Harmonies;
Then steal in private to their covert Groves,
There finish their well-heightened Loves.
The City Dame takes this Pretence
(Weary of Husband and of Innocence)
To quit the Smoke and Business of the Town,
And to her Country-House retires,
Where she may bribe and grasp some Country Clown,
Or her appointed Gallant come
To feed her loose Desires;
Whilst the poor Cuckold by his Sweat at home
Maintains her Lust and Pride;
Blest as he thinks with such a beauteous Bride.
Since all the World 's thus gay and free,
Why should not we?
Let 's then accept our Mother Nature's Treat
And please ourselves with all that 's sweet;
Let 's to the shady Bowers,
Where, Crowned with gaudy Flowers,
We 'll drink and laugh away the gliding Hours.
Trust me, Thyrsis, the grim Conqueror Death
With the same freedom snatches a King's Breath,
He hurtles the poor fettered Slave
To 's unknown Grave.
Though we each Day with Cost repair,
He mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong,

And he that lives the longest dies but young;
 And once deprived of Light,
 We 're wrapt in mists of endless night.
 Once come to those dark cells, of which we 're told
 So many strange romantick Tales of old
 (In things unknown Invention 's justly bold),
 No more shall Mirth and Wine
 Our Loves and Wit refine.
 No more shall you your Phyllis have,
 Phyllis so long you 've prized;
 Nay she too in the Grave
 Shall lye like us despised.

— *Translation of the* EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

TO PYRRHA.

ODE V., BOOK I.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
 To what Heart-ravisht lover
 Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
 Thy hidden sweets discover,
 And with large bounty open set
 All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah, simple youth, how oft will he
 Of thy changed faith complain!
 And his own fortunes find to be
 So airy and so vain:
 Of so camelion-like an hue,
 That still their colour changes with it too!

How oft, alas, will he admire
 The blackness of the skies!
 Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
 And see the billows rise:
 Poor unexperienced he,
 Who ne'er, alas, before had been at sea!

He joys in thy calm sunshine now,
 And no breath stirring hears;

In the clear heaven of thy brow
 No smallest cloud appears.
 He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
 And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy ! Thrice unhappy he,
 T' whom thou untried dost shine !
 But there 's no danger now for me,
 Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
 In witness of the shipwreck past,
 My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

— *Translation of WILLIAM COWLEY.*

TO LYDIA.

ODE VIII., BOOK I.

ENCHANTING Lydia ! prithee,
 By all the gods that see thee,
 Pray tell me this : must Sybaris
 Perish, enamoured with thee ?
 Lo ! wrapt as in a trance, he
 Whose hardy youth could fancy
 Each manly feat, dreads dust and heat,
 All through thy necromancy !

Why rides he never, tell us,
 Accoutred like his fellows,
 For curb and whip, and horsemanship,
 And martial bearing zealous ?
 Why hangs he back, demurrent
 To breast the Tiber's current,
 From wrestlers' oil, as from the coil
 Of poisonous snake, abhorrent ?

No more with iron rigour
 Rude armour-marks disfigure
 His pliant limbs, but languor dims
 His eye and wastes his vigour.
 Gone is the youth's ambition
 To give the lance emission,
 Or hurl adroit the circling quoit
 In gallant competition.

And his embowered retreat is
Like where the Son of 'Thetis
Lurked undivulged, while he indulged
A mother's soft entreaties,
Robed as a Grecian girl,
Lest soldier-like apparel
Might raise a flame, and his kindling frame
Through the ranks of slaughter whirl.

— *Translation of FRANCIS MAHONEY.*

TO THE THALIARCH.

ODE IX., BOOK I.

BEHOLD yon Mountain's hoary height,
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
And Streams with Icy Fetters bound,
Benumbed and cramped to solid Ground.

With well heapt Logs dissolve the Cold,
And feed the genial heat with Fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires;
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 't is worth his Care, provide.

Let Him alone with what He made,
To toss and turn the World below;
At His Command the Storms invade;
The Winds by his Commission blow;
Till with a Nod He bids 'em cease,
And then the Calm returns, and all is Peace.

To-morrow and her Works defy,
Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain.
Where'er thou gett'st To-day is Gain.

Secure those Golden early Joys,
 That Youth unshow'ed with sorrow bears,
 Ere withering Time the taste destroys,
 With Sickness and unwieldy Years!
 For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,
 This is the time to be possest,
 The Best is but in Season best.

The 'pointed Hour of promist Bliss,
 The pleasing Whisper in the Dark,
 The half unwilling willing Kiss,
 That Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
 When the kind Nymph wou'd Coyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again,
 These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain.

— *Paraphrase of JOHN DRYDEN.*

TO THE SPRING OF BANDUSIA.

ODE XIII., BOOK III.

O BANDUSIAN Spring, clearer than clearest glass,
 Worthy the sweetest of wine and garlands of fragrant
 flowers,

To-morrow I will bring thee
 A kid, whose forehead,

Swollen with budding horns, doth love and battle fore-
 tell, —

Vainly, alas! — the youngling, pride of the wanton flock,
 With crimson must ensanguine
 Thy clear cold ripples.

The fiery midsummer noon never can pierce thy shade,
 Grateful coolness thou hast to glad the wandering kine,
 And the slow-stepping oxen
 With ploughshare wearied.

Among the fountains of fame I will make room for thee,
 Singing thine ilex-trees that spread their sheltering boughs
 Over thy rocky hollows
 And babbling runnels.

— *Translation of MARGARET FOSTER HERRICK.*

THE SHIP OF STATE.

ODE XIV., BOOK I.

OH Ship! new billows sweep thee out
 Seaward. What wilt thou? Hold the port, be stout.
 See'st not thy mast
 How rent by stiff Southwestern blast?

Thy side, of rowers how forlorn?
 Thine hull, with groaning yards, with rigging torn,
 Can ill sustain
 The fierce, and ever fiercer main;

Thy gods, no more than sails entire,
 From whom yet once thy need might aid require,
 Oh Pontic Pine,
 The first of woodland stocks is thine,

Yet race and name are but as dust.
 Not painted sterns give storm-tost seamen trust;
 Unless thou dare
 To be the sport of storms, beware.

Of old at best a weary weight,
 A yearning care and constant strain of late,
 O shun the seas
 That gird those glittering Cyclades.

— *Translation of* WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

ODE XV., BOOK I.

As the treacherous shepherd bore over the deep
 His hostess, fair Helena, Nereus arose,
 Husht the war of the winds for a season to sleep,
 And thus sang the doom of retributive woes:

"Thou bearest her home with an omen of dread,
 Whom Greece shall reclaim, with her myriads vowed
 To tear, by the sword, thy false mate from thy bed,
 And crush Priam's empire, the ancient, the proud.

“Horse and man, how they labour! What deaths shall
o'erwhelm,

And all for thy crime, the Dardanians in night!
See Pallas preparing her ægis and helm,
Her chariot, and all the fierce frenzy of fight!

“Go, trim as thou wilt, boy, thy loose flowing curls,
Go, vaunt thee, that Venus shall shield thee from
wrong,

And, laid with thy lute 'midst a bevy of girls,
Troll thy measures effeminate all the day long.

“Ay, hide an thou may'st in the couch of thy lust
From the death-dealing spear, and the arrows of Crete,
From the roar of the battle, its carnage, its dust,
And Ajax pursuing, remorseless and fleet!

“Yet in gore thy adulterous locks shall be rolled,
Though late be thy doom. Lo, the scourge of thy race,
Laertiades! Dost thou not see him! Behold!
And Pylian Nestor! — And see, on thy trace

“Rushes Teucer of Salamis, dauntless and fell,
And Sthenelus, skilful in combat, nor less
In ruling the war-steed expert to excel,
And close on thy track, too, shall Merion press.

“Lo, Tydides, surpassing his father in might,
Athirst for thy lifeblood, with furious cheer
Is hunting thee out through the thick of the fight,
While before him thou fly'st, like a timorous deer,

“Who, espying a wolf on the brow of the hill,
Flies far from the pasture, with heart-heaving pants;
Is it thus that thy leman shall see thee fulfil
The promise of all thy presumptuous vaunts?

“The wrath of Achilles shall stay for a while
The downfall of Ilion, and Phrygia's dames, —
Yet a few winters more, and her funeral pile
In ashes shall fall 'midst Achaian flames!”

— *Translation of* SIR THEOPHORE MARTIN.

THE RECANTATION.

ODE XVI., BOOK I.

LOVELY mother's lovelier daughter,
Those sharp verses, edged with blame,
Hurl into the Adrian water,
Cancel, if thou wilt, with flame,
Rhea from her mountain-hollow,
Liber at his royal feasts,
From his Delphian shrine Apollo,
Shake the spirit of their priests.
Hark, the votaries loud and often
Shrilly clanging cymbals ring —
These are savage, but may soften —
Anger is a sterner thing.
Not the ship-destroying ocean,
Noric steel, or flaming fire,
Not the storm-god's mighty motion
Fright it from its purpose dire.
When Prometheus first transmuted
Atoms culled for human clay,
Deep the lion's rage he rooted
In our breast, as legends say.
Anger with a grievous ruin
Smote Thyestes and his line;
This, the fount of sheer undoing,
Left of cities scarce a sign,
When among the sworded nations,
Armies flusht with pride and spoil
Ploughed up many a State's foundations
Planted in imperial soil.
Curb thy soul with juster measures —
Me youth's sweetness, prone to wrong,
Heated into quick displeasures,
And an ill-directed song.
Now my bitterness would mellow;
I annul the trenchant strain;
Be once more my true love-fellow;
Take me to thy heart again.

—*Translation of* PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.

TO TYNDARIS.

ODE XVII., BOOK I.

OFT Faunus leaves Arcadia's plain,
 And to the Sabine hill retreats :
 He guards my flocks from rushing rain,
 From piercing winds, and scorching heats,
 Where lurks the thyme, or shrubs appear,
 My wanton kids securely play ;
 My goats no poisonous serpent fear,
 Safe wandering through the woodland way.
 No hostile wolf the fold invades ;
 Ustica's pendant rocks rebound
 My song ; and all the sylvan shades,
 By echo taught, return the sound.
 The gods my verse propitious hear,
 My head from every danger shield :
 For you o'erflows the bounteous year,
 And plenty's horn hath heaped my field.
 Responsive to the Teian string
 Within the Sun-defended vale,
 Here, softly warbling, you shall sing
 Each tender, tuneful, amorous tale.
 No rival here shall burst the bands
 That wreath my charmer's beauteous hair,
 Nor seize her weakly struggling hands ;
 But love and Horace guard the fair.

— *Translation of* MARRIOTT.

TO CHLOË.

ODE XXIII., BOOK I.

You shun me, Chloë, wild and shy,
 As some stray fawn that seeks its mother
 Through trackless woods. If spring winds sigh
 It vainly strives its fears to smother.

Its trembling knees assail each other
 When lizards stir the brambles dry ; —
 You shun me, Chloë, wild and shy,
 As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

And yet no Libyan lion I,—
 No ravening thing to rend another;
 Lay by your tears, your tremors dry,
 A husband's better than a brother;
 Nor shun me, Chloë, wild and shy,
 As some stray fawn that seeks its mother.

— *Paraphrase of* AUSTIN DOBSON.

A PRAYER.

ODE XXXI., BOOK I.

WHAT asks the poet, who adores
 Apollo's virgin shrine,
 What asks he, as he freely pours
 The consecrating wine?

Not the rich grain, that waves along
 Sardinia's fertile land,
 Nor the unnumbered herds, that throng
 Calabria's sultry strand;

Not gold, nor ivory's snowy gleam,
 The spoil of far Cathay,
 Nor fields, which Liris, quiet stream,
 Gnaws silently away.

Let fortune's favoured sons the vine
 Of fair Campania hold;
 The merchant quaff the rarest wine
 From cups of gleaming gold;

For to the gods the man is dear
 Who scathlessly can brave,
 Three times or more in every year,
 The wild Atlantic wave.

Let olives, endive, mallows light
 Be all my fare; and health
 Give thou, Latoë, so I might
 Enjoy my present wealth!

Give me but these, I ask no more,
These, and a mind entire —
And old age, not unhonoured, nor
Unsolaced by the lyre!

— *Translation of SIR THEODORE MARTIN.*

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

ODE XXXIII., BOOK I.

NAY, Albius, a truce to this sighing and grieving!
Is Glycera worth all this tempest of woe?
Why flatter her, lachrymose elegies weaving,
Because she is false for a youthfuller beau?

There's Lycoris, the maid with the small rounded
forehead,
For Cyrus is wasting by inches away;
Whilst for Pholoë he, with a passion as torrid,
Consumes, and to him she'll have nothing to say.

The she-goats, in fact, might be sooner expected
Apulia's wolves for their partners to take,
Than a girl so divine to be ever connected
With such an abandoned and pitiful rake.

Such caprices hath Venus, who, rarely propitious,
Delights in her fetters of iron to bind
Those pairs whom she sees, with a pleasure malicious,
Unmatched both in fortune, and figure, and mind.

I, myself, wooed by one that was truly a jewel,
In thraldom was held, which I cheerfully bore,
By that common chit, Myrtale, though she was cruel
As waves that indent the Calabrian shore.

— *Anonymous.*

TO HIMSELF.

ODE XXXIV., BOOK I.

AMID a herd of learned fools,
I traced old Epicurus' rules,
Through all the mazes of the schools,
And seldom deigned to pray :
But now no more his schemes prevail,
I veer to catch a different gale,
And to religion's harbour sail,
As reason points the way.

Arrayed in all the pomp of war,
The god ascends his burning car,
Quiver the lightnings from afar,
And the big clouds divide.
Involved in horrid gloom he flies
Impetuous, down the passive skies,
While, round his throne, loud tempests rise,
And fires before him glide.

Heaven shrinks beneath his rolling wheels,
His thunder shakes the eternal hills,
And the vast flood her bed reveals,
To shun the approaching god.
E'en the deep vaults of hell below,
Where streams of endless torments flow,
Tremble, while horrid lightnings glow
Through all the dark abode.

Almighty God ! Eternal King !
Who can thy matchless glories sing ?
From thee, the fates of nations spring,
And tyrants own thy sway ;
Whose power can pull the mighty down,
Exalt the peasant to a throne,
And place the deeds of hands unknown,
Amid the blaze of day.

— *Anonymous Philadelphia Version.*

TO FORTUNE.

ODE XXXV., BOOK I.

O GODDESS, whose power and absolute sway
The fair town of Antium delights to obey !
Whose hand from despair can the suppliant save,
Or change the gay triumph of joy to a grave !

To thee, the poor rustic, who labours the soil,
Prefers his petition to prosper his toil ;
The sailor who braves the loud storm-troubled sea,
Thou mistress of ocean, bows humbly to thee.

The rough, hardy Dacian and Scythian untaught,
By Rome's warlike sons are thy auspices sought ;
Mother-queens, cities, nations, thy blessings implore,
And tyrants, with trembling, thy godhead adore.

Forbear then, in anger, with ruinous tread,
To crush the bright column, or humble its head !
Nor rouse from sweet peace the fierce nations to arms,
Convulsing the empire with civil alarms.

Before thee Necessity marches in state,
With wedges and nails, and dire emblems of fate ;
Aloft in her hand is each torture displayed,
The hook sore-tormenting, and hot-molten lead.

Kind friendship and Hope in white robes still remain,
Attend on thy glories, and add to thy train ;
Though angry you change the bright garb of your state,
And fly, in mean garments, the courts of the great.

The base needy vulgar, and false-swearing whore,
Will slight the cold friendship of him that is poor ;
When poverty threats will ungratefully fly
Whose coffers are empty, and casks all are dry.

On *Cæsar's* brave arms, O ! propitiously smile,
Now forcing his march to Britannia's far isle ;
Preserve our young soldiers, and may they succeed,
Spread terror through Asia, and humble the Mede !

What slaughters and murder our bodies disdain ;
See brother, by brother, inhumanly slain !
What altar, or shrine, has escaped from the rage
Of faction and crimes, in this curst iron age ?

Then brighten, O goddess ! our weapons once more,
Besmeared with rank murder and citizen's gore,
Let our swords be unsheathed 'gainst the foes of the state,
The vagabond Arab, and treacherous Gete.

— *Valley Forge paraphrase* (1778).

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS.

ODE II., BOOK II.

YES, you deservedly despise
The wealth that use ne'er taught to shine,
That rusting in the coffer lies
Like ore yet buried in the mine ;
For gold, my friend, no lustre knows
But what a wise well-tempered use bestows.

Thee, Proculeius ! distant days
Will bless, and make thy virtues known,
Conspiring tongues will sound thy praise,
A father's love to brethren shown :
Transcendent worth, like thine, will fly
On Fame's unflagging pinions through the sky.

A monarch far more potent he
Who subject keeps his wayward soul ;
Who lives from sordid avarice free,
And dares each fiercer lust control,
Than he whose universal sway
Wide earth's extremes, her East and West obey.

That sensual self-indulgent wretch
Whose skin the panting dropsy strains,
Still must the watery languor stretch,
And only Temperance ease his veins ;
So growing wealth prompts new desire,
And Fortune's breeze but fans the wasting fire.

The Persian hails the public voice
Decked with the crown that Cyrus wore;
But virtue sanctions not the choice;
She calls Phraates, blest no more:
Can tyrant hands, defiled with sin,
The fair, the spotless mind of virtue win?

Virtue, their rule perverse, shall own
Which bliss to wealth and grandeur leaves,
From virtue he and he alone,
The wreath and diadem receives
Who dares the glittering heap pass by
With steadfast mien and unreverted eye.

— *Translation of GILBERT WAKEFIELD.*

TO QUINTUS DELLIIUS.

ODE III., BOOK II.

WHEN dangers press, a mind sustain
Unshaken by the storms of Fate;
And when delight succeeds to pain,
With no glad insolence elate;
For death will end the various toys
Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
You pass life's melancholy day,
Or, in some green retirèd cave
Wearing the idle hours away,
Give to the Muses all your soul,
And pledge them in the flowing bowl:

Where the broad pine, and poplar white,
To join their hospitable shade
With interwisted boughs delight;
And, o'er its pebbly bed conveyed,
Labours the winding stream to run,
Trembling, and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
 And fragrant roses hither bring,
 That with the early zephyrs bloom,
 And wither with declining spring,
 While joy and youth not yet have fled,
 And Fate still holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers
 And groves, yourself had taught to grow;
 Your soft retreats from sultry hours,
 Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
 Soon leave; and all you call your own
 Be squandered by an heir unknown.

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
 A high patrician name you bear,
 Or pass ignoble in the crowd
 Unsheltered from the midnight air,
 'T is all alike; no age or state
 Is spared by unrelenting Fate.

To the same port our barks are bound;
 One final doom is fixt for all:
 The universal wheel goes round,
 And, soon or late, each lot must fall,
 When all together shall be sent
 To one eternal banishment.

— *Translation of JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.*

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

ODE IV., BOOK II.

NAY, if thou lov'st thy handmaid, Xanthias, blush not:
 Long since the slave Briseïs, with white beauty
 O'ermastering him who ne'er before had yielded,
 Conquered Achilles;

So, too, the captive form of fair Tecmessa
 Conquered her captor Telamonian Ajax;
 And a wronged maiden, in the midst of triumph,
 Fired Agamemnon,

What time had fallen the barbarian forces
Before the might of the Thessalian victor,
And Hector's loss made easy to worn Hellas
Troy's mighty ruin.

How dost thou know but what thy fair-haired Phyllis
May make thee son-in-law to splendid parents?
Doubtless she mourns the wrong to race and hearth-gods
Injured, but regal.

Believe not thy beloved of birth plebeian;
A girl so faithful, so averse from lucre,
Could not be born of an ignoble mother
Whom thou wouldst blush for.

That lovely face, those arms, those tapering ankles —
Nay, in my praises never doubt my honour:
The virtuous man who rounds the age of forty
Hold unsuspected.

— *Translation of LORD LYTON.*

THE MEAN.

ODE X., BOOK II.

THIS is the better life, dear friend,
Not always in mid sea to wend,
Nor yet distrustfully portend
Storms hourly near,
And hug, not wisely in the end,
Ill shores in fear.

That man, who in his soul hath seen
How lovely is the golden mean,
He lacks the wretchedness unclean
Of used-up walls;
He lacks, in soberness serene,
Wealth's envied halls.

Pines of a stature proud and vast
Shake oftener when the winds rush past,
Down to the earth high towers are cast
 With heavier fall,
And still the fiery lightnings blast
 The hill-tops tall.

The breast, that wisdom's rule obeys,
Hopes for a change in evil days,
And fears it amid prosperous ways
 Remote from ill;
Since God both causes and allays
 Our storms at will.

If fortune fail thee now, yet know
It will not evermore be so;
Apollo may his lute forego,
 But not forever,
Nor bears he always a strung bow
 And armed quiver.

Thou, when adversities ensue,
Prove thyself constant, brave and true,
And when the risks seem far and few,
 Mid favouring gales
Furl in good hour, with caution due,
 Thy swelling sails.

— *Translation of* PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.

TO POSTUMUS.

ODE XIV., BOOK II.

How swiftly glide our flying years!
Alas! nor piety, nor tears
 Can stop the fleeting day;
Deep-furrowed wrinkles, posting age,
And death's unconquerable rage,
 Are strangers to delay.

Though every day a bull should bleed
To Pluto, bootless were the deed,
The monarch tearless reigns,
Where vulture-tortured Tityus lies,
And triple Geryon's monstrous size
The gloomy wave detains.

Whoever tastes of earthly food
Is doomed to pass the joyless flood,
And hear the Stygian roar;
The sceptred king, who rules the earth,
The labouring hind, of humbler birth,
Must reach the distant shore.

The broken surge of Adria's main,
Hoarse-sounding, we avoid in vain,
And Mars in blood-stained arms;
The southern blast in vain we fear,
And autumn's life-annoying air
With idle fears alarms;

For all must see Coeytus flow,
Whose gloomy water sadly slow
Strays through the dreary soil.
The guilty maids, an ill-famed train!
And, Sisyphus, thy labours vain,
Condemned to endless toil.

Your pleasing consort must be left,
And you of villas, lands, bereft,
Must to the shades descend;
The cypress only, hated tree!
Of all thy much-loved groves, shall thee,
Its short-lived lord, attend.

Then shall your worthier heir discharge,
And set th' imprisoned casks at large,
And dye the floor with wine,
So rich and precious, not the feasts
Of holy pontiffs cheer their guests
With liquor more divine.

— Translation of PHILIP FRANCIS.

TO DELLIUS.

ODE III., BOOK III.

THE man resolved and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurled,
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes ;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gained a place amongst the gods ;
Where now Augustus, mixt with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies :
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise :
His tigers drew him to the skies ;
Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
In vain they foamed, in vain they stared,
In vain their eyes with fury glared ;
He tamed them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatcht on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus the assembled deities bespoke :
"Troy," says the goddess, "perjured Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;

The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Walled by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust
Lay heavy on her head, and sank her to the dust.
Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway
That durst defraud the immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounced their patronage,

Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,

The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly cleared the
field.

My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanced to godhead, let him rise,
And take his station in the skies:
There entertain his ravisht sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light:
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoined,
Removed by seas from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumbered
roar.

Still let the curst detested place
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be covered o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;

Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,

And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the savage kind
Sad solitary haunts and deserts find;
In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,

May the unmolested lioness
Her brindled whelps securely lay,
Or, couched, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise ;
The illustrious exiles unconfined
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the severed world in two :
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscovered head.
Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowelled earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore ;
Those glitterings ills, concealed within the mine
Shall lie untoucht, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms ;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine ;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
This only law the victor shall restrain ;
On these conditions shall he reign :
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raze ;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies' head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.
Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass ;
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground :
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughtered husbands mourn."

But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
 Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
 In vain would thy presumptuous verse
 The immortal rhetoric rehearse;
 The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
 Forget their majesty, and lose the sound.

— Translation of JOHN ADDISON.

LOVE RENEWED.

ODE IX., BOOK III.

Horace. While to thee no other name was nearer,
 Ere a rival youth aspired to fling
 Round thy snow-white neck embraces dearer,
 I lived richer than a king.

Lydia. Ere a new flame to thy false heart beckoned,
 When the elder passion seemed divine,
 Nor was Lydia yet to Chloë second,
 Roman Ilia's glory paled to mine.

Horace. Now lute-learnèd, skilled in measures tender,
 Thracian Chloë doth my heart enslave,
 Life for her I dread not to surrender,
 If the Fates my other soul will save.

Lydia. Child of Thurian Ornytus I cherish;
 Mutual flames to me doth Calais bear.
 Twice for him will I consent to perish,
 If the Fates my darling boy will spare.

Horace. What if yet the ancient love returning,
 Reunite in brazen yoke us twain,
 If this door, the gold-haired Chloë spurning,
 Welcome cast-off Lydia once again?

Lydia. He is fairer than a star in heaven,
 Thou more fierce than Adria's restive sea,
 Light as cork — yet, oh, since choice is given,
 Let me live and love and die with thee!

— Translation of PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.

TO NEOBULE.

ODE XII., BOOK III.

UNHAPPY the maidens forbidden to prove
 The bumper's full joy, or the raptures of love;
 Unhappy the girls, who are destined to hear
 The tedious rebukes of old uncles severe.
 Cytheræa's winged son now bids thee resign
 The toils of Minerva, the spinster divine;
 For now, Neobule, with other desires
 The brightness of Hebrus thy bosom inspires;
 When he rises with vigour from Tiber's rough waves,
 Where the oil of his labours athletic he laves,
 Like Bellerophon skilful to rein the fierce steed,
 At cuffs never conquered, nor outstripped in speed,
 And dextrous with darts never flying in vain,
 To wound the light stag, bounding over the plain,
 Or active and valiant the boar to surprise,
 Transfixt with his spear, as in covert he lies.

— *Translation of PHILIP FRANCIS.*

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

ODE XIII., BOOK III.

O FONT! with fair unruffled face,
 More clear than crystal and more bright than glass;
 To thee my only bowl shall pour
 The sweet libation crowned with many a flower.
 To thee a sportive kid shall bleed,
 Proud of the spreading honours of his head;
 Who meditates the angry shock,
 For some first love the fairest of the flock.
 In vain! for Venus will not save —
 His youthful blood shall tinge thy azure wave.
 Not Phœbus, with his summer beams,
 Can penetrate thy shade, and gild thy streams;
 But ever from the dog-star's heat
 The wearied herds require thy green retreat,

Let other bards their fountains sing,
A bard shall love and celebrate thy spring,
The secret shelter of thy wood,
And bubbling rills that fall into thy flood,

— *Translation of JOHN CAM HOBBHOUSE.*

TO MÆCENAS.

ODE XVI., BOOK III.

LONG in her tower had languished Danaë,
Fast caged by massive heavy-bolted doors,
And guarded safe by savage-baying hounds
From midnight lovers' vows:

But Jupiter and Venus laughed to scorn
The anxious jailer of the hidden maid,
Acrisius, — for the quest would easy prove
To gold-disguised god.

Through armed guards gold loves to thread its way,
And stronger than the thunder-bolt, break through
Thick walls of rock. The Argive augur's house
For love of lucre fell,

In ruin plunged; the man of Macedon
Cleft city-gates and undermined the power
Of rival thrones with bribes: and bribes will buy
The navy's doughty lords.

Care follows growing wealth, and in its tracks
Comes thirst for greater things; hence have I shrunk
From lifting high my head above the throng,
Mæcenas, flower of knights.

The more that man shall manfully forego,
The more the gods shall give. Naked I seek
The camp of the contented, and with joy
Desert the ranks of wealth.

More glorious as the lord of things despised
Than if within my granaries lay the crops
For which the Apulian toils with plough and scythe,
Mid wide possessions, poor.

A limpid stream, a narrow strip of woods,
And my unshaken hope of ripening grain,
To him who shines with sunny Afric's crown
Seem not a fairer lot.

Though not for me Calabrian bees hive sweets,
Nor wine grows mellow in its Formian jars,
Nor flocks for me graze in the Gallic meads,
With ever-thickening fleece,

From poverty's insistence am I free, —
Nor, did I long for more, wouldst thou deny.
Better can I by limited desires
Extend my scanty means,

Than if I added to Alyattes' realm
The Phrygian fields, who yearns for much lacks much,
Blessed is he to whom, with sparing hand,
God giveth just enough.

— *Translation of* MARGARET FOSTER HERRICK.

AGAINST AVARICE AND LUXURY.

ODE XVIII., BOOK III.

No walls with ivory inlaid
Adorn my house ; no colonnade
Proudly supports my citron beams,
Nor rich with gold my ceiling flames ;
Nor have I, like an heir unknown,
Seized upon Attalus's throne ;
Nor dames, to happier fortunes bred,
Draw down for me the purple thread ;
Yet with a firm and honest heart,
Unknowing or of fraud or art,

With liberal vein of genius blessed,
I 'm by the rich and great caressed.
My patron's gift, my Sabine field,
Shall all its rural plenty yield ;
And happy in that rural store,
Of Heaven and him I ask no more.

Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay ;
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending fate,
Command the pillared dome to rise,
When, lo ! thy tomb forgotten lies ;
And, though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian shore ;
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain
Your guilty progress would restrain,
The sacred landmark strives in vain
Your impious avarice to restrain :
You break into your neighbour's grounds,
And overleap your client's bounds.
Driven out by thee, to new abodes
They carry their paternal gods ;
The wife her husband's sorrow shares,
And on her breast her squalid infant bears.

Yet destined by unerring fate,
Shall death this wealthy lord await :
Then whither tend thy wide domains ?
For Earth impartial entertains
Her various sons, and in her breast
Princes and beggars equal rest.

Nor gold could bribe, nor art deceive
The gloomy life-guard of the grave,
Backward to tread the shadowy way,
And waft Prometheus into day.
Yet he, who Tantalus detains,
With all his haughty race in chains,
Invoked or not, the wretch receives,
And from the toils of life relieves.

— *Translation of PHILIP FRANCIS.*

TO DIANA.

ODE XXII., BOOK III.

CHASTE goddess of the radiant night
 Who lov'st the airy mountain's height
 And guard'st the sylvan bower;
 Who thrice invoked with pious prayers
 Reliev'st the teeming matron's cares
 Saved by thy triple power:
 Accept this vow! henceforth the pine
 That shades my humble roof is thine;
 Where, menacing the sight
 Slain by my hand a boar shall stain
 Each year, thy consecrated fane,
 On this returning light.

— *Translation of WILLIAM BOSCAWEN.*

TO MELPOMENE.

ODE XXX., BOOK III.

MORE durable than brass, in height
 Surpassing far the regal site
 Of pyramids, I've raised a tower
 That shall defy the cankering shower,
 Nor northern blast, nor lapse of time
 Shall mar the beauties of its prime.
 I shall not wholly die, for still shall live
 My better part for aye, to give
 Freshness and vigour to the praise
 That I shall reap in after days.
 Long as the priest the Capitol ascends,
 And her chaste steps the silent vestal bends:
 Famous, though sprung of lowly birth,
 O'er thirsty Daunus' sterile earth;
 Where Aufidus' hoarse waves resound,
 There shall my name with fame be crowned
 As the first poet who had sung
 Æolian verse in Latin tongue.
 Melpomene! usurp thy sway,
 My temples wreath with Delphic bay.

— *Translation of HERBERT GRANT.*

TO TORQUATUS.

ODE VII., BOOK IV.

THE SNOWS are past away, the field renews
Its grassy robe, the trees with leaves are crowned;
All nature feels a change; the streams unloose
Their bands of ice, and bathe the meads around;
The sister Graces with the Nymphs advance
In light attire, weaving the joyous dance.

Warned by the varying year and hastening day,
Expect not thou, my friend, immortal joys:
Spring's zephyr melts the winter's frost away,
And spring the summer's hotter breath destroys,
Soon forced to wait on autumn's mellow train,
Till cold and sluggish winter rules again.

The seasons' difference rolling moons repair;
But we, if once to that sad shore conveyed
Where the great manes of our fathers are,
Shall be but empty ashes and a shade.
Who knows if they that rule this mortal clime
Will add to-morrow to our sum of time?

Thy generous soul can best improve the hours
Of the short life allowed by partial Heaven;
Yet thee, Torquatus, in those gloomy bowers
Where Minos' last tremendous doom is given,
Not all thy pride of honourable birth,
Nor wit, nor virtue, can restore to earth!

Not e'en the huntress of the silver bow.
Who made the chaste Hippolytus her care,
Could bring his spirit from the realms below:
Nor Theseus armed with force immortal tear
His loved Perithous from the triple chain
That bound his soul to that infernal plain.

— *Translation of JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE.*

TO CENSORINUS.

ODE VIII., BOOK IV.

With liberal heart to every friend
A bowl or caldron would I send;
Or tripods, which the Grecians gave,
As rich rewards, to heroes brave;
Nor should the meanest gift be thine,
If the rich works of art were mine,
By Scopas, or Parrhasius wrought,
With animating skill who taught
The shapeless stone with life to glow,
Or bade the breathing colours flow,
To imitate, in every line,
The form or human or divine.

But I nor boast the curious store,
And you nor want, nor wish for more;
'T is yours the joys of verse to know,
Such joys as Horace can bestow,
While I can vouch my present's worth,
And call its every virtue forth.

Nor columns, which the public raise,
Engraved with monumental praise,
By which the breath of life returns
To heroes, sleeping in their urns:
Nor Hannibal, when swift he fled,
His threats retorted on his head;
Nor impious Carthage wrapt in flame,
From whence great Scipio gained a name,
Such glories round him could diffuse
As the Calabrian poet's muse;
And should the bard his aid deny,
Thy worth shall unrewarded die.

Had envious silence left unsung
The child from Mars and Ilia sprung,
How had we known the hero's fame,
From whom the Roman empire came?
The poet's favour, voice and lays,
Could Æacus from darkness raise,
Snatcht from the Stygian gulfs of hell,
Among the blissful isles to dwell.

The Muse forbids the brave to die,
The Muse enthrones him in the sky;
Alcides, thus, in heaven is placed,
And shares with Jove the immortal feast;
Thus the twin-stars have power to save
The shattered vessel from the wave,
And vine-crowned Bacchus with success
His jovial votaries can bless.

— *Translation of PHILIP FRANCIS.*

TO MARCUS LOLLIUS.

ODE IX., BOOK IV.

THINK not those strains can e'er expire,
Which, cradled mid the echoing roar
Of Aufidus, to Latium's lyre
I sing with arts unknown before.
Though Homer fill the foremost throne,
Yet grave Stesichorus still can please,
And fierce Alcæus holds his own
With Pindar and Simonides.
The songs of Teos are not mute,
And Sappho's love is breathing still:
She told her secret to the lute,
And yet its chords with passion thrill.
Not Sparta's queen alone was fired
By brodered robe and braided tress,
And all the splendours that attired
Her lover's guilty loveliness:
Not only Teucer to the field
His arrows brought, nor Ilion
Beneath a single conqueror reeled:
Not Crete's majestic lord alone,
Or Sthenelus, earned the Muses' crown:
Not Hector first for child and wife,
Or brave Deiphobus, laid down
The burden of a manly life.
Before Atrides men were brave:
But ah! oblivion, dark and long,
Has lockt them in a tearless grave,
For lack of consecrating song.

'Twixt worth and baseness, lapt in death,
 What difference? *You* shall ne'er be dumb,
 While strains of mine have voice and breath:
 The dull neglect of days to come
 Those hard-won honours shall not blight:
 No, Lollius, no: a soul is yours,
 Clear-sighted, keen, alike upright
 When fortune smiles, and when she lowers:
 To greed and rapine still severe,
 Spurning the gain men find so sweet:
 A consul, not of one brief year,
 But oft as on the judgment-seat
 You bend the expedient to the right,
 Turn haughty eyes from bribes away,
 Or bear your banners through the fight,
 Scattering the foeman's firm array.
 The lord of boundless revenues,
 Salute not him as happy: no,
 Call him the happy, who can use
 The bounty that the gods bestow,
 Can bear the load of poverty,
 And tremble not at death, but sin:
 No recreant he when called to die
 In cause of country or of kin.

— *Translation of JOHN CONINGTON.*

THE SECULAR ODE.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

PHŒBUS, and thou, Diana, sylvan Power!
 Blest pair — revered, and still to be revered —
 Bright gems of ether! grant the suit preferred
 At this fixed hour

Of hallowed joy, when (as the Sibyl's lays
 Ordained) chaste Youths and Virgins to the Powers
 That guard the city and her seven-hilled towers
 Pour songs of praise!

Thou genial Sun ! whose orb in heaven's high dome
Reveals and shrouds the day — still rising new
And still the same — may nothing meet thy view,
Greater than Rome !

And thou, Lucina ! lenient to disclose
The ripened birth — whatever name best please
Thine ear — Natalis ! Ilithyia ! — ease
Our matron's throes !

Grant large increase, and speed the Senate's cause,
Who strengthen (studious of their country's good)
Pure wedlock's bands, and to recruit her brood
Stamp nuptial laws :

That oft as years, to decades full eleven
Revolving, shall renew with solemn rite
This Jubilee, glad anthems day and night
May rise to heaven.

And you, whose verdict, once declared, stands fast,
Linked in Necessity's eternal chain,
Ye Destinies ! with future blessings deign
To crown the past !

May Earth, boon parent, rich in flocks and fruit,
Grace Ceres with a wreath of golden ears
While the soft shower and gale salubrious rears
Each budding shoot !

Placid and mild, thy shafts of vengeance sheathed,
Hear thou the Youths, majestic Lord of light !
Hear thou the prayer, bicorned Queen of night,
By Virgins breathed !

Blest twain ! if Rome from you derived her birth ; —
If hither, led by you, the Trojan bands
Urged a safe course, what time for distant lands
They changed their hearth ;

To whom, unscathed, through Ilium wrapt in flame,
The brave survivor of the land he lost
Oped a free path, to found on Latium's coast
A nobler name ;

Grant to our docile youth each virtuous grace !
To weary veterans grant serene repose !
Grant health, wealth, issue, all that Heaven bestows
To Rome's whole race !

And may the Prince, who at your shrine bids flow
The milk-white heifer's blood, Anchises' heir,
Long rule, to crush the rebel and to spare
The prostrate foe !

The Mede, now quelled by land as on the wave,
Has to our arms and Alban Axes bowed ;
The Scythian hordes, and Indian (late so proud)
Our mercy crave.

Truth, Honour, generous Shame (repelled with scorn),
Mild Peace, and Virtue that to heaven had flown,
Dare to return, and Plenty hastes to crown
Her brimming Horn.

Be sure, the golden-quivered God, who sees
Fate's awful mysteries, whom the warbling Nine
Hail as their leader, and whose arts benign
Assuage disease,

Will, if he smile on his own sacred towers,
Prolong the Roman weal and Latium's bliss
From age to age, and still improve from this
To happier hours :

Nor less will She, so long on Aventine
And Algidus enshrined, her votaries now
Propitious heed, and to our youthful vow
Kind ears incline.

We, then, the band who jointly tune their praise,
Bear home a sure and cheering hope, that Jove
Lists and approves, with all the Host above,
These choral lays.

— *Translation of* CANON HOWES.

TOWN LIFE AND COUNTRY LIFE.

"THE SATIRES."

I FELT a wish for one small lot
 Of meadow land, a garden plot,
 Beside a clump of wood, and near
 My door a rivulet running clear.
 This sum of all imagined bliss
 The Gods have given, and more than this.
 Enough ; if, Hermes ! thou consign
 The boon, for life to call them mine !
 If ne'er I sought to make my store
 Though scant, by means dishonest, more ;
 Nor shrank the little I possess
 By careless thrift or loose excess :
 If ne'er to heaven I bend my knees
 With fond petitions, such as these : —
 " Oh, that the owner would but yield
 That nook which so misshapes my field ! "
 " Oh, that my clinking plough had found
 A pot of silver under ground ;
 Like him, who with the treasure bought
 The field in which for hire he wrought ;
 At one kind hit, to wealth and ease
 Lifted, by help of Hercules."

If pleased and grateful for my lot,
 This, Mercury, deny me not :
 May cattle thrive on my domains,
 And all be fat — except my brains !
 And still, as usual, deign to guard
 Your most devoted slave and bard.
 When out of town I haste to dwell
 Snug in my mountain citadel ;
 What better pastime can I choose.
 Than satire and the prose-like Muse ?
 No visits pester me to death ;
 No flagging winds weigh down my breath ;
 No sickly Autumn agues give,
 Whence crabbed undertakers live.
 Father of Morn ! or Janus, hear !
 Whichever name may catch thine ear ;
 Since 't is the will of God, that all

On thy protection duly call,
Who take in hand some weighty matter,
From thee will I begin my satire.
Bail for a friend you bid me fly
To Rome, i' th' twinkling of an eye;
"Use your best speed and mend your pace;
Some other else will take your place."
Whether the sweeping North-wind blow,
Or Winter dim the air with snow,
And shrink the daylight in a span,
I needs must hurry, as I can.
In court I hasten to appear,
Where terms of law precise and clear,
Bind, to my cost, whate'er I say;
Tost in the crowd I squeeze my way,
And jostle those that sluggish move;
"How now?" or "Whither would you shove,
Mad-pated fool?" some waspish wight
Bawls with a curse; and then, in spite,
"When to Mæcenas post you ride,
You care not whom you push aside!"
Now this I like; to own the truth,
It is as honey to my tooth.
When to the Esquilian palace come,
The gloomy burial-place of Rome,
A hundred people's matters din
My tingling ears and hem me in!
"My master Roscius begs you'll lend
His cause assistance, and attend
The Court of Common Pleas ere eight
To-morrow" — "The committee wait
Your presence on some state affair;
And hope you'll to the board repair" —
"Persuade Mæcenas, Sir, I pray
To seal these papers" — If I say
"I'll try:" he hangs and teases still
With a — "You can, Sir, if you will."
Seven years or nearer eight have flown
Since to Mæcenas I was known.
Not for such purposes and ends
He ranked me with his humble friends.
But, to be seated at his side,
When in his chariot he would ride

Abroad for air; as one whom just
 With chit-chat trifles he would trust.
 As "What's o'clock?" as wagers ran,
 "Which gladiator's the better man?"
 "This is a nipping morning wind
 For those who leave their cloaks behind."
 Such secrets as, for aught appears,
 May safely drop in chinky ears.
 Yet every day and every hour,
 I'm envied for my fancied power.
 "Our old acquaintance near him sat
 In the amphitheatre; mark that."
 "They played together in the ring" —
 "Fortune's spoilt child" 's the tune they sing.
 Some vapouring news about the street
 Is cried; and every fool I meet
 Refers to me: "Good Sir! relate —
 For you must know, that haunt the great —
 What of the Dacians? Have you heard
 Some hostile tidings?" Not a word. —
 "Ah! how you dearly love to jest."
 By all that's sacred, I protest
 It is a secret still, to me! —
 "Then tell us, will Augustus fee
 With Latian farms the veteran bands,
 Or quarter on Sicilian lands?"
 And, when most solemnly I swear
 I'm in the dark, they wink and stare;
 Of all queer mortals ever known,
 For close reserve I stand alone.
 My day of life exhausted flies
 Amidst these petty miseries.
 Yet oft my lips the wish repeat:
 When shall I view my country-seat?
 And books and sleep and leisure drown
 In sweet forgetfulness the town?
 When shall Pythagoras' relations,
 Fresh-gathered beans, supply my rations?
 And cabbage, from my garden soil,
 On bacon served and dript with oil?
 Oh, suppers! and oh, nights divine!
 When snug at home, both I and mine
 Regale; and of the broken meat

My saucy slaves contented eat.
No senseless rules; we fill, at pleasure,
In goblets of unequal measure;
Whether more strong of head, my guest
In ample cup delights him best,
Or sips the glass of moderate size
And in his merriment is wise.
The conversation circles free
In this our cheered sobriety.
'T is not, if such a person own
A country house or house in town;
Nor yet! if such a dancer show
An elasticity of toe:
But what concerns our bosoms nigh
Where ignorance were injury:
If bliss on wealth or worth depend;
If truth or interest fix a friend;
If the essential good we know
And what the sum of good below.
While these grave matters we pursue,
My neighbour Servius takes his cue,
And chimes in with some old wife's fable;
Thus, if some simpleton at table
Praise rich Arellius' large estate,
Our friend runs on in moral prate:
Once on a time, as stories tell,
A country mouse, in homely cell,
Received an old friend bred in town;
Our host was thrifty, a mere clown;
Yet on the occasion did his best,
Opening his heart to treat his guest.
And, to be short, he freely fetches
His long-eared oats and hoarded vetches;
And, hospitable, 'twixt his chaps
Brings shrivelled grapes and bacon scraps,
Hoping with many a tempting bit
The stranger's squeamish taste to hit;
Who pickt with dainty tooth, and sat
Fribbling, at whiles, with this and that.
While my good host on this year's straw
With corn and tares amused his maw,
Leaving the dainties to his guest.
The cit, at length, the clown address:

“Old friend ! what pleasure can you find
In this dull, patient life, behind
A shaggy thicket ? would you see
The town and men’s society ?
Come — trust me ! — leave this savage wood ;
A jaunt aroad will do you good !
Since mice have mortal lives, and all
Must die at last, both great and small ;
Live, my good friend, and take your sport ;
Live, and remember life is short.”
This logic shook the country mouse ;
He leapt full nimbly from his house ;
Both trudged along, in hope to crawl
At night beneath the city wall.
Night, now the middle sky possest,
When they with tiny footsteps prest
A sumptuous mansion’s spacious floor,
Where ivory couches, covered o’er
With crimson draperies, gorgeous glowed,
Of viands a luxurious load,
Saved from a feast of yesternight
High-heapt in baskets, caught the sight.
The bumpkin, placed in formal state
On purple cushion, lolled and ate.
My host ran bustling up and down,
Like a smart slave with tuckt-up gown ;
Served dish on dish in course complete ;
With *entremets* prolonged the treat ;
And played the taster with the meat.
The rustic hugged his change of lot ;
And, stretcht at ease, his tares forgot.
Midst the good cheer he did his best,
And acted, frank, the jolly guest.
When open bursts the clanging door ;
Shook from their seats, they scour the floor,
Half-dead with panic : — mastiffs roar ;
And the high-vaulted ceilings round
Ring hollow to the bellowing sound.
Then quoth the rustic : — “ Friend, adieu.
This same town-life may suit with you ;
My den and wood are safe from snares ;
There will be comfort in my tares.”

— Translation of SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

TIBULLUS, whose brief life is conjectured to have fallen between 54 and 18 B.C., was probably, like Cicero, of equestrian birth. Nothing is known of his youth or education; but his ancestral estates, situated at Pedum, about eighteen miles from Rome, and not far from Tibur and Præneste, were confiscated during the civil wars. Like Vergil and Horace, however, he seems to have come into possession of sufficient share of the property of his fathers to afford him a comfortable subsistence. He was a friend of the great patron of art and literature, Messala, and accompanied him to Aquitania in 31, and was present at the battle of Atax which broke the Aquitanian rebellion. The following year he started with Messala for the East, but his health gave out and he returned to Rome, where, and at his farm, he spent the rest of his days. He was closely associated with Horace and Ovid. He wrote delightful elegies, but only one book of them was published during his lifetime. In six of these were celebrated the charms and cruelties of "Delia." He had loved her before he left Rome, but she had proved faithless. But on his return from Corcyra, after leaving Messala, he had found her ill, and he forgave her, and attended her affectionately, evidently hoping to persuade her to accompany him to Tibur. When a richer lover and then a husband broke off this attachment, Tibullus found consolation in a new mistress, who bore the significant name of Nemesis. The odes of Horace seem to indicate that there was still a third divinity, named Glycera, who, in spite of her name, was not sweet to him. Horace, in an epistle to Tibullus, gives us a very captivating picture of Tibullus's character. He says:—

"Thou wert not born a body void of mind :
Yet Heaven to thee a graceful form assigned.
Heaven gave thee riches, and it gave thee more :
The art to use and to enjoy thy store.

What beyond this could some fond nurse devise
 To bless her foster-son ? whose thoughts are wise,
 And graced with fluent speech ; whom favours crown
 From the high great, and, from his Muse renown ;
 Abundant health ; a style of life and board
 Genteel with decency, and purse well-stored."

He possessed all of the blessings of life — fortune, favour with the great, fame, a remarkable gift of genuine poesy, and perfect purity of taste. He was a conservative, attached to old customs, gentle and genial, a passionate lover of woman and nature. A second volume of his elegies was published after his death. Still a third book, sometimes published under his name, is attributed to an inferior poet named Lygdamus, who may have been a friend of his. A fourth book is made up of poems by different hands, some of which may have been Tibullus's.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

LET others pile their yellow ingots high,
 And see their cultured acres round them spread ;
 While hostile borderers draw their anxious eye,
 And at the trumpet's blast their sleep is fled !

Me let my poverty to ease resign ;
 While my bright hearth reflects its blazing cheer ;
 In season let me plant the pliant vine,
 And, with light hand, my swelling apples rear !

Hope, fail not thou ! let earth her fruitage yield ;
 Let the brimmed vat flow red with virgin wine :
 For, still, some lone bare stump that marks the field,
 Or antique cross-way stone, with flowers I twine,

In pious rite ; and, when the year anew
 Matures the blossom on the budding spray ;
 I bear the peasant's God his grateful due ;
 And firstling fruits upon his altar lay.

Still let thy temple's porch, O Ceres ! wear
 The spiky garland from my harvest field ;
 And, midst my orchard, against the birds of air,
 His threatening hook let red Priapus wield !

Ye too, once guardians of a rich domain,
Now of poor fields, domestic Gods! be kind!
Then, for unnumbered herds, a calf was slain;
Now to your altars is a lamb consigned!

The mighty victim of a scanty soil,
A lamb alone shall bleed before your shrine;
While round it shout the youthful sons of toil,
“Hail! grant the harvest! grant the generous wine!”

Content with little, I no more would tread
The lengthening road, but shun the Summer day,
Where some o'erbranching tree might shade my head;
And watch the murmuring rivulet glide away.

Nor could I blush to wield the rustic prong,
The lingering oxen goad; or some stray lamb,
Embosomed in my garment, bear along,
Or kid forgotten by its heedless dam.

Spare my small flocks! ye thieves, and wolves, assail
The wealthier cotes, that ampler booty hold;
Ne'er for my shepherd due lustrations fail;
I soothe with milk the Goddess of the fold.

Be present, Deities! nor gifts disdain
From homely board; nor cups with scorn survey,
Earthen, yet pure; for such the ancient swain
Formed for himself and shaped of ductile clay.

I envy not my sires their golden heap;
Their garner's floors with sheafy corn bespread;
Few sheaves suffice: enough, in easy sleep
To lay my limbs upon the accustomed bed.

How sweet! to hear, without, the howling blast,
And strain a yielding mistress to my breast!
Or, when the gusty torrent's rush has past,
Sink, lulled by beating rains, to sheltered rest!

Be this my lot; be his the unenvied store,
Who the drear storm endures and raging seas;
Ah! perish emeralds and the golden ore,
If the fond anxious nymph must weep for me.

Messala ! range the earth and main, that Rome
May shine with trophies of the foes that fell ;
But me a beauteous nymph enchains at home,
At her hard door a sleepless sentinel.

I heed not praise, my Delia ! while with thee ;
Sloth brand my name, so I thy sight behold ;
Let me the oxen yoke ; oh, come with me !
On desert mountains I will feed my fold.

And, while I prest thee in my tender arms,
Sweet were my slumber on the ragged ground ;
What boots the purple couch, if cruel charms
In wakeful tears the midnight hours have drowned ?

Not the soft plume can yield the limbs repose,
Nor yet the broidered covering soothe to sleep ;
Not the calm streamlet that in murmurs flows,
With sound oblivious o'er the eyelids creep.

Iron is he who might thy form possess,
Yet flies to arms and thirsts for plunder's gains ;
What though his spear Cicilian squadrons press,
What though his tent be pitcht on conquered plains ;

In gold and silver mail conspicuous he
May stride the steed, that, pawing spurns the sand ;
May I my last looks fondly bend on thee,
And grasp thee with my dying, faltering hand !

And thou wilt weep when, cold, I press the bier,
That soon shall on the flaming pyre be thrown ;
And print the kiss and mingle many a tear ;
Not thine a breast of steel, a heart of stone.

Yes, thou wilt weep ! No youths shall thence return
With tearless eye ; no virgin homeward wend ;
But thou forbear to violate my urn,
Spare thy soft cheeks, nor those loose tresses rend.

Now Fate permits ; now blend the sweet embrace ;
Death, cowed in darkness, creeps with stealing tread ;
Ill suits with sluggish age love's sprightly grace,
And murmured fondness with a hoary head !

The light amour be mine ; the shivered door ;
The midnight fray ; ye trumps and standards, hence !
Here is my camp ; bleed they who thirst for ore :
Wealth I despise in easy competence.

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

ELEGY TO DELIA.

OH ! I was harsh to say that I could part
From thee ; but, Delia, I am bold no more.
Driven like a top, which boys with ready art
Keep spinning round upon a level floor.

Burn, lash me, love, if ever after this
By me one cruel blustering word is said ;
Yet spare, I pray thee, by our stolen bliss,
By mighty Venus and thy comely head.

When thou didst lie, by fell disease o'erpowered,
I rescued thee, by prayers, from Death's domain ;
Pure sulfur's cleansing fumes I round thee showered,
While an enchantress sung a magic strain.

Yes, and another now enjoys the prize,
And reaps the fruit of all my vows for thee :
Foolish, I dreamed of life 'neath golden skies,
Wert thou but saved — not such great Heaven's decree :

I said I 'll till my fields ; she 'll guard my store
When crops are threshed in Autumn's burning heat ;
She 'll keep my grapes in baskets brimming o'er,
And my rich must exprest by nimble feet.

She 'll count my flock ; some home-born slave of mine
Will prattle in my darling's lap and play :
To rural God ripe clusters for the vine,
Sheaves for my crops, cates for my fold, she 'll pay.

Slaves — all shall own her undisputed rule ;
Myself a cipher — how the thought would please !
Here will Messala come, for whom she'll pull
The sweetest apples from the choicest trees.

And honouring one so great, for him prepare
And serve the banquet with her own white hands.
Fond dream ! which now the East and South wind bear
Away to far Armenia's spicy lands.

— *Translation of* JAMES CRANSTOUN.

SEXTUS AURELIUS PROPERTIUS.

PROPERTIUS was born about half a century before Christ, in upper Italy, near the sources of the Clitumnus River. He causes the Seer to say : —

“ Old Umbria gave thee birth — a spot renowned —
Say, am I right ? is that thy native ground ? —
Where, dewy-moist, lie low Mevania's plains,
Where steams the Umbrian lake with summer rains,
Where towers the wall o'er steep Asisium's hill,
A wall thy genius shall make nobler still.”

His father was a knight who had joined the party of Lucius Antonius, and after the capture of Perusium by Octavius undoubtedly suffered the confiscation of his property. Though he became a very learned man, his learning unfavourably affecting his poetry, as was the case with Milton, he seems to have been deprived of early opportunities of careful training and was obliged to postpone till later in life — if indeed he ever enjoyed them — the academic advantages of Athens. He prepared for the Roman bar, but was easily diverted from the law to poetry. His first patron was Volcatius Tullus, a wealthy young man of his own age. Later he was taken into the literary circle which Mæcenas gathered about him. As a poet he called himself the pupil of the Coan Philetas, and it was his ambition to be regarded as the Roman Callimachus. Hence he was inclined to overload his verses with Greek myths and obscure classical allusions. This was a fault which the purer taste of Tibullus avoided. When Propertius was twenty-three or four he first became acquainted with the beautiful Hostia, a native of Tibur, and believed to be the granddaughter of the Hostius who wrote a poem on the Histric war. She was herself addicted to verse, was skilled in music, dancing, and fine needle-work. She is celebrated as the Cynthia of the elegies. The passion lasted about five years and was clouded by jealousy and estrangement ; but from the fact that her successor in his

affections received some of her trinkets, it has been conjectured that she died under his protecting care. It is supposed that he married, for he left legitimate issue mentioned by Pliny. He lived on the Esquiline not far from the gardens of Mæcenas. Here he must have frequently met the great poets of his day; but while he speaks of having heard parts of the *Æneid* read aloud, he never mentions Horace, Tibullus, or Ovid. Yet Ovid speaks of him in terms of warm affection. Apparently he was urged to drive his Muse to epic ambitions, but he replied:—

“Enough, with sweet Callimachus to please,
And lays like thine, O Coan poet, weave :
To thrill the youth and fire the fair with these,
Be hailed divine, and homage meet receive.”

And again:—

“As when we cannot reach the head of statues all too high,
We lay a chaplet at the feet, so now perforce do I,
Unfit to climb the giddy heights of epic song divine,
In humble adoration lay poor incense on thy shrine :
For not as yet my Muse hath known the wells of Ascrea's grove :
Permessus' gentle wave alone hath laved the limbs of Love.”

But in the fifth book of his *Elegies* he made redactions of some of his earlier poems, and sang of the glories of old Rome with what Dean Merivale calls “a strength and sometimes a grandeur of language which would have been highly relished in the sterner age of Lucretius.” These poems may have suggested to Ovid the plan of his “*Fasti*,” or “*Annals in Verse*.” Propertius died early, the date assigned being the year 15. His lack of comparative popularity is shown by the fact that there are no selections from his works in any of the Latin anthologies. But in spite of his obscurities and the difficulties of his learned allusions there is fine poetry in his *Elegies*.

A FESTIVAL DAY.

THIS festal day let soil and tiller rest!

Hang up the share, and give all ploughing o'er ;
Unstrap the yokes. Each ox, with chaplets drest,
Should feed at large a well-filled stall before.

See the doomed lamb to blazing altars led,
 White crowds behind with olive fillets bound;
 That evil from our borders may be sped,
 Thus, gods of home, we lustrate hind and ground.

That ye may fend from all mischance the swain,
 And from our acres banish blight and bale,
 Lest hollow ears should mock our hope of grain,
 Or 'gainst weak lambs the fleeter wolf prevail.

Bold in his thriving tilth the farmer then
 Logs on a blazing hearth shall cheerly pile;
 And slaves, by whom their master's ease we ken,
 Frolic, and wattle bowers of twigs the while.

— *Translation of JAMES DAVIES.*

CAPTURED BY CUPIDS.

As yesternight, my life! I roamed the street,
 Flusht with the grape, no slave to guide my feet:
 A tiny multitude of boys drew near:
 I could not count them from my wildering fear.
 Some torches shook; some brandisht darts in air;
 Some rattled chains; their rosy limbs were bare,
 Till one, more petulant in mischief, cried,
 "Seize, bind him; he is known to us, and tried:
 'T is he, markt out by an offended fair."
 Instant my neck was noosed in knotted snare:
 One shouts to drag me forth; another cries,
 "Wretch! if he doubts that we are Gods, he dies.
 For thee, all undeserving as thou art,
 She wakeful counts the hours, that slow depart:
 And all expectant sighs; while some strange fair
 Attracts thee to her door: we know not where.
 Fond fool! when, disentangled from her head
 Her nightly turban's purple fillet's spread,
 As, drooping with moist sleep, she lifts her eyes,
 Such odours from her locks dishevelled rise,
 As ne'er Arabia's breathing balms diffuse;
 For Love's own hands extract those essenced dew.

But spare him, brothers! the repentant youth
Gives his free promise now of amorous truth:
And see, we reach the appointed house," he said:
Then my stript mantle o'er my shoulders spread,
And led me in: "Go now: no longer roam:
But learn from this to pass thy nights at home."

LOVE THE WINGED ARCHER.

HAD he not hands of rare device, whoe'er
First painted Love in figure of a boy?
He saw what thoughtless beings lovers were,
Who blessings lose whilst lightest cares employ.

Nor added he those airy wings in vain,
And bade through human hearts the godhead fly;
For we are tost upon a wavering main;
Our gale, inconstant, veers around the sky.

Nor, without cause, he grasps those barbèd darts,
The Cretan quiver o'er his shoulder cast;
Ere we suspect a foe, he strikes our hearts;
And those inflicted wounds for ever last.

In me are fixt those arrows — in my breast;
But sure his wings are shorn, the boy remains;
For never takes he flight, nor knows he rest;
Still, still I feel him warring through my veins.

In these scorcht vitals dost thou joy to dwell?
Oh shame! to others let thy arrows flee;
Let veins untoucht with all thy venom swell;
Not me thou torturest, but the shade of me.

Destroy me — who shall then describe the fair?
This my light Muse to thee high glory brings:
When the nymphs' tapering fingers, flowing hair,
And eyes of jet, and gliding feet, she sings.

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

TO TULLUS.

THE STINGS OF LOVE.

CYNTHIA'S ensnaring eyes my bondage tied :

Ah wretch ! no loves till then had toucht my breast ;
Love bent to earth these looks of stedfast pride,
And on my neck his foot triumphant prest.

He taught me, then, to loathe the virtuous fair,
And shameless waste my wild and driftless hours ;
Twelve moons this madness lasts ; and yet my prayer
Is breathed in hopeless love to adverse powers.

Minalion, erst, could all adventures brave,
Till Atalanta's barbarous heart grew mild ;
Love-crazed, he tried each drear Parthenian cave,
And lookt on shaggy beasts in forests wild !

Struck by the branch the monstrous Centaur swayed,
Midst shrill Arcadia's rocks he groaning fell ;
And thus he tamed the nimble-footed maid ;
Thus love-prayers speed, and acts that merit well !

In me no arts can tardy Love devise ;
His foot can track no more the beaten ways :
Come ye ! that draw the Moon from charmed skies,
That bid the hearth in magic orgies blaze.

Come ! turn a haughty mistress' marble heart,
And change her cheek, still paler than my own :
Then will I trust that stars obey your art,
And rivers rush, by muttered verse alone.

Friends ! that too late my sliding feet recall,
Some antidote to this my frenzy bear :
Bring steel ; bring flames and racks : I brave them all ;
But let me freely vent my fierce despair.

Oh snatch me to the world's remotest shore !
Oh waft me o'er the immeasurable main !
Where never woman may behold me more,
Nor trace my way, to sting with her disdain.

Stay ye, to whom the listening God consents;
Safe in an equal yoke of fondness move;
But Venus all my bitter nights torments;
No — not a single hour is free from love!

Beware my sufferings: hold the mistress dear
Whose faith is tried, nor shift the accustomed sway;
If to my voice ye bend a slothful ear,
What pangs shall my remembered words convey.

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

CYNTHIA DANCING.

'T WAS not her face, though fair, so smote my eye
(Less fair the lily than my love: as snows
Of Scythia with Iberian vermilion vie;
As float in milk the petals of the rose);

Nor locks that down her neck of ivory stream,
Nor eyes — my stars — twin lamps with love aglow;
Nor if in silk of Araby she gleam
(I prize not baubles), does she thrill me so

As when she leaves the mantling cup to thread
The mazy dance, and moves before my view,
Graceful as blooming Ariadne led
The choral revels of the Bacchic crew;

Or wakes the lute-strings with Æolian quill
To music worthy of the immortal Nine,
And challenges renowned Corinna's skill,
And rates her own above Erinna's line.

— *Translation of* JAMES CRANSTOWN.

INSPIRATION TO SONG.

You ask me why love-elegy so frequently I follow,
And why my little book of tender trifles only sings:
It is not from Calliope, nor is it from Apollo,
But from my own sweet lady-love my inspiration
springs.

If in resplendent purple robe of Cos my darling dresses,
 I'll fill a portly volume with the Coan garment's praise;
 Or if her truant tresses wreath her forehead with caresses,
 The tresses of her queenly brow demand her poet's lays.

Or if, perchance, she strike the speaking lyre with ivory
 fingers,
 I marvel how those nimble fingers run the chords
 along;
 Or if above her slumber-drooping eyes a shadow lingers,
 My tranced mind is sure to find a thousand themes of
 song.

Or if for love's delightful strife repose awhile be broken,
 Oh! I could write an Iliad of our sallies and alarms;
 If anything at all she's done—if any word she's
 spoken—
 From out of nothing rise at once innumerable charms.

— *Translation of JAMES CRANSTOUN.*

BEAUTY UNADORNED.

With purchast gauds why mar thy native grace,
 Nor let thy form on its own charms depend?
 No borrowed arts can mend thy beauteous face:
 No artist's skill will naked Love befriend.

See of all hues the winsome earth upends,
 How ivy with no training blooms the best!
 How rarest grace and growth the arbutu blends
 In mountain dells remotest, loneliest!

And streams that glide in wild unstudied ways,
 And shores with native pebbles glistening,
 Outvie the attempts of art: no tutored lays
 Sound half so sweet as wild bird's carolling.

— *Translation of JAMES DAVIES.*

LOVE'S SHIPWRECK.

RIGHTLY I'm served, who had the heart to fly!
To the lone halcyons here I make my moan:
Nor shall my keel its wonted port draw nigh —
Adrift on thankless shore my vows are thrown.

Nay, more! the adverse winds espouse thy side!
Lo! in rude gusts how fiercely chides the gale!
Will no sweet Peace o'er yon wild tempest ride?
Must these few sands to hide my corpse avail?

Nay, change thy harsh complaints for milder tones!
Let night on yonder shoals my pardon buy.
Thou wilt not brook to leave unurned my bones:
Thou wilt not face my loss with tearless eye.

Ah! perish he who first with raft and sail
The whirlpools of a hostile deep essayed!
Liefer I'd let my Cynthia's whims prevail,
And tarried with a hard, yet matchless, maid —

Than scan a shore with unknown forests girt,
And strain mine eyes the welcome Twins to sight.
At home had Fate but stilled my bosom's hurt,
And one last stone o'er buried love lain light,

She should have shorn her tresses o'er my tomb,
And laid my bones to rest on cushioned rose,
Called the dear name above the dust of doom,
And bade me 'neath the sod uncrusht repose.

Daughters of Doris, tenants of the deep,
Unfurl the white sail with propitious hand;
If e'er sly Love did 'neath your waters creep,
Oh! grant a fellow-slave a kindly strand.

— *Translation of* JAMES DAVIES.

A HINT OF JEALOUSY.

WHEN thou to lounge mid Baïæ's haunts art fain,
 Near road first trackt by toiling Hercules,
 Admiring now Thesprotus' old domain,
 Now famed Misenum, hanging o'er the seas ;

Say, dost thou care for me, who watch alone ?
 In thy love's corner hast thou room to spare ?
 Or have my lays from thy remembrance flown,
 Some treacherous stranger finding harbour there ?

Rather I'd deem that, trusting tiny oar,
 Thou guidest slender skiff in Lucrine wave ;
 Or in a sheltered creek, by Teuthras' shore,
 Dost cleave thy bath, as in lone ocean cave,

Than for seductive whispers leisure find,
 Reclining softly on the silent sand,
 And mutual gods clean banish from thy mind,
 As flirt is wont, no chaperon near at hand.

I know, of course, thy blameless character,
 Yet in thy fond behalf all court I fear.
 Ah ! pardon if my verse thy choler stir,
 Blame but my jealous care for one so dear.

Mother and life beneath thy love I prize,
 Cynthia to me is home, relations, bliss ;
 Come I to friends with bright or downcast eyes —
 'Tis Cynthia's mood is the sole cause of this.

Ah ! let her, then, loose Baïæ's snares eschew —
 Oft from its gay parades do quarrels spring,
 And shores that oft have made true love untrue :
 A curse on them, for lovers' hearts they wring.

— *Translation of JAMES DAVIES.*

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

At board and banquet have I been a jest,
And whoso chose might point a gibe at me;
Full five years didst thou my stanch service test,
Now shalt thou bite thy nails to find me free.

I mind not tears — unmoved by trick so stale;
Cynthia, thy tears from artful motives flow;
I weep to part, but wrongs o'er sobs prevail;
'Tis thou hast dealt love's yoke its crushing blow.

Threshold, adieu, that pitied my distress,
And door that took no hurt from angered hand;
But thee, false woman, may the inroads press
Of years, whose wrack in vain wilt thou withstand.

Ay, seek to pluck the hoar hairs from their root; —
Lo, how the mirror chides thy wrinkled face!
Now is thy turn to reap pride's bitter fruit,
And find thyself in the despised one's place:

Thrust out, in turn, to realize disdain,
And, what thou didst in bloom, when sere lament:
Such doom to thee foretells my fateful strain;
Hear, then, and fear, thy beauty's punishment.

— *Translation of JAMES DAVIES.*

CORNELIA.

And now I leave thee as a sacred trust,
That common pledge, our children; for this care,
Branded into my dust, yet breathes and lives.
Hereafter thou, their father, take for them
A mother's office; for thy neck must bear
The load of all my loved ones. When thou givest
Thy kisses as they weep, add too their mother's.
Thine is the burden of the household now.
If thou have sorrow, let them see thee not;
Beguile them, when they come, with tearless cheeks
And fond caresses. Be it enough for thee
To weary the long nights with thoughts of me,
And the beholding of my form in dreams,

So, when thou speakest to my sacred shade,
 Think thou hast answer to thine every word.
 But now, whether it be the door I knew
 Open upon an altered wedding-couch,
 And a stepmother sit where I sat once,
 Speak well, my children, of your father's wife,
 And bear her yoke; before your winning ways
 It must be that her charmed heart will yield.
 Also praise not your mother over much,
 For your new parent, matcht with her of old,
 Will think scorn of your free and innocent speech —
 Or if my shade content him, and he think
 My ashes of such price, learn well to mark
 The coming of old age, and leave no room
 For cares to enter which beset the life
 Of single men. The number of the years
 Which I have lost, Heaven add unto your days.
 And so may Paullus, with my offspring left,
 Love to be old. And it is well — for never
 Clothed I myself in mourning for a child.
 None, none was absent from my funeral rites.
 But I have said. Plead for me ye that weep
 While grateful Earth pays back the price of life.
 Yea, Heaven itself hath opened to the good.
 And may my bones, for all that I have wrought,
 Ride on triumphant to the fields of rest!

— *Translation of PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.*

LOVE AND SCIENCE.

LONG as of youth the joyous hours remain,
 Me may Castalia's sweet recess detain,
 Fast by the umbrageous vale lulled to repose,
 Where Aganippe warbles as it flows;
 Or roused by sprightly sounds from out the trance,
 I'd in the ring knit hands and join the Muses' dance.
 Give me to send the laughing bowl around
 My soul in Bacchus' pleasing fetters bound;
 Let on this head unfading flowers reside,
 There blooms the vernal rose's earliest pride;
 And when, our flames commissioned to destroy,
 Age step twixt Love and me, and intercept the joy,

When my changed head these locks no lore shall know,
And all its jetty honours turn to snow;
Then let me rightly spell of Nature's ways;
To Providence, to Him my thoughts I'd raise,
Who taught this vast machine its steadfast laws,
That first eternal, universal Cause;
Search to what regions yonder Star retires,
That monthly waning hides her paly fires,
And whence, anew revived, with silver light
Relumes her crescent orb to cheer the dreary night:
How rising winds the face of Ocean sweep,
Where lie the eternal fountains of the deep,
And whence the cloudy magazines maintain
Their wintry war or pour the autumnal rain;
How flames, perhaps, with dire confusion hurled,
Shall sink this beauteous fabric of the world;
What colours paint the vivid arch of Jove;
What wondrous force the solid earth can move,
When Pindus' self approaching ruin dreads,
Shakes all his pines and bows his hundred heads;
Why does yon Orb, so exquisitely bright,
Obscure his radiance in a short-lived night;
Whence the seven Sisters' congregated fires
And what Boötes' lazy wagon tires;
How the rude surge its sandy bounds control;
Who measured out the year, and bade the seasons roll;
If realms beneath those fabled torments know,
Pangs without respite, fires that ever glow,
Earth's monster brood stretcht on their iron bed,
The hissing terrors round Alecto's head,
Scarce to nine acres Tityus' bulk confined,
The triple dog that scares the shadowy kind,
All angry Heaven inflicts, or Hell can feel,
The pendent rock, Ixion's whirling wheel,
Famine at feasts, and thirst amid the stream;
Or are our fears the enthusiasts' empty dream,
And all the scenes that hurt the grave's repose,
But pictured horror and poetic woes.
These soft inglorious joys my hours engage;
Be Love my youth's pursuit and Science crown my Age.
You whose young bosoms feel a nobler flame
Redeem what Crassus lost and vindicate his name.

— *Translation of THOMAS GRAY.*

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO.

OVID was born March 20, 43 B.C., at Sulmo, now Solmona, a picturesque spot "abounding in cool waters," among the Apennines, about ninety miles northeast from Rome. His father belonged to the equestrian order, and seems to have been a practical, hard-headed man of business, who had little sympathy with his son's poetical proclivities, reminding him that Mæonian Homer was penniless. He and his brother Lucius were carefully educated, and he was destined to practise law in the Roman courts. The death of Lucius doubled his prospects and freed him from the necessity of labour. He had some ability in oratory. Seneca, remarking that when he took pains he was a good declaimer, added that his discourse resembled a *solutum carmen*, "free and easy verse or improvisation." After studying rhetoric at Rome, he went to Athens and became thoroughly familiar with Greek. He travelled extensively in Asia and Sicily, afterward utilizing his acquaintance with the scenes of legend and romance to enrich his poems. He returned to Rome and became one of the judges who tried will suits and sometimes criminal cases; he was even promoted to be one of the "decemviri," or presiding officers of that court. He was twice married in early life, but both wives were speedily divorced. It is a question whether the Corinna whom he celebrates in his three books of "Amores" was a real person. It has been conjectured that she was Julia, the dissolute daughter of the Emperor Augustus. Some think that this mistress was only a fiction.

As a poet he was extremely popular. Even as a youth he began to recite his verses in public. He mingled in the fashionable literary set, and after his happy marriage with his third wife he lived in a comfortable house near the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter. Here his daughter Perilla was born. He also had a summer home at Sulmo. While he was on the island of Elba, in the year 9 A.D., he received a command

from the emperor to betake himself to Tomi, a town on the Euxine, south of the mouths of the Danube, on the very border of the empire. The ostensible reason was the publication of his "*Ars Amatoria*." But although Augustus commanded this to be expelled from the libraries, it had been published ten years previously. The real cause of his exile will never be known. He describes in one of his poems the tragedy of his banishment. His wife was left in Rome to scheme for the revocation of the sentence. But he was not recalled. Tomi was a small, disagreeable place, exposed to attacks from the barbarians, and so cold in winter that wine froze. He wrote from there many letters to friends, complaining of his fate; these poetical epistles are full of pathetic pictures of his unhappiness. He amused himself in learning the language of the Getae among whom he lived, and composed poems in it. They were publicly recited and received with great applause. He made himself so well beloved by this people that they freed him from all public service. He died in exile 18 A.D. Ovid was a voluminous writer. Besides his love poems and the epistolary and other complaints of his exile, his best-known work is the fifteen books of "*The Metamorphoses*," in which he embodied in graceful verse many of the myths of the Greeks and Romans. These are woven into a continuous poem of considerable unity with much skill. He also wrote a tragedy entitled "*Medea*," which was very successful; only two lines of it are left. Ovid probably composed too spontaneously and fluently to accomplish the most perfect results. He was hardly a great poet, and of late years he has been rather neglected. In the seventeenth century he was even more popular than Vergil. Zachary Catlin called him "the Muses' favourite and white sun," and Wye Saltonstall, in one of the dainty little volumes which contain his translations of the "*Élegies and Letters*," thus vented his enthusiasm:—

"Of all the Poets that in verse did raigne
As Monarchs, none could equall Ovid's straine,
Especially in the affaires of Love
Ovid the Master of that Art did prove.
His fancies were so pleasing and so sweet
That Love did wish no other winding sheet,
If he had mortall beene, for he would dye
To live again in his Sweet Poesie."

THE CREATION.

"THE METAMORPHOSES."

OF bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.
 Assist, you Gods (from you these changes spring)
 And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times,
 Deduce my never-discontinued Rymes.
 The Sea, the Earth, all covering Heaven vnfram'd,
 One face had Nature, which they *Chaos* nam'd:
 An vndigested lump, a barren load,
 Where jarring seeds of things ill-joyn'd abroad.
 No *Titan* yet the world with light adornes;
 Nor waxing *Phæbe* fill'd her wained hornes:
 Nor hung the self-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac'd;
 Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac'd.
 With Earth was Ayre and Sea: the Earth vnstable,
 The Ayre was darke, the Sea vn-navigable:
 No certaine forme to any one assign'd.
 This, that resists. For, in one body joyn'd,
 The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight;
 The Soft and Hard, the Heavie with the Light.
 But God, the better Nature, this decides:
 Who Earth from Heaven, the Sea from Earth divides:
 And purer Heaven extracts from grosser Ayre.
 All which vnfolded by his prudent care
 From that blind Masse; the happily dis-joyn'd
 With strifelesse peace He to their seats confin'd.
 Forth-with vp-sprung the quick and waightlesse Fire,
 Whose flames vnto the highest Arch aspire:
 The next, in levitie and place, is Ayre:
 Grosse Elements to thicker Earth repayre
 Selfe-clog'd with waight: the Waters flowing round,
 Possesse the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.
 What God soeuer this division wrought,
 And every part to due proportion brought;
 First, least the Earth vnequall should appeare,
 He turn'd it round, in figure of a Spheare;
 Then, Seas diffus'd; commanding them to roare
 With ruffling Winds, and gieve the Land a shore.
 To those he addeth Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
 And Riuers, whom their winding borders fence:
 Of these, now few Earth's thirsty jawes deuoure:

The rest, the streames into the Ocean poure;
 When in that liquid Plaine, with freer waue,
 The foamie Cliffes, in stead of Banks, they laue:
 Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plaines extend,
 The rocky Mountaynes rise, and Vales descend.
 Two equall Zones, on either side, dispose
 The measur'd Heauens; a fifth, more hot then those.
 As many Lines th' included Globe divide:
 I' th' midst vnsufferable beams reside;
 Snow clothes the other two: the temperate hold
 'Twixt these their seats, the Heat well mixt with Cold.
 As Earth, as Water, vpper Ayre out-waighs;
 So much doth Ayre Fire's lighter balance raise.

There, He commands the changing Clouds to stray;
 There, thundering terrors mortall mindes dismay;
 And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow:
 Yet not permitted every way to blow;
 Who hardly now to teare the World refraine
 (So Brothers jarre!) though they divided raigne,
 To *Persis* and *Sabbæa*, *Eurus* flies;
 Whose gums perfume the blushing Mornes vp-rise:
 Next to the Evening, and the Coast that glowes
 With setting *Phæbus*, flowrie *Zeph'rus* blowes:
 In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,
 Beneath *Boötes* and the frozen Waine:
 The Land to this oppos'd, doth *Auster* steepe
 With fruitfull showres, and clouds which ever weepe.
 Aboue all these He plac't the liquid Skies;
 Which, void of earthly dregs, did highest rise.

Scarce had He all thus orderly dispos'd;
 When as the Starres their radiant heads disclos'd
 (Long hid in Night) and shone through all the skie.
 Then that no place should vnpossessed lie
 Bright Constellations, and faire figured Gods,
 In heavenly Mansions fixt their blest abodes:
 The glittering Fishes to the Floods repayre;
 The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Ayre.

The nobler Creature, with a mind possest,
 Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
 That Maker, the best World's originall,
 Either Him fram'd of seed Cælestiall;
 Or Earth, which late he did from Heauen diuide,
 Some sacred seeds retain'd, to Heauen ally'd:

Which with the liuing streame *Prometheus* mixt;
 And in that artificiaall structure fixt
 The forme of all th' all-ruling Deities.
 And whereas others see with down-caste eyes,
 He with a loftie looke did Man indue,
 And bade him heauens transcendent glories view.
 So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,
 Thus chang'd, of Man the vnknowne figure bore.

— *Translation of GEORGE SANDYS (ed. of 1632).*

PATIENCE AND TACT.

"THE ART OF LOVE."

WITH Parthians, war; but with thy maiden prove
 Soft peace, light wit, and every cause of love.
 Though harsh, uncourteous, she withhold consent;
 Persist, be patient, she shall yet relent.
 The tree's bent branch by gentle training plies;
 Urge your whole strength, it rudely snaps and flies;
 By gentle force your arms the stream divide,
 For vainly would you stem the hurrying tide.
 Tigers to this, Numidian lions, bow;
 This tames the bull, and yokes him to the plough.
 Than Atalanta who more fierce of mood?
 A lover's soft deserts that scorn subdued.
 Though oft Milanion, underneath the tree,
 Wept his hard hap, and maiden's cruelty;
 Oft on his neck the huntress' toils were laid;
 Oft his fell spear the grimly boar assayed;
 And once a Centaur's arrow winged the wound,
 Yet Love's keen arrow was more painful found.
 I bid thee not to javelins bare thy heart;
 Soft are the cautions of thy master's art.
 Still stoop to conquer; when she thwarts thee yield;
 Do all her bidding, thou shalt win the field.
 Thus, when she argues, argue on her side;
 What she approves approve; deny what she denied;
 Say and unsay; and, as her face appears,
 Smile on her smiles, and weep upon her tears.
 If with ill throw she cast the ivory die,
 Throw with ill luck; be hers the victory;

Ne'er with good cast a lucky vengeance take;
But throw ace-point; be thine the losing stake.
Or, when the chessman moves in mock campaign,
Thy pawn should by its glassy foe be slain.
Her rod-distended parasol display;
Make the rude crowd before her steps give way;
Affix the footstool to her slight settee;
Be the slid slipper placed, displaced, by thee.
Oft, though thyself be shivering with the cold,
Her hand within thy bosom, chafing, hold;
Nor think it mean, such meanness charms, to bear,
Though nobly bred, the mirror of the fair.
When bidden to the square, obedient start
At earlier hour, and, lingering, late depart.
Run, to whatever place; all else defer;
Not crowds should stay thee, when thou fliest to her.
At night, the banquet o'er, she seeks her home,
And calls her slave; do thou, obsequious, come.
Or, should she bid thee from the rural shade,
Love hates the slothful, be the call obeyed.
If wheels be wanting, take on foot thy way;
No lowering weather should thy haste delay;
No parching dog-star heat; no whitening track,
That leads through deepening snow-drifts, hold thee back.
Love is like war: ye faint of heart! begone!
No coward hands must bear our standards on.
In these soft camps are countless labours found;
Night, tempest, journeyings, many a grief and wound.
The clouds shall drench thee with ærial rain,
And thy cold limbs shall press the unsheltered plain.
Are level open ways thy feet denied?
To barricaded doors are bolts applied?
Yet the free roof is open to the sky;
Drop, or through stealthy windows slide from high.
Thy hair-breadth 'scapes the nymph shall pleased approve;
Herself the cause, and this thy pledge of love.

— *Translation of ALEXANDER POPE.*

THE REMEDY FOR HOPELESS LOVE.

SAPPHO'S LETTER TO PHAON.

A SPRING there is, where silver waters show
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below ;
 A flowery lotus spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove :
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watched by the sylvan genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swelled with tears the flood,
 Before my sight a watery virgin stood :
 She stood and cried, "Oh, you that love in vain,
 Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main !
 There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;
 There injured lovers, leaping from above,
 Their flames extinguish and forget to love.
 Deucalion once, with hopeless fury burned,
 In vain he loved, relentless Pyrrha scorned :
 But when from hence he plunged into the main,
 Deucalion scorned and Pyrrha loved in vain.
 Hence, Sappho, haste ! from high Leucadia throw
 Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below."
 She spoke, and vanisht with the voice — I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
 I go, ye nymphs, those rocks and seas to prove :
 And much I fear ; but ah ! how much I love !
 I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires ;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, below my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below !
 And then, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane !
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I 'll then bestow,
 And this inscription shall be placed below —
 "Here she who sung to him that did inspire,
 Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ;
 What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee —
 The gift, the giver, and the god agree."

— *From the translation of* ALEXANDER POPE.

A POET'S FAME.

ENVY, why twitt'st thou me my time 's spent ill,
Or call'st my verse fruits of an idle quill?
Or that, unlike the line from whence I sprung,
War's dusty honours I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious laws,
And prostitute my voice in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine, eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chant my name!
Homer will live whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or to the sea fleet Simois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened ear.
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow.
No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud vein:
With sun and moon Aratus shall remain.
Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-reared strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain.
Of Varro's name what ear shall not be told?
Of Jason's Argo and the fleece of gold?
Then shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die
When earth and seas in fire and flames shall fry.
Tityrus, Tillage, Æney shall be read
Whilst Rome of all the conquered world is head.
Till Cupid's fires be out and his bow broken,
Thy verses neat Tibullus shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be known from East to West;
So shall Lycoris whom he now loves best.
The suffering ploughshare or the flint may wear;
But heavenly poesy no death can fear.
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœbus swell
With cups full-flowing from the Muses' well!
The frost-drad myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I 'll be often read!
Envy the living not the dead doth bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live and my best part aspire.

— Translation of BEN JONSON.

A CAPTIVE OF LOVE.

WHAT makes my bed seem hard, seeing it is soft ?
Or why slips down the coverlet so oft ?
Although the nights be long, I sleep not through ;
My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro.
Were Love the cause, it 's like I should descry him ;
Or lies he close, and shoots where none can spy him ?
'T was so ; he struck ; he struck me with a slender dart ;
'T is cruel Love turmoils my captive heart.
Yielding or struggling, do we give him might ?
Let 's yield : a burden easily borne is light !
I saw a brandisht fire increase in strength ;
Which being not shaken, I saw it die at length.
Young oxen newly yoked are beaten more
Than oxen which have drawn the plough before ;
And rough jades' mouths with stubborn bits are torn ;
But managed horses' heads are lightly borne.
Unwilling lovers Love doth more torment
Than such as in their bondage feel content.
Lo, I confess, I am thy captive, I !
And hold my conquered hands for thee to tie.
What needst thou war ? I sue to thee for grace :
With arms to conquer armless men is base !
Yoke Venus' doves, put myrtles on thy hair :
Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and fair.
The people thee applauding, thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmless pigeons with thy hand :
Young men and women shalt thou lead as thrall ;
So will thy triumph seem magnificent :
I, lately caught, will have a new-made wound,
And captive-like be manied and bound :
Good meaning, shame and such as seek Love's wrack,
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their back :
Thee all shall fear and worship as a king ;
Iō-triumphing shall thy people sing ;
Smooth speeches, Fear, and Rage shall by thee ride,
Which troops have always been on Cupid's side :
Thou with these soldiers conquer'st Gods and men ;
Take these away, where is thine honour then ?
Thy mother shall from Heaven applaud this show,
And on their faces heaps of roses strow :

With beauty of thy wings thy fair hair gilded,
 Ride, golden Love, in chariot richly builded.
 Unless I err, full many shalt thou burn,
 And give wounds infinite at every turn :
 In spite of thee, forth will thine arrows fly ;
 A scorching flame burns all the standers-by.
 So having conquered Ind, was Bacchus' hue :
 Thee pompous birds, and him two tigers drew.
 Then, seeing I grace thy show in following thee,
 Forbear to hurt thyself in spoiling me.
 Behold thy kinsman Caesar's prosperous bands.
 Who guards the conqueror with his conquering hands.

— *Translation of CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.*

ON THE DEATH OF CORINNA'S PARROT.

THE Parrot, from East India to me sent,
 Is dead : all fowls, her exequies frequent.
 Go, godly birds, striking your breasts, bewail,
 And with rough claws your tender cheeks assail !
 For woful hairs let piece-torn plumes abound ;
 For long shrild trumpets let your notes resound !
 Why, Philomel, dost Tereus' lewdness mourn ?
 All-wasting years have that complaint now worn :
 Thy tunes let this rare bird's sad funeral borrow,
 It's a great, but ancient, cause of sorrow.
 All you whose pinions in the clear air soar,
 But most thou friendly turtle-dove, deplore :
 Full concord all your lives was you betwixt,
 And to the end your constant faith stood fixt ;
 What Pylades did to Orestes prove,
 Such to the parrot was the turtle-dove !
 But what availed this faith ? Her rarest hue ?
 Or voice that how to change the wild notes knew ?
 What helps it thou wert given to please my wench ?
 Birds' hapless glory, death thy life doth quench.
 Thou with thy quills mightst make green emeralds dark,
 And pass our scarlet of red saffron's mark.
 No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground ;
 Thou spok'st thy words so well with stammering sound.

Envy hath rapt thee : no fierce wars thou movedst ;
Vain-babbling speech and pleasant peace thou lovedst.
Behold, how quails among their battles live,
Which do perchance old age unto them give.
A little filled thee ; and, for love of talk,
Thy mouth to taste of many meats did balk.
Nuts were thy food and poppy caused thee sleep ;
Pure water's moisture thirst away did keep.
The ravenous vulture lives ; the puttock hovers
Around the air ; the cadess rain discovers ;
And crows survive arms-bearing Pallas' hate,
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
Dead is that speaking image of man's voice,
The parrot given me, the far world's best choice.
The greedy spirits take the best things first,
Supplying their void places with the worst.
Thersites did Protesilaus survive ;
And Hector died, his brothers yet alive !
My wench's vows for thee what should I show,
Which stormy South winds into sea did blow ?
The seventh day came ; none following mightst thou see ;
And the Fate's distaff empty stood to thee.
Yet words in thy benumbed palate rung ;
" Farewell, Corinna," cried thy dying tongue.
Elysium hath a wood of holm-trees black,
Whose earth doth not perpetual green grass lack.
There good birds rest (if we believe things hidden),
Whence unclean fowls are said to be forbidden.
There harmless swans feed all abroad the river ;
There lives the phœnix, one alone bird ever ;
There Juno's bird displays his gorgeous feather,
And loving doves kiss eagerly together.
The parrot, into wood received with these,
Turns all the godly birds to what she please.
A grave her bones hides : on her corps' great grave
The little stones these little verses have :—
*This tomb approves I pleased my mistress well ;
My mouth in speaking did all birds excel.*

— Translation of CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE RING.

SIGN of my too presumptuous flame,
To fairest Celia haste, nor linger,
And may she gladly breathe my name,
And gayly put thee on her finger!

Suit her as I myself, that she
May fondle thee with murmured blessing;
Caressed by Celia! Who could be
Unenvious of such sweet caressing?

Had I Medea's magic art,
Or Proteus' power of transformation,
Then would I blithely play thy part,
The happiest trinket in creation!

Oh! on her bosom I would fall,
Her finger guiding all too lightly;
Or else be magically small,
Fearing to be discarded nightly.

And I her ruby lips would kiss
(What mortal's fortune could be better?)
As oft allowed to seal my bliss
As she desires to seal a letter.

Now go, these are delusions bright
Of idle Fancy's idlest scheming;
Tell her to read the token right —
Tell her how sweet is true love's dreaming.

— *Paraphrase of A. A. BRODRIBB.*

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF TIBULLUS.

If bright Aurora mourned for Memnon's fate,
Or the fair Thetis wept Achilles slain,
And the sad sorrows that on mortals wait
Can ever move celestial hearts with pain —

Come, doleful Elegy ! too just a name !

Unbind thy tresses fair, in loose attire,
For he, thy bard, the herald of thy fame,
TIBULLUS, burns on the funereal pyre.

Ah, lifeless corse ! Lo ! Venus' boy draws near
With upturned quiver and with shattered bow,
His torch extinguisht, see him toward the bier
With drooping wings disconsolately go.

He smites his heaving breast with cruel blow,
Those straggling locks, his neck all streaming round,
Receive the tears that fastly trickling flow,
While sobs convulsive from his lips resound.

In guise like this, Iulus, when of yore
His dear Æneas died, he sorrowing went ;
Now Venus wails as when the raging boar
The tender thigh of her Adonis rent.

We bards are named the gods' peculiar care ;
Nay, some declare that poets are divine ;
Yet forward death no holy thing can spare,
Round all his dismal arms he dares entwine.

Did Orpheus' mother aid, or Linus' sire ?
That one subdued fierce lions by his song
Availed not ; and, they say, with plaintive lyre
The god mourned Linus, woods and glades among.

Mæonides, from whose perennial lay
Flow the rich founts of the Pierian wave
To wet the lips of bards, one dismal day
Sent down to Orcus and the gloomy grave —

Him, too, Avernus holds in drear employ ;
Only his songs escape the greedy pile ;
His work remains — the mighty wars of Troy,
And the slow web, unwove by nightly guile.

Live a pure life ; — yet death remains thy doom :
Be pious ; — ere from sacred shrines you rise,
Death drags you heedless to the hollow tomb !
Confide in song — lo ! there Tibullus lies.

Scarce of so great a soul, thus lowly laid,
Enough remains to fill this little urn;
O holy bard! were not the flames afraid
That hallowed corse thus ruthlessly to burn?

These might devour the heavenly halls that shine
With gold — they dare a villany so deep:
SHE turned who holds the Erycinian shrine,
And there are some who say she turned to weep.

Yet did the base soil of a stranger land
Not hold him nameless; as the spirit fled
His mother closed his eyes with gentle hand,
And paid the last sad tribute to the dead.

Here, with thy wretched mother's woe to wait,
Thy sister came with loose dishevelled hair;
Nemesis kisses thee, and thy earlier mate —
They watcht the pyre when all had left it bare.

Departing, Delia faltered, "Thou wert true,
The Fates were cheerful then, when I was thine:"
The other, "Say, what hast thou here to do?"
Dying, he claspt his failing hand in mine.

Ah, yet, if any part of us remains
But name and shadow, Albius is not dead;
And thou, Catullus, in Elysian plains,
With Calvus see the ivy crown his head.

Thou, Gallus, prodigal of life and blood,
If false the charge of amity betrayed,
And aught remains across the Stygian flood,
Shalt meet him yonder with thy happy shade.

Refined Tibullus! thou art joined to those
Living in calm communion with the blest;
In peaceful urn thy quiet bones repose —
May earth lie lightly where thy ashes rest!

— *Translation of ALFRED CHURCH.*

THE SUN-GOD'S PALACE.

"THE METAMORPHOSES."

SUBLIME on lofty columns, bright with gold
And fiery carbuncle, its roof inlaid
With ivory, rose the Palace of the Sun,
Approacht by folding gates with silver sheen
Radiant; material priceless, — yet less prized
For its own worth than what the cunning head
Of Mulciber thereon had wrought, — the globe
Of Earth, — the Seas that wash it round, — the Skies
That overhang it. Mid the waters played
Their Gods cærulean. Triton with his horn
Was there, and Proteus of the shifting shape,
And old Ægeon, curbing with firm hand
The monsters of the deep. Her Nereids there
Round Doris sported, seeming, some to swim,
Some on the rocks their tresses green to dry,
Some dolphin-borne to ride; nor all in face
The same, nor different; — so should sisters be.
Earth showed her men and towns and woods and beasts
And streams and nymphs and rural deities:
And over all the mimic Heaven was bright
With the twelve Zodiac signs, on either valve
Of the great portal figured, — six on each.

— *Translation of* HENRY KING.

IMPERTINENCE PUNISHED.

"THE METAMORPHOSES."

WEARY and travel-worn, — her lips unwet
With water, at a straw-thatcht cottage door
The Wanderer knockt. An ancient crone came forth
And saw her need, and hospitable brought
Her bowl of barley-broth, and bade her drink.
Thankful she raised it: — but a graceless boy
And impudent stood by, and, ere the half
Was drained, "Ha! ha! see how the glutton swills!"
With insolent jeer he cried. The Goddess' ire
Was roused, and, as he spoke, what liquor yet

The bowl retained full in his face she dasht.
 His cheeks broke out in blotches: — what were arms
 Turned legs, and from the shortened trunk a tail
 Tapered behind. Small mischief evermore
 Might that small body work: — the lizard's self
 Was larger now than he. With terror shriekt
 The crone, and weeping stoopt her altered child
 To raise; — the little monster fled her grasp
 And wriggled into hiding. Still his name
 His nature tells, and, from the star-like spots
 That mark him, known as Stello crawls the Newt.

— *Translation of HENRY KING.*

ORPHEUS IN HADES.

“THE METAMORPHOSES.”

So sang he, and, accordant to his plaint,
 As wailed the strings, the bloodless Ghosts were moved
 To weeping. By the lips of Tantalus
 Unheeded slipt the wave; — Ixion's wheel
 Forgot to whirl; — the Vulture's bloody feast
 Was stayed; — awhile the Belides forbore
 Their leaky urns to dip; — and Sisyphus
 Sate listening on his stone. Then first, they say,
 The iron cheeks of the Eumenides
 Were wet with pity. Of the nether realm
 Nor King nor Queen had heart to say him nay.
 Forth from a host of new-descended Shades
 Eurydice was called; and, halting yet
 Slow with her recent wound she came — alive,
 On one condition to her spouse restored,
 That, till Avernus' vale is past and earth
 Regained, he look not backward, or the boon
 Is null and forfeit. Through the silent realm
 Upward against the steep and fronting hill
 Dark with obscurest gloom, the way he led:
 And now the upper air was all but won,
 When, fearful lest the toil o'ertask her strength,
 And yearning to behold the form he loved,
 An instant back he lookt, — and back the Shade
 That instant fled! The arms that wildly strove

To clasp and stay her claspt but yielding air!
No word of plaint even in that second Death
Against her Lord she uttered, — how could Love
Too anxious be upbraided? — but one last .
And sad “Farewell!” scarce audible, she sighed,
And vanisht to the Ghosts that late she left.

— *Translation of* HENRY KING.

THE GIANTS’ WAR.

FIRST BOOK OF “THE METAMORPHOSES.”

NOR were the gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguered heaven the giants move.
Hills piled on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky.
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
To avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning played along the firmament,
And their demolisht works to pieces rent.
Singed with the flames, and with the bolts transfixt,
With native earth their blood the monsters mixt;
The blood, indued with animating heat,
Did in the impregnate earth new sons beget;
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accurst,
Against the gods immortal hatred nurst:
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
Expressing their original from blood.
Which when the king of gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himself had found on earth of late,
Lycaon’s guilt, and his inhuman treat)
He sighed, nor longer with his pity strove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;
Then called a general council of the gods;
Who, summoned, issue from their blest abodes,
And fill the assembly with a shining train.
A way there is in heaven’s expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of “Milky” know.
The groundwork is of stars; through which the road
Lies open to the Thunderer’s abode.

The gods of greater nations dwell around,
And on the right and left the palace bound ;
The commons where they can ; the nobler sort,
With winding doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
When all were placed, in seats distinctly known,
And he, their father, had assumed the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament :
Air, earth, and seas obeyed the Almighty nod :
And, with a general fear, confest the god.
At length, with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke.

“ I was not more concerned in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace :
For though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original ;
Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroyed.
Let me this holy protestation make :
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,
I tried whatever in the god-head lay ;
But gangrened members must be lopt away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below a race of demigods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fauns in woods ;
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let 'em at least enjoy that earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodged below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand ? ”
At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dared to doom
The fall of Cæsar, and, in him, of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear,
All anxious for their earthly thunderer ;
Nor was their care, O Cæsar, less esteemed
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deemed :

Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
Their murmurs, then resumed his speech again.
The gods to silence were composed, and sate
With reverence due to his superior state.

“Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to justice, and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.

The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and the oppressor's rage,
Had reacht the stars; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.

Disguised in human shape, I travelled round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.

O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey.
Then crost Cyllene, and the piny shade,
More infamous by curst Lycaon made:
Dark night had covered heaven and earth, before
I entered his unhospitable door.

Just at my entrance, I displayed the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray; the tyrant grins;

And, adding profanation to his sins,
‘I’ll try,’ said he, ‘and if a god appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear.’

’T was late; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, oppress’d with cares:

This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove:
But first he had resolved to test my power:

Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
Some legates sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:

Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh,
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some parts he roasts; then serves it up so drest,
And bids me welcome to this human feast.

Moved with disdain, the table I o’turned,
And with avenging flames the palace burned.
The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighbouring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,

But human voice his brutal tongue forsook,
About his lips the gathered foam he churns,
And breathing slaughter, still with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famisht face he bears;
His arms descend, his shoulders sink away,
To multiply his legs for chase of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
And the same rage in other members reigns,
His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space,
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of his face.

"This was a single ruin, but not one.
Deserves so just a punishment alone.
Mankind's a monster, and the ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
All are alike involved in ill, and all
Must by the same relentless fury fall."

Thus ended he; the greater gods assent,
By clamours urging his severe intent;
The less fill up the cry for punishment.
Yet still with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
They ask, when those were lost of human birth,
What he would do with all his waste of earth?
If his dispeopled world he would resign
To beasts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
If none were left to worship and invoke.
To whom the father of the gods replied:
"Lay that unnecessary fear aside:
Mine be the care new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the first, and try my skill again."

Already had he tost the flaming brand,
And rolled the thunder in his spacious hand;
Preparing to discharge on seas and land:
But stopt for fear, thus violently driven,
The sparks should catch his axletree of heaven.
Remembering, in the Fates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn,
And all the inferior globe to cinders turn,

His dire artillery thus dismiss, he bent
His thought to some securer punishment:
Concludes to pour a watery deluge down;
And what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.

The Northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds:
The South he loost, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes distil in showers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy mists are lowering on his brow,
Still as he swept along, with his clencht fist,
He squeezed the clouds; the imprisoned clouds resist:
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound;
And showers enlarged come pouring on the ground.
Then clad in colours of a various dye,
Junoian Iris breeds a new supply
To feed the clouds: impetuous rain descends;
The bearded corn beneath the burden bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their perisht grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.

Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down:
Aid from his brother of the sea he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves, their moist abodes;
And with perpetual urns his palace fill;
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.

"Small exhortation needs; your powers employ;
And this bad world (so Jove requires) destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your watery store:
Bear down the dams, and open every door."

The floods by nature enemies to land,
And proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stopt their way,
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the ground:
With inward trembling earth received the wound;
And rising streams a ready passage found.
The expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain;

Then rushing onwards with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and labouring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sapt by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a watery wall.
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.

One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he sowed his corn.
Others o'er chimney-tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below;
Or downward driven, they bruise the tender vine,
Or tost aloft, are knockt against a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropt the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks they browse,
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frightened wolf now swims among the sheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know
And levelled nature lies opprest below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood,
The small remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt the Athenian and Bœotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnassus is its name: whose forky rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting, moored his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perisht man; they two were human kind.
The mountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal man was he;

The most sincere and holy woman, she.

When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where so many millions lately lived,
But two, the best of either sex, survived,
He loost the northern wind ; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies :
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrowed face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves ; a Tyrian robe he wears ;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes, whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent ;
Then gives it breath ; the blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early East,
And met the rattling echoes in the West.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

A thin circumference of land appears ;
And Earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds :
The streams, but just contained within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl ;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonoured branches bear.

At length the world was all restored to view,
But desolate, and of a sickly hue :
Nature beheld herself and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.

Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke :
“ Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers joined ;
Of multitudes, who breathed the common air,
We two remain ; a species in a pair ;

The rest the seas have swallowed ; nor have we
E'en of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above ; and, while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatcht from hence and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How could'st thou such a wretched life sustain ?
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That buried her I loved, should bury me.
Oh, could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolisht man retrieve,
And perisht people in new souls might live !
But Heaven is pleased, nor ought we to complain,
That we, the examples of mankind remain."

He said : the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods, with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eased their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief :
And to Cephissus' brook their way pursue :
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments, and their head,
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defiled with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual prostrate they adored,
The pavement kist ; and thus the saint implored.
" O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love ;
If human miseries can move their mind ;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind ;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.
Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said :
" Depart, and with your vestments veil your head :
And stooping lowly down, with loosened zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's
bones."

Amazed the pair, and mute with wonder, stand,
Till Pyrrha first refused the dire command.
" Forbid it Heaven," said she, " that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulchre."

They pondered the mysterious words again,
For some new sense: and long they sought in vain.
At length Deucalion cleared his cloudy brow,
And said: "The dark enigma will allow
A meaning, which, if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command:
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body are her bones:
These we must cast behind." With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new solution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods; yet both resolve to try.
Decending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests, and, veiled, they cast the stones behind:
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
And suppld into softness as they fell;
Then swelled, and, swelling, by degrees grew warm:
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect shapes, in marble such are seen;
When the rude chisel does the man begin;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles, and the veins.
The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
Were turned to moisture, for the body's use:
Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment:
The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power Divine, in little space,
What the man threw assumed a manly face;
And what the wife, renewed the female race,
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear,
Laborious life, and hardened into care.

The rest of animals from teeming earth,
Produced in various forms, received their birth.
The native moisture, in its close retreat,
Digested by the sun's ethereal heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then swelled, and quickened by the vital seed,
And some in less, and some in longer space,
Were ripened into form, and took a several face.

Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warmed,
And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are formed:
These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find:
Some rude, and yet unfinisht in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.

For heat and moisture, when in bodies joined,
The temper that results from either kind,
Conception makes; and fighting, till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus Nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.

From hence the surface of the ground with mud
And slime besmeared (the fæces of the flood)
Received the rays of heaven; and sucking in
The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of several sorts produced before;
But of new monsters earth created more.
Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
Thee, Python, too, the wondering world to fright,
And the new nations, with so dire a sight.
So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
Did his vast body and long train embrace:
Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espied;
Ere now the god his arrows had not tried
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to shoot,
Though every shaft took place, he spent the store
Of his full quiver; and 't was long before
The expiring serpent wallowed in his gore.
Then to preserve the fame of such a deed,
For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame, in witness of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs borne,
But every green alike by Phœbus worn
Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

— Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A
LAUREL.

THE first and fairest of his loves was she,
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forced him to desire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.
Swelled with the pride that new success attends,
He sees the stripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him: "Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late,
In such a feathered death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry."
To whom the son of Venus thus replied:
"Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside;
But mine on Phœbus: mine the fame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee."

He said, and soaring swiftly winged his flight;
Nor stopt but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold;
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whose base alloy
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he drest,
But with the sharp transfixt Apollo's breast.

The enamoured deity pursues the chase;
The scornful damsel shuns his loathed embrace;
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs;
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare,
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vowed virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never tried.
On wilds and wood she fixes her desire:

Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
Her father chides her oft: "Thou ow'st," says he,
"A husband to thyself, a son to me."
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head.
Then, casting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandishments, and filial charms:
"Give me, my lord," she said, "to live and die
A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie.
'T is but a small request; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before."
The good old sire was softened to consent,
But said her wish would prove her punishment:
For so much youth, and so much beauty joined,
Opposed the state which her desires designed.

The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed;
And is by his own oracles misled.
And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the god, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire.
Her well-turned neck he viewed (her neck was bare)
And on her shoulders her dishevelled hair:
"Oh, were it combed," said he, "with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!"
He viewed her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone;
He viewed her lips, too sweet to view alone,
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest,
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
"Stay, nymph," he cried, "I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frightened lamb removes,
And from pursuing falcons fearful doves;
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou should'st fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;

Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
These hands the Patareian sceptre sway.
The king of gods begot me: what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
Mine is the invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers I inspire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But, ah, more deadly his, who pierced my heart!
Medicine is mine; what herbs and simples grow
In fields and forests, all their powers I know;
And am the great physician called below.
Alas, that fields and forests can afford
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord!
To cure the pains of love, no plant avails;
And his own physic the physician fails."

She heard not half, so furiously she flies,
And on her ear the imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings: and as she fled, the wind
Increasing spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs exposed to view;
Which made the god more eager to pursue.
The god was young, and was too hotly bent
To lose his time in empty compliment:
But led by love, and fired by such a sight,
Impetuously pursued his near delight.

As when the impatient greyhound, slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe, to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'erruns her at the fitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the fly:
She 'scapes, and for the neighbouring covert strives,
And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the god, and such the flying fair:
She, urged by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urged by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chase;

Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace :
And just is fastening on the wisht embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight ;
And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook :
“ Oh, help,” she cried, “ in this extremest need,
If water-gods are deities indeed :
Gape, Earth, and this unhappy wretch entomb :
Or change my form whence all my sorrows come ! ”
Scarce had she finished, when her feet she found
Benumbed with cold, and fastened to the ground :
A filmy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs :
The nymph is all into a laurel gone.
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and casting round
Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in the unfinisht part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heaved her heart.
He fixed his lips upon the trembling rind ;
It swerved aside, and his embrace declined.
To whom the god : “ Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree :
Be thou the prize of honour and renown ;
The deathless poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace ;
When poms shall in a long procession pass :
Wreathed on the post before his palace wait ;
And be the sacred guardian of the gate :
Secure from thunder, and unharmed by Jove,
Unfading as the immortal powers above :
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.”
The grateful tree was pleased with what he said,
And shook the shady honours of her head.

— *Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.*

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF "THE METAMORPHOSES."

HEAVEN'S power is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mass, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompass round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men concealed their deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbour at a thousand doors they knocked,
Not one of all the thousand but was locked.
At last an hospitable house they found,
An homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatcht with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
Had lived long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obeyed.

From lofty roofs the gods repulst before,
Now stooping, entered through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first exprest)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and, lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire;

It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnisht gold the little seether shone).
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-watered spot);
She stript the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She culled, and then with handy care she drest.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wisht were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.

A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This filled with water, gently warmed, they set
Before their guests; in this they bathed their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments, yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly reared:
Then rubbed it o'er with newly gathered mint;
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-coloured olive, black and green;
Autumnal cornels next in order served,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved;
A garden salad was the third supply,

Of endive, radishes, and succory;
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turned by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were served to board;
And, next in place, an earthen pitcher, stored
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnisht with wax without, and lined within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savoury bit, that served to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately prest.
The second course succeeds like that before;
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintry store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crowned.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face;
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.
Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observed to fill,
Filled without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increast;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
One goose they had ('t was all they could allow)
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple viewed;
She ran for life, and, limping, they pursued:
Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,

And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He, with a gracious ear, the suppliant heard,
And saved her life; then what he was declared,
And owned the god. "The neighbourhood," said he,
"Shall justly perish for impiety:

You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accurst; and to the mountain's height
Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight."

They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an isle remains:
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increast, in height and bulk to
grow.

A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polisht marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of
gold.

Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene,
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound."

Awhile they whisper; then, to Jove address,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request:
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."

The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all the appointed space;

Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
 These past adventures at the temple-gate,
 Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
 Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green :
 Old Baucis lookt where old Philemon stood,
 And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood :
 New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
 Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind :
 Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
 They give and take at once their last adieu ;
 At once, "Farewell, oh faithful spouse," they said ;
 At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
 Even yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
 A spreading oak, that near a linden grows ;
 The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
 Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
 I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
 And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows ;
 And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
 "The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,
 And such as honour Heaven shall heavenly honour
 share."

— *Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.*

ÆSACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF "THE METAMORPHOSES."

THESE some old man sees wanton in the air,
 And praises the unhappy constant pair.
 Then to his friend the long-neckt cormorant shows,
 The former tale reviving others' woes :
 "That sable bird," he cries, "which cuts the flood
 With slender legs, was once of royal blood ;
 His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
 The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede,
 (Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy)
 And Priam, hapless prince ! who fell with Troy :
 Himself was Hector's brother, and had fate
 But given this hopeful youth a longer date,
 Perhaps had rivalled warlike Hector's worth,
 Though on the mother's side of meaner birth ;

Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
Loved the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
And seldom to the city would resort.
Yet he no rustic clownishness profest,
Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast:
The youth had long the nymph Hesperia wooed,
Oft through the thicket, or the mead pursued:
Her haply on her father's bank he spied,
While fearless she her silver tresses dried;
Away she fled: not stags with half such speed,
Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursued by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
As fast he followed in the hot career;
Desire the lover winged, the virgin fear.
A snake unseen now pierced her heedless foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot:
She fell, and 'scaped by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frightened, he embraced,
And cried, "Not this I dreaded, but thy haste:
Oh, had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accursèd snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was given by me,
Yet none shall say, that unrevenged you died."
He spoke; then climbed a cliff's o'erhanging side,
And, resolute, leapt on the foaming tide.
Thetys received him gently on the wave;
The death he sought denied, and feathers gave.
Debarred the surest remedy of grief,
And forced to live, he curst the unmaskt relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successful tries:
The downy plume a quick descent denies.
Enraged, he often dives beneath the wave:
And there in vain expects to find a grave,
His ceaseless sorrow for the unhappy maid
Meagred his look, and on his spirits preyed.
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

— *Translation of JOHN DRYDEN.*

TO MAXIMUS.

ELEGY II.

MAXIMUS, great by name and great by kind,
Who gracest thy birth by thy noble minde,
For when that thou into the world didst come,
As if they meant to give thy birthright roome,
Three hundred Fabii in one day did fall,
That fatall day tooke not away them all.
Perhaps thou wouldst know from whom this letter sent.
Or else to know whose I am thou art bent.
What shall I doe? When thou my name hast red,
I feare thou wilt unwillingly proceede:
Yet if that any chance these lines to see,
I dare confesse that I writ them to thee,
And that my purpose therein was that I
Might so bewayle my owne sad misery,
And that I writ them to thee, I dare confesse,
To signifie to thee my own distresse,
Who though I doe confesse I worthy am
Of more punishment, I cannot more sustaine,
Dangers and enemies on each side come on me,
As if with my Country, safety were took from me;
Who that their wounded enemies may fall,
Doe poyson their arrows with the vipers gall.
The horseman arm'd with these the walls beholds,
Like a Wolfe that walks round about sheepefolds,
When with a string of horses guts compact
He bends his bow, whose string is seldom slackt.
A showre of Arrowes from their Bows doth flye
And the gate can scarce keepe out the enimie.
The countries barren without leafe or tree,
And Winters joyned unto winters be.
Five winters I have beene in this estate,
Enduring cold, and striving with my fate.
My griefe is in continuall teares exprest,
And deadly dulnesse doth possesse my brest,
Happie was Niobe, for although that she,
The death of her children did behold and see,
Yet being chang'd into a stone thereby
She grew insensible of her misery.

Happy are you, who weeping for your brother
The Popler with his barke your face did cover,
But I cannot be chang'd to any tree,
And I doe wish in vaine a stone to be!

— Translated by WYE SALTONSTALL (1639).

OID'S DECEMBER VOYAGE TO EXILE.

"THE TRISTIA."

AY me, poore wretch, what watery Mountaines rise!
You'd think their lofty tops would touch the skies.
Streight lowly vallies stoope (when sea doth sunder)
You'd think their bottomes reacht to hell or under.
Where ere I look, there's nought but sky and water,
This swels wth waves and that wth stormes doth clatter,
The winds betweene them roare with hideous noise,
And waves demurre which hath the master-voyce.
For now blows *Eurus* from the purple East.
Now rises *Zephyrus* from the setting West.
Now rages *Boreas* from the Northern Beare.
Now *Notus* warres with him from Southern spheare.
The Pilot doubtfull what to shun or chuse,
Ambiguous mischiefes make his Art to muse.
Dead men we are: all hope of safeties gone.
Even whilst I speake the waves orewhelme my mone.
They'll drowne my soule, and while my mouth doth pray,
Thereby the deadly water finds a way.
My loving wife, naught save mine exile wayles,
She neither grieves nor knows my other ayles.
She little thinkes Ime tost on vastest maine,
Hurried with winds; still ready to be slaine.
'T was well I did not suffer her to goe,
Then had I borne a double deadly blow.
Now, though I perish, yet (since she is safe)
I shall outlive my death at least one halfe.
Woes me, what flashing lights from heaven do spring.
What crackes of thunder from the skies doe ring!
And on our shippe the floting billowes falles
Like canon bullets on besieged walles;
Each following wave the former still excede,
As if it were a tenth of greatest Meede.

I feare not death, but yet this kinde is hatefull,
Bate me but shipwracke, death shall be most gratefull.
Whether on 's fair or o' th' sword one dye,
Some comfort 't is upon firme land to lye,
To make one's will and looke to be interred
And not in fishes bowels to lye buried.
Yet say such death I merit, why should those
Innocent soules i' th' shippe my fate inclose ?

— *Translation of ZACHARY CATLIN (1639).*

COMPLIANCE.

"THE ART OF LOVE."

INDULGENCE soon takes with a Noble Mind :
Who can be harsh that sees another kind ?
Most times the greatest Art is to comply
In granting that which Justice might deny.
We form our tender Plants by soft Degrees,
And from a warping Stem raise stately Trees.
To cut th' opposing Waves we strive in vain ;
But if we rise with 'em, and fall again,
The wish'd-for Land with Ease we may attain.
Such Complaisance will a rough Humour bend,
And yielding to one Failure save a Friend.
Mildness and Temper have a Force Divine
To make ev'n Passion with their Nature join.
The Hawk we hate, as living still in Arms,
And Wolves assiduous in the Shepherds Harms.
The Sociable Swallow has no Fears :
Upon our Tow'rs the Dove her Nest prepares,
And both of them live free from Human Snares.
Far from loud Rage and echoing Noise of Fights
The softest Love in gentle sound delights.
Smooth Mirth, bright Smiles, calm Peace, and flowing Joy
Are the Companions of the Paphian Boy.
Such as when Hymen first his Mantle spread
All o'er the sacred Down which made the Bridal Bed.
These Blandishments keep Love upon the Wing,
His Presence fresh and always in the Spring.
This makes a Prospect endless to the view,
With Light that rises still, and still is new.

At your approach find ev'ry thing serene,
 Like *Paphos* honour'd by the *Cyprian* Queen,
 Who brings along her Daughter *Harmony*,
 With *Muses* sprang from *Jove* and *Graces* Three.
 Birds shot by you, Fish by your Angle caught,
 The Golden Apples from *Hesperia* brought,
 The blushing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
 Laid in fresh Beds of Flowers and Scented Greens,
 Fair Lillies strow'd with bloody Mulberries,
 Or Grapes whose Juice made *Bacchus* reach the skies,
 May oftentimes a grateful Present make
 Not for the Value, but the Giver's sake.

— *Imitation of W. KING (1700).*

MUSIC AND POETRY.

"THE ART OF LOVE."

VIRGINS should not unskill'd in Musick be;
 For what's more like themselves than Harmony!
 Let not Vice use it only to betray,
 And Sirens by their Songs entice their Prey.
 Let it with Sense, with Voice and Beauty join,
 Grateful to Eyes and Ear, and to the Mind divine:
 For there's a double Grace when pleasing strings
 Are touch'd by Her that more delightful sings.
 Thus *Orpheus* did the Rage of Deserts quell,
 And charm'd the monstrous Instruments of Hell.
 New Walls to *Thebes* *Amphion* thus began,
 Whilst to the Work officious Marble ran.
 Thus with his Harp and Voice *Arion* rode
 On the mute Fish safe through the rolling Flood.

Nor are the Essays of the Female Wit
 Less charming in the Verses they have writ.
 From antient Ages Love has found the way
 Its bashful Thoughts by Letters to convey;
 Which sometimes run in such engaging strain,
 That Pity makes the Fair write back again.
 What's thus intended some small time delay:
 His Passion strengthens rather by your stay.

Then with a cautious Wit your Pen withhold,
 Lest a too free expression make him bold.
 Create a Mixture 'twixt his Hope and Fear,
 And in Reproof let Tenderness appear.
 As he deserves it give him hopes of Life:
 A cruel Mistress makes a froward Wife.

— *Imitation of W. KING (1700).*

CONSOLATION IN VERSE.

“THE TRISTIA.”

“**STUDY** the mournful hours away,
 Lest in dull sloth thy spirit pine.”
 Hard words thou writest: verse is gay,
 And asks a lighter heart than mine.

No calms my stormy life beguile,
 Than mine can be no sadder chance;
 You bid bereaved Priam smile,
 And Niobe the childless dance.

In grief or study more my part,
 Whose life is doomed to wilds like these,
 Though you should make my feeble heart
 Strong with the strength of Socrates.

Such ruin would crush wisdom down;
 Stronger than man is wrath divine.
 That sage whom Phœbus gave the crown
 Never could write in grief like mine.

Can I my land and thee forget,
 Nor the felt sorrow wound my breast?
 Say that I can — but foes beset
 This place and rob me of all rest.

Add that my mind hath rusted now
 And fallen far from what it was.
 The land though rich that lacks the plough
 Is barren, save of thorns and grass.

The horse that long hath idle stood,
 Is soon o'ertaken in the race;
 And, torn from its familiar flood,
 The chinky pinnace rots apace.

Nor hope that I, before but mean,
 Can to my former self return.
 Long sense of ills hath burned my brain;
 Half the old fires no longer burn.

Yet oft I take the pen and try,
 As now to build the measured rime.
 Words come not, or, as meet thine eye,
 Words worthy of their place and time.

Last, glory cheers the heart that fails
 And love of praise inspires the mind —
 I followed once Fame's star, my sails
 Filled with a favourable wind.

But now 't is not so well with me,
 To care if Fame be lost or won.
 Nay, but I would, if that might be,
 Live all unknown beneath the sun.

— *Translation of* PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.

DANGER OF HAPPINESS.

THAT mind is soonest caught which springs with mirth:
 Like corns which riots on the lusty earth.
 The heart, that's free from sorrow, open lies
 To *Venus* arts, and flattering loves surprise.
 Sad *Ilium* repell'd the *Graecian* force:
 But full of ioy, receau'd the fatall horse.

— *Translation of* GEORGE SANDYS (1632).

MARCUS VALERIUS MARTIALIS.

MARTIAL, the epigrammatist, was born at Bilbilis, in Spain, in the year 43 A.D. He proceeded to Rome in the thirteenth year of Nero's reign. For thirty-five years he lived in the capital, succeeding apparently by means of his wits and his cleverness in flattery in acquiring a handsome mansion in the city and a villa near Nomentum. The emperors Titus and Domitian granted him their favour. His poems, which were marked by keen wit, though twenty per cent of them are extremely gross and licentious, were popular all over the Roman world. He thus acquired the rank of tribune and the rights of the equestrian order, and though he was childless he was granted the privileges of one who had three children. In 100 he returned to Bilbilis and lived on the estate of his wife, Marcella. The date of his death is not known. His extant works consist of about fifteen hundred "Epigrams" divided into fourteen books. He was the first to restrict the term *epigram*, which was originally an inscription, to a short poem ending in a sharp point. The value of his work consists largely in the light which his verses throw on the manner and customs of the Romans in the first century after Christ. They abound also in interesting historical allusions. The "Liber de Spectaculis" relates to the shows given by Titus and Domitian. The first nine books were written in Rome — except the third, which was composed during a tour in northern Italy. The tenth, which was twice published, celebrates Trajan's arrival in Rome. The eleventh marks Martial's last year in Italy. The twelfth was probably composed after his return to Spain. The last two, entitled "Xenia and Apophoreta" contain three hundred and fifty distichs, describing a variety of small objects such as were given to friends during the Saturnalia, corresponding to Christmas presents in our day. Of his own works he made

this criticism: "Some are good, some are mediocre, more are bad."

TO A BOASTER.

FINE lectures Attalus rehearses;
Pleads finely; writes fine tales and verses;
Fine epigrams, fine farces vie
With grammar and astrology;
He finely sings and dances finely;
Plays tennis; fiddles most divinely;
All finely done — and nothing well:
Then, if a man the truth may tell,
This all-accomplisht Punchinello
Is a most busy, idle fellow.

— *Translation of SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.*

A HAPPY LIFE.

WHAT makes the happiest life below
A few plain rules, my friend, will show.
A good estate, not earned with toil,
But left by will or given by Fate;
A land of no ungrateful soil;
A constant fire within your grate;
No law; few cares; a quiet mind;
Strength unimpaired; a healthful frame;
Wisdom with innocence combined;
Friends, equal both in years and fame;
Your living easy, and your board
With food, but not with luxury stored;
A bed, though chaste, not solitary;
Sound sleep to shorten night's dull reign;
Wish nothing that is yours to vary;
Think all enjoyments that remain:
And, for the inevitable hour,
Nor hope it night, nor dread its power.

— *Translation of CHARLES MERIVALE.*

TO A FOP.

THEY tell me, Cotilus, that you're a beau :
What this is, Cotilus, I wish to know.
"A beau is one who, with the nicest care,
In parted locks divides his curling hair ;
One who with balm and cinnamon smells sweet ;
Whose humming lips some Spanish air repeat ;
Whose naked arms are smoothed with pumice-stone,
And tost about with graces all his own :
A beau is one who takes his constant seat,
From morn till evening, where the ladies meet ;
And ever, on some sofa hovering near,
Whispers some nothing in some fair-one's ear ;
Who scribbles thousand billets-doux a day ;
Still reads and scribbles ; seals and sends away.
A beau is one who shrinks, if nearly prest
By the coarse garment of a neighbour guest ;
Who knows who flirts with whom, and still is found
At each good table in successive round ;
A beau is one — none better knows than he
A race-horse and his noble pedigree —"
Indeed ? — why, Cotilus, if this be so,
What teasing, trifling thing is called a beau.

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

EVIL TIMES.

"OH TIMES ! O manners !" Tully cried of old ;
When Catiline in impious plots grew bold :
When in fell arms the son and father stood,
And the sad earth reekt red with civil blood :
Why now — why now "O times ! O manners !" cry ?
What is it now that shocks thy purity ?
No sword now maddens, and no chiefs destroy,
But all is peace, security, and joy :
These times, these manners, that so vile are grown,
Prithee, Cæcilian, are they not thine own ?

LIKENESS AND UNLIKENESS.

YES, I am poor, Callistratus! I own;
And so was ever; yet not quite unknown,
Graced with a knight's degree; nor this alone:
But through the world my verse is frequent sung;
And "That is he!" sounds buzzed from every tongue:
And what to few, when dust, the Fates assign,
In bloom and freshness of my days is mine.
Thy ceilings on a hundred columns rest;
Wealth, as of upstart freeman, bursts thy chest;
Nile flows in fatness o'er thy ample fields;
Cisalpine Gaul thy silky fleeces yields:
Lo! such thou art, and such am I: like me,
Callistratus! thou canst not hope to be:
A hundred of the crowd resemble thee!

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

SHOPPING IN ANCIENT DAYS.

MAMURRA many hours does vagrant tell
I' th' shops, where Rome her richest wares does sell.
Beholds fair slaves, devours them with his eyes —
Not those of common note one first espies,
But which in inner rooms they closely mew,
Removed from mine and from the people's view.
Glutted with these, choice tables he uncases,
Others of ivory, set high, displaces.
Rich tortoise beds he measures four times o'er,
Sighs they fit not, and leaves them on that score.
Consults the statues of Corinthian brass
By the scent; and not without blame lets pass
Thy pieces, Polyclet. He next complains
Of crystals mixt with glass, and them disdains.
Marks porcelain cups, sets ten of them apart;
Weights antique plate (of Mentor's noble art
If any be); counts, i' the enamelled gold,
The gems that stand. Rich pendants does behold;
For the sardonyx makes a search most nice,
And of the biggest jaspers beats the price.
Tired now at last, after eleven hours' stay,
Two farthing pots he buys and bears himself away!

FEAR OF DEATH.

WHEN Fannius from his foe did fly,
Himself with his own hands he slew;
Whoe'er a greater madness knew?
Life to destroy for fear to die.

¡HASTA MAÑANA!

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this Morrow lie?
That 't is so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this Morrow live?
'T is so far-fetcht, this Morrow, that I fear
'T will be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool doth say;
To-day itself's too late — the wise lived yesterday!
— *Translation of ABRAHAM COWLEY.*

A CONTRADICTION.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou 'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee or without thee!
— *Translation of JOHN ADDISON.*

COMPENSATION.

THE girl that was to ear and sight
More soft of tone, of skin more white
Than plumaged swans that yield in death
The sweetest murmur of their breath;

Smooth as Galesus' soft-fleeced flocks;
 Dainty as shells on Lucrine rocks;
 Unsullied lilies; virgin snow;
 Whose locks were tipt with ruddy gold,
 Like wool that clothes the Bætic fold;
 Like braided hair of girls of Rhine;
 As tawny field-mouse sleek and fine;
 Whose vermeil mouth breathed Pæstum's rose;
 Or balm fresh honeycombs disclose;
 Or amber yielding odour sweet
 From the chafing hand's soft heat;
 By whom the peacock was not fair;
 Nor squirrels pets, nor phoenix rare;
 Erotion crumbles in her urn;
 Warm from the pile her ashes burn,
 Ere yet had closed her sixteenth year
 The Fates accurst have spread her bier;
 And with her all I doted on —
 My loves, my joys, my sports, are gone!

Yet Pætus, who like me distrest,
 Is fain to beat his mourning breast,
 And tear his hair beside a grave,
 Asks, "Blush you not to mourn a slave?
 I mourn a high, rich, noble wife:
 And yet I bear my lot in life!"

Thy fortitude exceeds all bounds:
 Thou hast two hundred thousand pounds;
 Thou bear'st — 't is true — thy lot of life:
 Thou bear'st the jointure of thy wife!

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

A HINTED WISH.

You told me, Maro, whilst you live
 You 'd not a single penny give,
 But that, whene'er you chanc't to die,
 You 'd leave a handsome legacy:
 You must be mad beyond redress,
 If my next wish you cannot guess!

— *Translation of* SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HONEST POVERTY.

You, sprucely clothed, laugh at my threadbare gown;
'T is threadbare truly, Zoilus, but my own!

— *Translation of* WRIGHT.

THE EPIGRAM.

You little know what epigram contains,
Who deem it but a jest in jocund strains.
He rather jokes, who writes what horrid meat
The plagued Thyestes and vext Tereus eat;
Or tells who robbed the boy with melting wings;
Or of the shepherd Polyphemus sings.
Our Muse disdains by fustian to excel,
By rant to rattle or in buskins swell.
Though turgid themes all men admire, adore,
Be well assured they read my poems more.

TO AN HEIRLESS MISER.

THIEVES may break locks and with your cash retire,
Your ancient seat may be consumed with fire,
Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe,
A barren field destroy the seed you sow;
You may be plundered of the girl you prize,
Your ships may sink with all their merchandise;
But he who gives—so much from Fate secures—
That is the only wealth forever yours.

A PARADOX.

HE fawns for more though he his thousands own:
Fortune gives some too much, enough to none.

TO A MAN WHO HAD BURIED HIS SEVENTH
WIFE.

SEVEN wives ! and in one grave ! There is not found
On the whole globe a richer spot of ground !

ON A QUARRELLING COUPLE.

WHEN you so well agree in life,
The vilest husband, vilest wife,
'T is strange that you should live in strife.

A CREDIT COAT.

GAY Bassus for ten thousand bought
A Tyrian robe of rich array,
And was a gainer. How ? Be taught —
The prudent Bassus did not pay !

THE POVERTY OF POETRY.

THOUGH midst the noblest poets thou hast place,
Flaccus, the offspring of Antenor's race;
Renounce the Muses' songs and charming choir,
For none of them enrich though they inspire.
Court not Apollo; Pallas has the gold,
She's wise and does the gods in mortgage hold.
What profit is there in an ivy wreath ?
Its fruits the laden olive sink beneath.
In Helicon there's naught but springs and bays,
The Muses' harps loud-sounding, empty praise.
What with Parnassus' strains hast thou to do ?
The Roman forum's rich and nearer too.
There chinks the cash, but round the poet's chair
The smacks of kisses only fill the air.

LUCIUS ANNÆUS SENECA.

SENECA, the famous philosopher, was born at Corduba, in Spain, a few years before the Christian era. His parents belonged to the equestrian order and were rich. His father was a rhetorician, and remains of several of his oratorical works have come down to us. Seneca was brought to Rome when a child, and though of feeble constitution was a devoted student. He became an able advocate, and excited the hatred of Caligula by reason of his skill in pleading a case in the senate. In 41 A.D. he was banished to Corsica by the Emperor Claudius on account of his intimacy with the emperor's niece, Julia. Seneca avenged himself by writing a satire entitled "Apocolocyntosis," which has been interpreted as "the pumpkinsicationer reception of Claudius among the pumpkins." After eight years' residence in Corsica he was recalled, and through the influence of Agrippina, who had married her uncle, Claudius, he was made prætor and appointed tutor to the young Domitius, her son by a former husband, Domitius. When the youth became emperor under the name of Nero, Seneca was for a time one of his chief advisers. He exerted his influence to restrain the vicious tendencies that continually cropped out, but he also used his position to accumulate an immense fortune. After a while, Seneca's virtues began to become irksome and his wealth an attraction to Nero. His discontent was fomented by unfriendly members of the prætorian guard. Seneca heard that he was charged with disparaging the emperor's skill in driving and singing, with boasting of his own superiority in eloquence, and went to Nero and offered him his houses and his gardens, which were the most magnificent in Rome. Nero pretended to refuse the gift, and sent him away with assurances of his respect and gratitude. Seneca altered his mode of life, saw little company, and kept out of the city. But the conspiracy of Piso in 65 gave Nero the desired pretext to get rid of his old teacher. He ordered him to commit

suicide. Seneca obeyed without a murmur. After vainly trying to die by opening a vein, then by taking hemlock, he was suffocated in a vapour stove. He published a large number of philosophical and scientific works, letters, and essays. He was a stoic in philosophy, as was proved by the manner of his death. Among the many works which have come down to us are ten tragedies, all of which, with the exception of the "Octavia," are taken from mythological subjects. They were not meant for acting, but as they abound in fine philosophy and in dignified poetry, have always been highly regarded by scholars.

OCTOBER.

"THE APOCOLOCYNTOSIS."

Now was come the season when Phœbus had narrowed
the daylight,
Shortening his journey, while sleep's dim hours were left
to grow longer;
Now victorious Cynthia was widening the bounds of her
kingdom;
Ugly-faced Winter was snatching away the rich glories
of Autumn,
So that the tardy vintager, seeing that Bacchus was
aging,
Hastily, here and there, was plucking the clusters for-
gotten.

— *Translation of ALLAN PERLEY BALL.*
(By courteous permission.)

THE THREE FATES.

"THE APOCOLOCYNTOSIS."

CLAUDIUS began to give up the ghost, but couldn't find a way out for it. Then Mercury, who had always had a fancy for his character, led aside one of the Three Fates and said: "Why, O hard-hearted woman, do you let the wretched man be tormented? Isn't he ever to rest, after being tortured so long? It is the sixty-fourth year that he has been afflicted with life. . . . Give him over to death: let a better man reign in his palace."

But Clotho remarked, "I swear I intended to give him a trifle more time, till he should make citizens out of the few that are left outside — for he had made up his mind to see everybody, Greeks, Gauls, Spaniards, Britons, wearing togas. However, since it is perhaps a good thing to have a few foreigners left as a nucleus, and since you wish it, it shall be attended to." Then she opened a bandbox and brought out three spindles; one was that of Augurinus, the next was Baba's, the third Claudius'. "I will have these three die at short intervals within a year," she said, "and not send him off unattended. For it isn't right that one who has been in the habit of seeing so many thousands of people following him about, going ahead of him and all around him, should all of a sudden be left alone. For a while he will be satisfied with these boon companions."

Thus having spoken she wound up the thread on his spindle neglected,

Breaking off the royal days of his stupid existence.

Lachesis, waiting, meanwhile, with tresses charmingly ordered,

Crowning the locks on her brow with a wreath of Pierian laurel,

Drew from a snowy fleece white strands, which, cleverly fashioned,

Under her artful fingers began with new colours to glisten: —

Spun to a thread that drew the admiring gaze of her sisters.

Changed was the common wool, until as a metal most precious,

Golden the age that was winding down in that beautiful fillet.

Ceaselessly they too laboured; and bringing the finest of fleeces,

Gayly they filled her hands, for sweet was the duty allotted.

She in her eagerness, hastened the work, nor was conscious of effort;

Lightly the soft strands fell from the whirling point of her spindle,

Passing the life of Tithonus, passing the lifetime of Nestor.

Phœbus came with his singing, and, happy in anticipation,
Joyously plied the plectrum, or aided the work of the
spinners :

Kept their hearts intent, with his song beguiling their
labour.

While beyond thought they rejoiced in their brother's
music, their hands spun,

Busily twining a destiny passing all human allotment,
Wrought through the spell of Phœbus' lyre and his
praise, as he bade them :

"Stay not your hands, O Fateful Sisters, but make him
a victor

Over the barriers that limit the common lifetime of mor-
tals ;

Let him be blest with a grace and a beauty like mine,
and in music

Grant him no meaner gifts. An age of joy shall he bring
men

Weary for laws that await his restoring. Like Lucifer
comes he,

Putting the scattered stars to flight, or like Hesper at
nightfall,

Rising when stars return ; or e'en as the sun, — when
Aurora

First has dispelled the dark and blushing led forth the
Morning, —

Brightly gleams on the world and renews his chariot's
journey,

So cometh Cæsar ; so in his glory shall Rome behold
Nero.

Thus do his radiant features gleam with a gentle effulgence,
Graced by the flowing locks that fall encircling his
shoulders."

Thus Apollo, but Lachesis, who herself too had a fondness
for the handsomest of men, wrought with generous
hand, and bestowed upon Nero many years from her
own store. As for Claudius, however, everybody
gave orders

With joy and great content to send him out of doors,
And, indeed, he did go up the flume, and from that mo-
ment ceased to appear to be alive.

— Translation of ALLAN PERLEY BALL.
(By courteous permission.)

A MOCK DIRGE ON THE EMPEROR CLAUDIUS.

"THE APOCOLOCYNTOSIS."

POUR forth your tears, lift up woful voices,
Let the Forum echo with sorrowful cries.
Nobly has fallen a man most sagacious,
Than whom no other ever was braver,
Not in the whole world.
He in the quick-spiced race could be victor
Over the swiftest; he could rebellious
Parthians scatter, chase with his flying
Missiles the Persian, steadiest-handed,
Bend back the bow which, driving the foeman
Headlong in flight, should pierce him afar, while
Gay-coated Medes turned their backs to disaster.
Conqueror he of Britons beyond the
Shores of the known sea:
Even the dark-blue-shielded Brigantes
Forced he to bend their necks to the fetters
That Romulus forged, and Ocean himself
To tremble before the Roman dominion.
Mourn for the man than whom no one more quickly
Was able to see the right in a lawsuit,
Only at hearing one side of the quarrel,—
Often not either. Where is the judge now
Willing to listen to cases the year through?
Thou shalt be given the office resigned thee
By him who presides in the court of the shades,
The lord of a hundred cities Cretæan.
Smite on your breasts, ye shysters forsaken,
With hands of despair, O bribe-taking crew;
Ye too, half-fledged poets, now should bewail;
And ye above all, who lately were able
To gather great gains by shaking the dice-box.

— *Translation of* ALLAN PERLEY BALL.
(By courteous permission.)

CHORUS.

"HERCULES FURENS."

THE fading starres now shyne but seelde in sighte
 In stippy skye, night ouercome with day
 Plucks in her fyres, while spronge agayne is light.
 The day starre draws the cleresome beames their waye;
 The yeye sign of haughtye poale agayne,
 VVith seuen starres markt, the Beares of Arcadye,
 Do call the light with ouerturned wayne.
 VVith marble horse now drawne, hys waye to hye
 Doth Titan toppe of Cetha ouer spred
 The bushes bright that nowe with berryes bee
 Of Thebes strewde, by day do blushe full redde.
 And to returne doth Phœbus syster flee.
 Now labor harde beginnes, and euery kynde
 Of cares it styrres, the shepehearde doth vnfolde:
 His vnpende, do grase their foode to fynde,
 And nippes the grasse with hoary frost full colde.
 At will doth play in open meadow faire
 The Calfe whose brow did damme yet neuer teare,
 The empty kyne their vdders doe repayre.
 And lyght with course vncertayne here and there,
 In grasse full soft the wanton kidde hee flynges.
 In toppe of boughe doth sitte with chaunting songe,
 And to the Sunne newe rose to spreade her wynges,
 Bestirres herselfe her mournful nestes amonge
 The Nightingall: and doth with byrdes aboute
 Confuse resound with murmure mixed ryfe
 To witnes day, his sayles to wynde set out
 The shypman doth committe in doubt of lyfe.
 VVhyle gale of wynde the slacke sayles filles full strayte,
 He leaning ouer hollow rocke doth lye,
 And either his begiled hookes doth bayte,
 Or els beholdes and feeles the pray from hye with paised
 hand.
 The trembling fish he feeles with line extent.
 This hope to them to whom of hurtles lyfe
 Is quiet rest, and with his own content
 And lytle, house, such hope in fieldes is ryfe
 The troblous hopes with rolling whirlewynde great

And dreadful feares their wayes in cityes keepe,
 He proude repayre to prince in regall state,
 And hard court gates without the rest of sleepe
 Esteemes, and endles happynes to hold
 Doth gather goods, for treasure gaping more,
 And is ful pore amid his heaped gold.
 The peoples fauour him (astonied sore)
 And commons more vnconstant then the sea,
 VVith blast of vayne renoume liftes vp full proude.
 He telling at the brawling barre his plea,
 Full wicked, sets his yres and scoulding loud
 And woordes to sale, a fewe hath knowne of all
 The careless rest, who mindfull how doth flitte
 Swift age away, the tyme that neuer shall
 Returne agayne do holde: while fates permitte,
 At quiet liue: the lyfe full quickly glydes
 VVith hastned course, and with the winged day
 The wheele is turnde of yere that hedlong slides,
 The sisters hard perfourme their taskes alway,
 Nor may agayne vntwist the threede once sponne.
 Yet mankinde loe vnsure what way to take
 To meet the greedy destenyres doth ronne
 And willingly wee seke the Stigian lake.
 To much Alcides thou with stomacke stoute
 The sory sprites of hell doth haste to see.
 VVith course prefixt the fates are brought aboute
 To none once warnd to come may respite bee;
 To none to passe their once appointed day,
 The tombe all people colde by death doth hyde.
 Let glory him by many lands awaye
 Display, and fame throughout all cityes wyde
 Full babling praise, and euen with skye to stande
 Auaunce and starres: let him in chariot bright
 Ful haughty goe: let me my natue land
 In safe and secrete house keepe close from sight.
 To restful men hoare age by course doth fall,
 And low in place, yet safe and sure doth lye,
 The poore and base estate of cottage small:
 The prowder pompe of minde doth fall from hye.

— *Translation of JASPER HEYWOOD.*
 (Edition of 1581.)

HYMN TO BACCHUS.

"ŒDIPUS."

THOU who with Ivy deckt thy dangling haire ;
 We, armd with jaulins, to thy Rites repaire.
 Bright ornaments of heauen, thy suppliants heare :
 To thee their hands thy noble *Thebans* reare.
 O favour ! hether turne thy virgin face :
 With thy syderiall lookes disperse and chace
 These lowring clouds, the threats of *Erebus*,
 And rage of greedy fate, from ours and vs.
 It thee becomes to haue thy tresses bound
 With vernall flowres, with Tyrian miter crown'd,
 And girt in Ivy wreathes : now liberally
 Let flow, and now in knots thy tresses tie.
 As when, of thy fierce step-dames wroth afraid,
 With borrowed shape so effeminately drest,
 With robes that sweepe the earth, and naked brest ?
 Those Easterne nations who on *Ganges* drinke,
 And breake the ice on cold *Araxes* brinke,
 Could not thy Lyons for thy robe behold,
 Drawne in a Chariot rooft with vines of gold.
 Thee old *Silenus* on a long-ear'd jade
 Attends ; vine leaues his rugged fore-head shade.
 Lascivious Priests thy Orges celebrate :
 Troopes of Bassarian frowes vpon thee wait.
 Now on *Edonian Pangæus* tread ;
 Now on the *Thracian Pindus* lofty head,
 Distracted *Menas*, ioyn'd with Theban wiues,
 To serue th' *Ogygian Iacchus* striues ;
 Whose loynes a Panthers sacred skin invests :
 With ruffled haire the matrons hide their breasts,
 And brandish leavy jaulins lightly borne.
 Vnhappy *Pentheus*, now in peeces torne,
 Relenting Thyades, their fury gon,
 Behold with grieve ; nor think that fact their owne.
 Fair *Ino*, with the blew *Nereides*,
 (Thy Aunt o *Bacchus*) raignes in sacred seas :
 The stranger Boy there makes his blest aboard,
 Of *Bacchus* race, *Palemon*, no smal God,
 Thee, louely Boy, the *Thuscan* rovers seiz'd :

Then *Nereus* the tumid maine appeas'd,
 Blew seas converting into flowry meads :
 The Plane-tree there his broad-leau'd branches spreads ;
 Greene Laurel groues, belou'd by *Phœbus*, spring,
 And chanting birds among the branches sing :
 About the mast the youthful Ivy twines,
 The lofty toe imbrac'd with clustered vines :
 Now in the Prow *Idean* Lyons rore,
 The trembling Poope *Gangetic* Tygres bore :
 In sea's themselues th' affrighted sailers threw ;
 Who turned to *Dolphins*, flying ships pursew.
Pactolus wealthy streames thy burden tride,
 Whose waters through a golden channel glide.
Messagians, quaffing blood and milke, vnbend
 Their bowes ; nor more with *Gettick* shafts contend.
 Thy power ax-arm'd *Lycurgus* kingdome knowes,
 The fierce *Zedacians* ; and where Boreas blowes
 On hoary fields ; those climates who shake
 With cold, that border on *Meotis* Lake ;
 And those whose *Zenith* is the *Arcadian* starre ;
 The Northern Wagons, and slow Wagonar.
 Scattred *Geloni* he subdued : disarm'd
 The braue *Virago's* ; *Thermardonians* warm'd
 Cold earth with their soft lips ; but pacifi'd,
 Their moone-like shields and quivers laid aside.
 Sacred *Cytheron* he imbrew'd with blood
 Of slaine *Ophians*. To the shadie wood,
 And fields, transformed *Prætus* daughters runne.
 The pleased stepdame now affects her sonne.
Naxos, begirt with the *Ægean* waue,
 A bridal bed to *Ariadne* gaue ;
 Her losse repaired with a better friend :
 Torrents of wine from barren rocks descend ;
 A flood of milke from siluer fountaines powres,
 With *Lesbian* hony mixt, perfum'd with flowres,
 Which through the medowes murmuring streames pro-
 duce,
 Whose thirstie banks suckt in the pleasant juce.
 The starry Bride to high-archt heauen is led :
Phœbus, his haire vpon his shoulders spred,
Epithalamiums sang that happy night :
 Both *Cupids* now the nuptial tapers light :
Ioue laid his wrathfull thunder-bolts aside,

And hates his lightning, when he *Bacchus* spi'd.
 While radiant starres shall runne their vsuall race,
 While *Neptunes* armes the fruitfull earth imbrace,
 While *Cynthia* shall her hornes together close,
 While *Lucifer* the rosie Morne fore-showes,
 While Lofty *Arctos* shunnes the salt Profound,
 We *Bacchus* praise and beauty will resound.

— Translation of GEORGE SANDYS (1632).

THE RULE OF FATE.

O WHY shouldst thou that rulst the sky,
 And mou'st those Orbs so orderly,
 Th' affaires of men so much neglect?
 Nor raise the good, nor bad deiection?
 No: Fortune without order guides
 What ever mortall man betides:
 Her bounty her blind hands disburse
 At randome; favouring the worse.
 Dire lust foil'd Chastity profanes;
 And fraud in Courts of Princes raignes.
 Popular suffrages elate
 Base men, who honour whom they hate.
 Sad vertue the perverse reward
 Receaues of Truth: want presseth hard
 On chaster mindes: th' Adulterer high
 In vice commands. Vaine modesty.
 Deceitfull excellence.

— Translation of GEORGE SANDYS (1632).

PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS.

STATIUS, the son of a distinguished grammarian, the tutor of the Emperor Domitian, was born at Neapolis (Naples), about 61 B.C. He went with his father to Rome, where he received a careful education. He was trained to extemporaneous declamation and improvisation. Three times he won the prize in the Alban contests, when poems were recited in honour of Minerva; but in the contest of the Capitoline Games, in which Jupiter was celebrated, he failed. His popularity as a poet is mentioned by Juvenal, who says:—

“All Rome is pleased, when Statius will rehearse,
And longing crowds expect the promist verse;
His lofty numbers with so great a gust
They hear and swallow with such eager lust.
But, while the common suffrage gained his cause,
And broke the benches with their loud applause,
His Muse had starved, had not a piece unread,
And by a player bought, supplied his bread.”

The “piece unread” was a tragedy called “Agave,” and the purchaser was Paris the actor, who was later killed on suspicion of being concerned in an intrigue with the Empress Domitia. Statius married a widow named Claudia, and in one of his poems he speaks in high terms of her affectionate nature and fine literary taste. He had no children by her, but he adopted an infant girl, who died in her teens. The elegy in which he bewailed this loss is extant. He spent a dozen years in composing and revising a long epic poem entitled “The Thebaid,” which in twelve books describes the adventures of the heroes concerned in the expedition of the Seven against Thebes. He left incomplete an epic poem, the hero of which was Achilles. Still another of his works is entitled “Silvæ,” containing miscellaneous poems in five books in varying metres, showing evidences of haste, but

marked by tenderness of feeling and delicacy of fancy. He is regarded as the best of the poets of the Silver Age of Latin Literature. He spent the last part of his life at Naples, and died there about 96 B.C.

TO SLEEP.

AH, Sleep! serenest God! what crime is mine,
That I, the only youth, at thee repine?
Now the husht calm and stillness of repose
O'er fold and nest and lair of woodland grows;
The tree-tops curve their boughs in imaged sleep;
From the fierce torrents altered murmurs creep;
The wave-ridged ocean falls its softened roar,
And seas, at rest, recline upon the shore.
Seven times the moon returns; yet pale and weak,
Distemper sits upon my faded cheek:
The emerging stars, from Ætna's mount that rise
And Venus' fires have re-illumed the skies;
Still, past my plaints, Aurora's chariot flew;
Her shaken lash dropt cold the pitying dew.
Can I endure? Not if to me were given
The eyes of Argus, sentinel of heaven:
Those thousand eyes that watch alternate kept,
Nor all o'er all his body waked or slept.
Ah, me! yet now, beneath Night's lengthening shade,
Some youth's twined arms enfold the twining maid;
Willing he wakes, while midnight hours roll on,
And scorns thee, Sleep! and waves thee to be gone.
Come then from them! Oh, leave their bed for mine;
I bid thee not with all thy plumes incline
On my bowed lids; this kindest boon beseems
The happy crowd that share thy softest dreams:
Let thy wand's tip but touch my closing eye,
Or, lightly hovering, skim and pass me by!

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

AN ARMY PERISHING OF THIRST FINDS
WATER.

FROM "THE THEBAID."

STUNG by dread thirst, the fainting warriors fail
Beneath their blazing shields and twisted mail:
With their choked jaws the parching heats begin;
Then, with the strength of fever, rage within.
With hard pulsation beats each labouring heart,
The blood clings sickly to each vital part,
And curdles in their veins. The crumbling ground
With steam of dusty vapour smokes around.
From the steeds' mouths no foamy droppings flow;
Champing the unmoistened chain, and lolling low
Their bitted tongues, they spurn the guiding rein,
The rider's voice, and furious scour the plain.
The scouts explore, by mandate of the king,
Lycymnia's lake and Amymone's spring.
Drained by the scorching heat the banks are dry,
Nor hope is left them from the showery sky;
As if through Afric's yellow dust they strayed
And where no clouds Syene's turrets shade
Till, as decreed by Bacchus, midst the wood,
Hypsipyre before the wanderers stood,
In beauteous grief; though at her bosom hung
The nursling infant, from another sprung;
The hapless babe that called Lycurgus sire;
Though rude her locks, nor costly her attire,
Yet regal graces markt her lofty air
And shone through all the bitterness of care. . . .
The Lemnian queen awhile in modest pride
Bent on the earth her looks and soft replied: . . .
"Why linger I to show the wisht-for flood?
Come, tread my steps and search the secret wood.
If haply still the Langian brook retains
Its living tides; when rapid Cancer reigns,
Or the keen dog-star lightens from on high,
That wave flows on nor feels the scorching sky."
Then, lest her cumbered footsteps, as she led,
Retard the chiefs, who followed on her tread;
Ah! hapless innocent! by Fate beguiled,
On a soft turf she lays the clinging child,

Where pillowing flowers in fragrant tufts arise,
And his soft tears with fondling murmurs dries. . . .
They track the thickets, wandering far and wide,
Through the green glooms that arch on every side :
Outstrip their guide; or in compacted throng,
Impatient following, pour at once along.
She, in the midst the secret pathway traced,
Though hastening yet majestic in her haste.
The dell's hoarse echo speaks the river near;
And pebbly murmurs strike the thrilling ear.
First in the van, glad Argus shook on high
The standard-staff; and "Water!" was the cry.
Through rank to rank the flying sound was flung,
And shouts of "Water!" burst from every tongue.
So while the vessel shoots the Epyrian shores,
The helmsman's voice, amidst the dash of oars,
Proclaims Leucadia's height, with sunshine crowned,
And the shrill rocks with answering shouts rebound.
Impetuous to the stream they rusht along,
Confused and mixt; the leaders and the throng;
Alike their thirst, alike they cowering clung
To the cool banks, and o'er the waters hung.
Plunged with their cars the bitted horses flew
And their mailed riders midst the current drew.
The whirling eddy and the slippery rock
Betray their footing in the heedless shock :
The kings too strive; all forms of reverence lost;
Borne down by hampering crowds, in whirlpools tost :
The friend, in watery hollows plunging, tries
To raise his head, with unregarded cries :
The chafed waves flash; the stream slow-lessening sinks,
And, distant, from its feeding fountain, shrinks;
The glassy waters, that were seen to glide
With greenish clear transparency of tide,
Discoloured mantle in their troubled bed;
The crumbling banks with grassy ruin spread
The muddied stream; yet still their lips they lave
And slake their hot thirst in the slimy wave.
Such was the scene, as if the battle raged,
And the set combat in the stream were waged :
As if the warrior press that stemmed the flood
On some fair city's conquered turrets stood.

—*Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

THE TRIUMPH OF HIPPOMEDON.

"THE THEBAID."

THEN thus the King: — "Whoe'er the quoit can wield,
And farthest send its weight athwart the field,
Let him stand forth his brawny arm to boast!"
Swift at the word, from out the gazing host,
Young Pterelas with strength unequal drew,
Labouring, the disk, and to small distance threw.
The band around admire the mighty mass,
A slippery weight, and formed of polisht brass.
The love of honour bade two youths advance,
Achaïans born, to try the glorious chance;
A third arose, of Acarnania he,
Of Pisa one, and one from Ephyre;
Nor more, for now Nesimachus's son, — (*Hippomedon*)
By acclamations roused, came towering on.
Another orb upheaved his strong right hand,
Then thus: — "Ye Argive flower, ye warlike band,
Who trust your arms shall rase the Tyrian towers,
And batter Cadmus' walls with stony showers,
Receive a worthier load; yon puny ball
Let youngsters toss" —
He said, and scornful flung the unheeded weight
Aloof; the champions, trembling at the sight,
Prevent disgrace, the palm despaired resign;
All but two youths the enormous orb decline,
These conscious shame withheld, and pride of noble line.
As bright and huge the spacious circle lay,
With double light it beamed against the day:
So glittering shows the Thracian Godhead's shield,
With such a gleam affrights Pangæa's field,
When blazing 'gainst the sun it shines from far,
And, clast, rebellows with the din of war.
Phlegyas the long-expected play began,
Summoned his strength and called forth all the man!
All eyes were bent on his experienced hand,
For oft in Pisa's sports, his native land
Admired that arm, oft on Alpheus' shore
The ponderous brass in exercise he bore;
Where flowed the widest stream he took his stand;
Sure flew the disk from his unerring hand,

Nor stopt till it had cut the farther strand.
And now in dust the polisht ball he rolled,
Then graspt its weight, elusive of its hold;
Now fitting to his gripe and nervous arm,
Suspends the crowd with expectation warm;
Nor tempts he yet the plain, but hurled upright,
Emits the mass, a prelude of his might;
Firmly he plants each knee, and o'er his head,
Collecting all his force the circle sped;
It towers to cut the clouds; now through the skies
Sings in its rapid way, and strengthens as it flies;
Anon with slackened rage comes quivering down,
Heavy and huge, and cleaves the solid ground.
So from the astonisht stars, her nightly train,
The sun's pale sister, drawn by magic strain,
Deserts precipitant her darkened sphere:
In vain the nations with officious fear
Their cymbals toss and sounding brass explore;
The Æmonian hag enjoys her dreadful hour
And smiles benignant on the labouring power. . .

Third in the labours of the disk come on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he poised the well-known weight
By Phlegyas warned and fired by Mnesteus' fate,
That to avoid and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Braced all his nerves and every sinew strung;
Then, with a tempest whirl, and wary eye,
Pursued his cast and hurled the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;
The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke
The eyeless Cyclops heaved the craggy rock;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'T was there he aimed the meditated harm

And scarce Ulysses scaped his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin rolled,
And calmed the terrors of his claws in gold.

— *Translation of THOMAS GRAY.*

THE FLIGHT OF THE FURY.

“THE THEBAID.”

THE Fury heard, while on Coeytus' brink
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons rolled her eyes around,
And snatcht the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding lightning or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she winged her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she past the fitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To the iron gates of Tenarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The Day beheld, and, sickening at the sight,
Veiled her fair glories in the shades of Night.
Affrighted Atlas on the distant shore
Trembled, and shook the heavens and Gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung and steered to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the Hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head;
In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When labouring with strong charms she shoots from high
A fiery gleam and reddens all the sky.
Blood stained her cheeks and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons and a length of flame.

From every blast of her contagious breath
Famine and Drought proceed and Plagues and Death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown —
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She tost her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirled a funeral brand;
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
The dreadful signals all the rocks rebound,
And through the Achaian cities send the sound.
(Ete, with high Parnasses, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmured to the noise;
Again Leucothea shook at these alarms,
And prest Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possest,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all the furies wake within their breast.

— *Translation of* ALEXANDER POPE.

DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS.

JUVENAL, the greatest of the Roman satirists, flourished toward the end of the first century after Christ. Like Horace, he was the son of a freedman; his home and possibly his birthplace was at Aquinum. In the early part of his life he supported himself by declaiming. Having written some clever verses on the actor Paris, he turned his attention to satirical writing. But in consequence of the freedom of his strictures on the same Paris, who was a favourite with the court, he was banished to a remote district of Egypt under cover of an appointment as commander of a body of troops. There he died at an advanced age. Very little is known of Juvenal's life. He was certainly alive seventeen years after the death of Paris. Fifteen authentic satires of his have come down to us. These depict in vivid colours the vices that were rampant in those degenerate days of Rome. They are marked by a lofty moral indignation and have been often imitated by modern poets who detected in their particular ages or surroundings the same kind of political or social corruption. Juvenal's works contain many pithy sentences which have become proverbial, such as "A sound mind in a sound body," "No man ever became extremely wicked all at once," "But who shall watch the watchers," "All men praise honesty — and let her freeze," "The innocence of youth most deserves our reverence," "Nobility is the one only virtue," "Probity is praised — and starves at home."

THE EMPTINESS OF AMBITION.

THE spoils of war: a coat of mail, fixt high
On trophied trunk, in emblemed victory;
A dangling beaver from its helmet cleft;
A chariot's shivered beam; a pendant reft
From boarded galley; and the captive shown

On the triumphal arch in imaged stone ;
Behold the sum of grandeur and of bliss.—
Greek, Roman, and Barbarian aim at this.
Hence the hot toil and hair-breadth peril came,
For less the thirst of virtue than of fame.
Who clasps mere naked virtue in his arms ?
Strip off the tinsel, she no longer charms !
Yet has the glory of some few great names
Enwrapt our country in destroying flames :
This thirst of praise and chiselled titles, read
On stones that guard the ashes of the dead.
But a wild fig-tree's wayward growth may tear
The rifted tomb, and shake the stones in air :
Since sepulchres a human fate obey,
And vaults that shrine the dead themselves decay.
Try in the balance Hannibal : adjust
The scales : how many pounds weighs this big hero's dust ?
This—this is he whom Afric would, in vain,
Coop 'twixt the tepid Nile and Moorish main :
Swart Æthiop tribes his yoke of empire bore,
And towery elephants bowed down before.
Spain crouches as his vassal ; at a bound
He high o'erleaps the Pyrenæan mound :
Nature with Alps and snows the pass defends ;
Through juice-corroded rocks a way he rends,
And strides on Italy ; yet naught is won ;
He throws his glance beyond ; “yet naught is done ;
Till at Rome's gates the Punic soldier beats,
And plants my standard in her very streets.”
Oh ! how, in painting, would that form enchant.
That blinking hero on an elephant !
What is his end ? oh, Godlike glory ! say —
He flies in rout ; in exile steals away :
A great and gazed-at suppliant, lo ! he takes
His outdoor station, till a monarch wakes.
Nor swords nor stones nor arrows gave the wound,
And crusht the soul that shook the world around ;
What mighty means the blood-atonement bring ?
Cannæ's avenger lurks within a ring.
Go ! madman, scour the Alps, in glory's dream ;
A tale for boys and a declaimer's theme.
Lo ! Pella's youth was cabined, cribbed, confined
Within one world too narrow for his mind :

Restless he turned in feverous discontent
 As if by Gyara's rocks or scant Seriphum pent;
 But brick-walled Babylon gave ample room;
 Content he stretcht him in a catacomb:
 Death, death alone the conscious truth attests
 What dwarfish frame this swelling soul invests!
 They tell of Athos' mountain sailed with ships;
 Those bold historic lies from Grecian lips:
 Of ocean bridged across with paving keels,
 And hardened waves o'erpast with chariot-wheels:
 We pin our faith on rivers deep that shrank
 And floods which, at a meal, the Median drank:
 And all that marvel-mongering poet sings,
 That maudlin swan, who bathed in wine his wings.
 Say how from Salamis this Sultan past,
 Who lasht the Eastern and the Western blast;
 Stripes which they know not in the Æolian cave:
 He who with fetters bound the earth-shaking wave,
 And, in his mercy only, spared to brand?
 What! croucht a god, like Neptune, to his hand?
 Then say, how past he back? — behold him now
 One bark, through bloody waves, with corse-choked
 prow:
 Such is the glorious fame for which we sigh,
 And such Ambition's curse and penalty.

— *Translation of* SIR CHARLES ABRAHAM ELTON.

INCITEMENT TO SATIRE.

WHEN he, whose razor mowed my youthful face,
 Vies with the noblest of patrician race;
 When vile Crispinus, from Canopus sprung,
 His Tyrian cloak loose o'er his shoulders flung,
 Wears a light Summer ring, and, to complete
 His folly, fans his finger, faint with heat;
 Nor can a gem of greater weight sustain —
 How can I silence Satire's just disdain?
 For who exists so void of virtuous rage,
 As not to lash the vices of the age?
 When pleader Matho's chair attracts our eyes,
 New-built and filled with his enormous size;

And next the vile accuser, who despoils
Half-ruined nobles, struggling in his toils;
Whom his associates dread but still support,
With presents bribe him and with flattery court;
When those base wretches rob thee of thy right,
Who act the cursed deeds of lawless night;
Who, for her riches, love some aged dame,
The surest road to wealth, if not to fame;
Where each, according to his vile deserts,
Bears off a recompense, but health subverts;
Life's ruddy drops the pallid cheek forsake,
Like his, who treads upon the vengeful snake;
Or like the Lyon's pleader, struck with dread,
Lest a defeat should sink him with the dead.
What shall I say — how check this honest pride,
When the false guardian elbows us aside?
When exiled Marius, scorning vain decrees
(Since wealth conceals disgrace) can live at ease;
Laugh at the Gods, feast early, keep his gain,
And leave thee, conquering Province, to complain?
Shall not such crimes awake the Horatian lyre?
Must not I strike the chords? but check my fire,
And choose some idle theme, by Fancy led,
As Hercules and vanquisht Diomed?
Or wander through the labyrinth of Crete?
Or, once again, the oft-told tale repeat,
How Dædalus escaped on venturous wing,
And his too-daring son's misfortune sing? . . .
When such vile actors in each place we meet,
What study is so broken as the street?
See, on the necks of six tall fellows borne,
In open chair and smiling as in scorn,
Stretcht like Mæcenæ, lolling at his ease,
The forger dares our sight, prepared to seize
On wealth, by arts, alas! too fully known,
To blot out others' names and stamp his own.
Look where she comes, in guilty splendour fine,
Who mingles poison in her husband's wine.
Proud of the deed, she triumphs in her shame,
And teaches artless wives to act the same.
Dare boldly then, if riches thou wouldst raise,
Heap crime on crime! For Virtue pines on praise!
'T is vice alone supplies the wealth of most,

Their mansions, gardens, and their plate imbost.
O! who can taste the tranquil bliss of life,
When the sire keeps the son's corrupted wife?
When curst espousals mark the excess of sin,
And vice buds forth upon the callow clin?
Indignant wrath shall Nature's wants supply
And lash to action such a bard as I. . . .
Ah! when did Vice a bolder front display?
When did fell Avarice seize a richer prey?
When could the gamester more indulge his crime?
What former era match the present time?
Now, not the purse alone, but whole estate
Is ventured on the die's uncertain fate;
The chest itself, the steward in dismay,
Is forced to yield, so desperate is their play.
What more than madness is it on one throw
To hazard all, yet no compassion show
For their poor tattered slave, whom they behold
Spoiled of his cloak and shivering with the cold?
When in more pomp were splendid villas known?
What ancestor would feast himself alone?
Now the scant offering, placed beyond the door,
Which rather serves to mock than feed the poor,
Is closely watcht — the master fears deceit,
And trembles lest some unaskt wretch should eat.
Known thou art served. The crier bawls aloud: —
“Come forth, ye Nobles, from the gaping crowd.
Here, give the Prætor, give the Tribune place!”
(For these, alas! are callous to disgrace).
But hark! what voice? A freedman boldly cries: —
“Hold there! I'm first — who shall my right despise?
Though from Euphrates' banks, 't is true, I sprung,
Which my bored ears declare if not my tongue,
What signifies the place where I was born?
Five good estates are sure no theme for scorn.
I prize not birth; no register I keep.
Does not Corvinus tend another's sheep?
Beyond most freedmen shines my lucky fate.
Mark what I say and let the Tribunes wait!”
Yes, to his riches, sacred rank, give way, place;
Nor let once whitened feet incur disgrace.
Wealth has most votaries — wealth is most revered,
Though in her name no temples yet are reared;

No altars, strewn with incense, we behold,
 Raised to the all-powerful majesty of Gold;
 When Peace, Faith, Virtue, Victory, tower on high,
 And Concord, whence the storks salute the sky.
 But when e'en Senators, in clamorous train,
 By arts like these increase their annual gain,
 How thrive the poor? to whom this source should give
 Fuel and raiment and the means to live. . . .
 Their patron's steps the hungry wearied train
 Of clients follows and implores in vain;
 Worn out their patience, slowly they retire,
 To purchase roots and trim their evening fire;
 While their luxurious lord, his taste to please,
 Thins for himself the woods and drains the seas;
 Stretched on his splendid couch, alone he lies,
 And views each antique orb with curious eyes;
 So rare the food, so costly is the plate,
 A single table sinks the whole estate!
 He will not e'en a parasite afford:
 But who can bear so infamous a board?
 To gorge his palate and feed none beside
 Whole boars are drest, that amply would provide
 For numerous guests! But patience:—see him borne
 Sworn to the bath, an object of our scorn:
 Indignant Fate, with such excess at strife,
 Grants no reprieve, but snaps his thread of life:
 Fame sounds his death, unwitnest by a tear,
 And disappointed heirs insult his bier.
 No new reproach posterity can claim;
 Whate'er they wish, our sons must act the same.
 Vice at its acme stands! Hail, Satire! hail!
 Spread all thy canvas! catch the favouring gale!

—*Translation of WILLIAM HEATH MARSH.*

CORRUPTION RAMPANT IN ROME.

Now who at Rome are honoured and carest,
 But such as stifle conscience in their breast?
 High-bribed by wretches who detection fear;
 For honest secrets few will deign to hear.
 Who knows the state of Verres' guilty heart

May soon grow rich and play the tyrant's part.
Yet let not all that Tagus can unfold
Who seeks the Ocean with his sands of gold,
Rob thee of rest, through envy of the knave,
Who lives the great man's pensioner and slave.
But what deceitful race I most detest
Shall be no more a secret in my breast.
Know then I hate, uncheckt by fear or shame,
A Grecian city with a Roman name!
I cannot bear these fawning sons of Greece.
Nor thence alone our numerous plagues increase:
Corrupt Orontes washes Tiber's shore;
And crooked harps and morals, which before
We never knew, now poison all the land,
Where nymphs, unblushing, take their venal stand.
Go, fools, and court a painted foreign face!
Regard, Quirinus, thy once simple race,
Whose altered persons Grecian raiment decks,
While richest odours issue from their necks.
From islands studding thick the Ægean main,
From Sicyon, Amydos, a numerous train
Hither direct their course, swarm o'er the land,
And serve as drudges, where they soon command.
Crafty and bold they mine their secret way;
With polisht periods lead the weak estray.
What shall we name that all-capacious mind
Where various powers unite of every kind?
Grammarian, orator, physician, priest,
Dancer, philosopher, is each at least;
With every wayward humour can comply,
Sink to the shades below or climb the sky.
Nor Moor, Sarmatian, Thracian was he bred;
But in the midst of Athens reared his head,
Ingenious Dædalus! Must I submit?
Shall these before me shine or higher sit,
Clothèd in purple, who but lately came
With figs and prunes, to Rome's eternal shame.
Must we disgraced, who boast our Roman birth,
Yield to this scum, this refuse of the earth?
Why need I paint each low insidious art,
Each fawning trick, by which they gain the heart?
Skilful are they to flatter and commend
A dunce's wit, the beauty of a friend

Deformed ; lank limbs their vicious taste can please,
And cripples they compare to Hercules ;
The harsh voice, screeching like the hen's rough throat,
Seems in their ear a most melodious note.
Cannot we flatter and deceive mankind ?
True — but the Greeks alone will credit find.
Who can with them in mimic scenes compare ?
Adopt the wanton's smile or matron's air.
The artless sea-nymph fascinates our eyes
And the true woman shines without disguise.
Nor only these attention will engage
As actors : what's the whole of Greece ? — A stage !
Laugh — and a louder laugh will they return ;
Weep — with affected sympathy they mourn :
Should Winter's rigorous blasts complaints provoke,
They sit and shiver in a woollen cloak ;
Or, if a fever fire each throbbing vein,
In silk they flutter and of heat complain.
How can we vie with these, who know so well
Preferment's path, who study to excel ?
Are ever ready with the proffered hand
And Passion's struggling impulse can command ;
Who trifles magnify with wondrous skill,
And make their patron's credit what they will.
But worst of all and most to be deplored,
They sap each rising virtue where they board.
The wife, the son, the daughter led astray,
Or show their talents in a meaner way ;
Worm every secret from your servant's breast
And live your slaves, your terror and your pest.

— *Translation of WILLIAM HEATH MARSH.*

A COUNTRY RETREAT.

If from the circus thou couldst once refrain
Who would not rather choose the verdant plain ?
Fix his retreat where Liris gently flows
And seek in Latium elegant repose ?
There couldst thou purchase (and not rent as here
At greater price a dungeon by the year)
Some decent villa, where the bubbling stream

Refreshes plants and soothes the poet's dream ;
 There might'st thou live, despising useless wealth,
 Blest with contentment, innocence and health,
 Thy little garden plant with nicest care,
 And treat thy numerous friends with rustic fare.
 Such in all ranks is human nature known,
 We long for something that we call our own.
Here must the sick expire for want of rest,
 Whose bloated stomachs heave with food opprest.
 For who in lodgings e'er expects to sleep ?
 The rich alone can a safe distance keep.
 Here Death his quiver fills. What crowds we meet !
 Chariots and horsemen throng each narrow street ;
 The clamorous coachman, cursing dull delay,
 Would Drusus wake, or rouse sea-calves to play.
 Should business call the wealthy — at their ease,
 Seated aloft, they travel as they please ;
 Can read or write, or if they need repose,
 Soft slumbers court them when the curtains close.
 Still they proceed ; but should we press too near,
 Dangers assault us both in front and rear.
 One saucy fellow elbows us aside ;
 The chairman's pole with vigour is applied ;
 Here rafters bruise the head, and there a sot
 Drives all before him, brandishing his pot :
 Plastered with mud, and squeezed to death,
 With bleeding heels, we pant and gasp for breath.

— Translation of WILLIAM HEATH MARSH.

LIFE'S REAL GOOD.

THROUGHOUT the lands which wide-extended lie
 From Ganges and the golden Eastern sky
 To Gades and the West, how few can see
 Their real good, from clouds of error free !
 What hope, what fear, untinged by Passion's hue,
 Through Reason's lucid medium dost thou view ?
 What unrepented project hast thou framed ?
 What vow preferred, nor wisht the gift reclaimed ?
 Too oft the indulgent rulers of the skies
 Accept the fatal incense of our sighs,

And, in requital of their pious care,
Have smote whole houses with accepted prayer.
Girded in courts, or belted in the field
We blindly seek the hurtful, unrevealed !
He that holds senates mute may curse the hour
That saw him rise in all the pride of power ;
And strength itself, involved in Milo's fate
May rue the struggle and be wise too late !
More captives still within thy fatal spell
Dost thou, insatiate power of gold, compel !
Sworn at the altars, must the votary pine ;
Pause is there none for votary of thine,
Though his possessions o'er the rest prevail
As o'er the dolphin breed the British whale.
Yet see those gates the cohort closing round.
Too rich for Nero is Longinus found.
See Lateranus in his halls constrained,
And midst his marble busts of wealth arraigned.
And far, oh ! far too rich for tyrant's time —
Thy gardens, Seneca, were all thy crime !
No missioned soldier bursts the hovel door,
Or treads the sordid dwellings of the poor !
Takest thou the road beneath the lamp of night ?
Small prize there needs the poniard to invite !
The reed's frail shadow darkling in her beam
Shall to thy startled sense the robber seem,
While he of staff and scrip shall chant his lay,
Nor turn one instant from the caitiff's way.
Yet still with ceaseless prayer the fanes resound
That, come what will, possessions may abound ;
That the kind gods may still enlarge our lands,
And bags grow wider in our banker's hands.
Yet the frail vessels of the potter's wheel
No treacherous draughts of aconite conceal !
Fear the gemmed goblet, and suspicious hold
The ruby juice that glows in cups of gold !

— *Translation of* CHARLES BADHAM.

MARCUS ANNÆUS LUCANUS.

LUCAN was born at Corduba, in southern Spain, 39 A.D. His father was a brother of the philosopher Seneça. His father moved to Rome when he was a baby, and there he received his training, which was the best that the metropolis afforded. Cornutus the Stoic was one of his teachers. His talents early developed, and even as a boy he began to declaim his own verses with great applause. When Nero ascended the throne, he was friendly to Lucan, but as the emperor was also a composer of verses there was rivalry between them. When the two entered the same public contest and the prize was awarded to the commoner, Nero forbade him to publish or recite any more of his compositions. Lucan, angered by this act of tyranny, entered into the conspiracy of Piso. The plot was discovered. Lucan, by a promise of pardon, was induced to turn state's evidence. He denounced his own mother and revealed the names of all the other conspirators without reserve. His treachery was without advantage. He was ordered to commit suicide. Then his Stoic training came to his aid. He opened his veins and died, declaiming some verses which he had once composed descriptive of a wounded soldier similarly dying. This was in the year 65; he was only twenty-six. He wrote many poems, but all that is left is his "*Pharsalia*," a heroic poem in ten books, descriptive of the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey. The tenth book is incomplete, and breaks off abruptly in the middle of the Alexandrian war. The growth of Lucan's liberal sentiments may be said to be recorded in the progress of the poem. At first he flatters Nero, but afterward he proclaims the blessings of liberty and inveighs against tyranny in terms evidently directed against the emperor. The work is uneven, but has many fine passages. Especially the speeches attributed to Cæsar, Pompey, and Cato employed Lucan's best powers. Of Cato's encomium on Pompey, Macaulay said, "It is a pure gem of rhetoric without one flaw."

Shelley, after reading the first four books,—the weakest of all,—declared that the “*Pharsalia*” was “a poem of wonderful genius and transcending Vergil.” Macaulay ranked the author “among the most extraordinary men that ever lived.” Dante placed him with Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Vergil. Dean Merivale, after criticising his lack of imagination and his vague and uncertain philosophy, says, “His wit and cleverness, considering his years, are preternatural; the trumpet tones of his scorn of admiration, after more than thirty years’ familiarity, still thunder in my ears with startling intensity.” Christopher Marlowe translated the first book of Lucan into sonorous blank verse that strove to represent the work line for line. It was published in 1600. Thirty-one years later Sir Thomas May brought out a rimed version, which, like the original, is extremely unequal. A hundred years later, or thereabouts, Nicholas Rowe, the playwright, translated the “*Pharsalia*”; Pope said, “It deserves more notice than it obtains.” The latest version is by Edward Ridley, published in 1896.

POMPEY AND CÆSAR.

BOTH differed much. Pompey was struck in years,
And by long rest forgot to manage arms,
And being popular, sought by liberal gifts
To gain the light unstable commons’ love,
And joyed to hear his theatre’s applause:
He lived secure, boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to uphold him:
Like to a tall oak in a fruitful field,
Bearing old spoils and conquerors’ monuments,
Who though his root be weak and his own weight
Keep him within the ground, his arms all bare,
His body, not his boughs, send forth a shade;
Though every blast it nod and seem to fall,
When all the woods about stand bolt upright,
Yet he alone is held in reverence.
Cæsar’s renown for war was less; he restless,
Shaming to strive but where he did subdue;
When ire or hope provoked, heady and bold;
At all times charging home and making havoc;

Urging his fortune, trusting in the gods,
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when blood and ruin made him way:
So thunder, which the wind tears from the clouds,
With crack of riven air and hideous sound
Filling the world, leaps out and throws forth fire,
Affrights poor fearful men and blasts their eyes
With overthwarting flames, and raging shoots
Alongst the air, and, not resisting it,
Falls and returns and shivers where it lights.
Such humours stirred them up: but this war's seed
Was even the same that wrecks all great dominions.
When Fortune made us lords of all, wealth flowed,
And then we grew licentious and rude;
The soldiers' prey and rapine brought in riot;
Men took delight in jewels, houses, plate,
And scorned old sparing diet, and ware robes
Too light for women; Poverty, who hatcht
Rome's greatest wits, was loathed, and all the world
Ransackt for gold, which breeds the world's decay;
And then large limits had their butting lands;
The ground, which Curius and Camillus tilled,
Was stretcht unto the fields of hinds unknown.
Again, this people could not brook calm peace;
Them Freedom without war might not suffice:
Quarrels were rife; greedy Desire, still poor,
Did vile deeds; then 't was worth the price of blood,
And deemed renown, to spoil their native town;
Force mastered right, the strongest governed all;
Hence came it that the edicts were o'erruled,
That laws were broke, tribunes with consuls strove,
Sale made of offices and people's voices
Bought by themselves and sold, and every year
Frauds and corruption in the Field of Mars;
Hence interest and devouring usury sprang,
Faith's breach and hence came war, to most men welcome.
Now Cæsar overpast the snowy Alps:
His mind was troubled, and he aimed at war:
And coming to the ford of Rubicon,
At night in dreadful vision fearful Rome
Mourning appeared, whose hoary hairs were torn,
And on her turret-bearing head disperst,
And arms all naked; who with broken sighs,

And staring, thus bespoke:—"What mean'st thou,
Cæsar?"

Whither goes my standard? Romans if ye be,
And bear true hearts, stay here." This spectacle
Struck Cæsar's heart with fear; his hair stood up,
And faintness numbed his steps there on the brink.
He thus cried out:—"Thou Thunderer that guard'st
Rome's mighty walls, built on Tarpeian rock.
Ye Gods of Phrygia and Iulus' line,
Quirinus' rites and Latian Jove advanced
On Alba hill. O vestal flames! O Rome,
My thought's sole goddess, aid mine enterprise!
I hate thee not, to thee my conquests stoop:
Cæsar is thine, so please it thee, thy soldier!
He, he afflicts Rome that made me Rome's foe."
This said, he, laying aside all lets of war,
Approacht the swelling stream with drum and ensign:
Like to a lion of scorcht desert Afric,
Who, seeing hunters, pauseth till fell wrath
And kingly rage increase; then, having whist
His tail athwart his back, and crest heaved up,
With jaws wide-open ghastly roaring out,
Albeit the Moor's light javelin or his spear
Sticks in his side, yet runs upon the hunter.
In Summer-time the purple Rubicon,
Which issues from a small spring, is but shallow,
And creeps along the vales, dividing just
The bounds of Italy from Cisalpine France.
But now the Winter's wrath and watery moon,
Being three days old, enforced the flood to swell,
And frozen Alps thawed with revolving winds.
The thunder-hooft horse, in a crooked line,
To scape the violence of the stream, first waded;
Which being broke, the foot had easy passage.
As soon as Cæsar got unto the passage bank
And bounds of Italy, "Here, here," saith he,
"An end of peace; here end polluted laws!
Hence leagues and covenants. Fortune, thee I follow!
War and the Destinies shall try my cause."
This said, the restless general through the dark,
Swifter than bullets thrown from Spanish slings,
Or darts which Parthians backward shoot, marcht on.

— *Translation of CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.*

FOREBODINGS OF WAR.

YE Gods, who lavish priceless gifts on men,
Nor care to guard them, see victorious Rome
Teeming with life, chief city of the world,
With ample walls that all mankind might hold,
To coming Cæsar left an easy prey!
The Roman soldier, when in foreign lands
Prest by the enemy, in narrow trench
And hurried mounds finds guard enough to make
His slumber safe; but thou, imperial Rome,
Alone on rumour of advancing foes
Art left a desert, and thy battlements
They trust not for one night! Yet for their fear
This one excuse was left: Pompeius fled.
Nor found they room for hope; for Nature gave
Unerring portents of worse ills to come.
The angry gods filled earth and air and sea
With frequent prodigies; in darkest nights
Strange constellations sparkled through the gloom:
The pole was all afire, and torches flew
Across the depths of heaven; with horrid hair
A blazing comet stretcht from East to West
And threatened change to kingdoms. From the blue
Pale lightning flasht, and in the murky air
The fire took divers shapes; a lance afar
Would seem to quiver or a misty torch;
A noiseless thunderbolt from cloudless sky
Rusht down, and drawing fire in northern parts
Plunged on the summit of the Alban mount.
The stars that ran their courses in the night
Shone in full daylight; and the orb'd moon,
Hid by the shade of earth, grew pale and wan.
The sun himself, when poised in mid career,
Shrouded his burning car in blackest gloom
And plunged the world in darkness, so that men
Despaired of day — like as he veiled his light
From that fell banquet which Mycenæ saw.
The jaws of Etna were agape with flame
That rose not heavenwards, but headlong fell
In smoking stream upon th' Italian flank.
Then black Charybdis, from her boundless depth,

Threw up a gory sea. In piteous tones
Howled the wild dogs; the Vestal fire was snatcht
From off the altar; and the flame that crowned
The Latin festival was split in twain,
As on the Theban pyre, in ancient days;
Earth tottered on its base: the mighty Alps
From off their summits shook the eternal snow.
In huge upheaval Ocean raised his waves
O'er Calpe's rock and Atlas' hoary head.
The native gods shed tears, and holy sweat
Dropt from the idols; gifts in temples fell:
Foul birds defiled the day; beasts left the woods
And made their lair among the streets of Rome.
All this we hear; nay more: dumb oxen spake;
Monsters were brought to birth and mothers shrieked
At their own offspring; words of dire import
From Cumæ's prophetess were noised abroad;
Bellona's priests with bleeding arms, and slaves
Of Cybele's worship, with ensanguined hair,
Howled chants of havoc and of woe to men.
Arms clasht; and sounding in the pathless woods
Were heard strange voices; spirits walkt the earth:
And dead men's ashes muttered from the urn.
Those who live near the walls desert their homes,
For lo! with hissing serpents in her hair,
Waving in downward whirl a blazing pine,
A fiend patrols the town, like that which erst
At Thebes urged on Agave, or which hurled
Lycurgus' bolts, or that which as he came
From Hades seen, at haughty Juno's word,
Brought terror to the soul of Hercules.
Trumpets like those that summon armies forth
Were heard reëchoing in the silent night:
And from the earth arising Sulla's ghost
Sang gloomy oracles, and by Anio's wave
All fled the homesteads, frightened by the shade
Of Marius waking from his broken tomb.

— *Translation of* EDWARD RIDLEY.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

FIGULUS, to whom
For knowledge of the secret depths of space
And laws harmonious that guide the stars,
Memphis could find no peer, then spake at large : —
“ Either,” he said, “ the world and countless orbs
Throughout the ages wander at their will ;
Or, if the Fates control them, ruin huge
Hangs o’er the city and o’er all mankind.
Shall Earth yawn open and engulf the towns ?
Shall scorching heat usurp the temperate air
And fields refuse their timely fruit ? The streams
Flow mixt with poison ? In what plague, ye Gods,
In what destruction shall ye wreak your ire ?
Whate’er the truth, the days in which we live
Shall find a doom for many. Had the star
Of baleful Saturn, frigid in the height,
Kindled his lurid fires, the sky had poured
Its torrents forth as in Deucalion’s time,
And whelmed the world in waters. Or if thou,
Phœbus, beside the Nemean lion fierce
Wert driving now thy chariot, flames should seize
The universe and set the air ablaze.
These are at peace ; but Mars, why art thou bent
On kindling thus the Scorpion, his tail
Portending evil and his claws aflame ?
Deep sunk is kindly Jupiter, and dull
Sweet Venus’ star, and rapid Mercury
Stays on his course : Mars only holds the sky !
Why does Orion’s sword too brightly shine ?
Why planets leave their paths and through the void
Thus journey on obscure ? ’T is war that comes,
Fierce, rabid war : the sword shall bear the rule,
Confounding justice ; hateful crime usurp
The name of virtue ; and the havoc spread
Through many a year. But why entreat the Gods ?
The end Rome longs for and the final peace
Comes with a despot. Draw thou out thy chain
Of lengthening slaughter, and (for such thy fate)
Make good thy liberty through civil war.”

The frightened people heard, and as they heard

His words prophetic made them fear the more.
 But worse remained; for as on Pindus, slopes
 Possess with fury from the Theban God
 Speeds some Bacchante, thus in Roman streets
 Behold a matron run, who, in her trance,
 Relieves her bosom of the god within:—
 “Where dost thou snatch me, Pæan, to what shore
 Through airy regions borne? I see the snows
 Of Thracian mountains; and Philippi's plains
 Lie broad beneath. But why these battle-lines,
 No foe to vanquish—Rome on either hand?
 Again I wander 'neath the rosy hues
 That paint thine eastern skies, where regal Nile
 Meets with his flowing wave the rising tide.
 Known to mine eyes that mutilated trunk
 That lies upon the sand. Across the seas
 By changing whirlpools to the burning climes
 Of Libya borne, again I see the hosts
 From Thracia brought by Fate's command. And now
 Thou bear'st me o'er the cloud-compelling Alps
 And Pyrenean summits; next to Rome.
 There in mid-Senate see the closing scene
 Of this foul war in foulest murder done.
 Again the factions rise; through all the world
 Once more I pass; but give me some new land,
 Some other region, Phœbus, to behold,
 Washt by the Pontic billows, for these eyes
 Already once have seen Philippi's plains.”
 The frenzy left her and she speechless fell.

— *Translation of EDWARD RIDLEY.*

POMPEY'S DREAM.

NE'ER to the summons of the Eternal laws
 More slowly Titan rose, nor drave his steeds,
 Forced by the sky revolving, up the heaven
 With gloomier presage; wishing to endure
 The pangs of ravisht light and dark eclipse;
 And drew the mists up, not to feed his flames,
 But lest his light upon Thessalian earth

Might fall undimmed.

Pompeius on that morn,
To him the latest day of happy life,
In troubled sleep an empty dream conceived.
Far in the watches of the night he heard
Innumerable Romans shout his name
Within his theatre ; the benches vied
To raise his fame and place him with the Gods ;
As once in youth, when victory was won
O'er conquered tribes where swift Iberus flows,
And where Sertorius' armies fought and fled,
The West subdued, with no less majesty
Than if the purple toga graced the car,
He sat triumphant in his pure white gown,
A Roman knight, and heard the Senate cheer.
Perhaps, as ills drew near, his anxious soul,
Shunning the future, wooed the happy past ;
Or, as is wont, prophetic slumber showed
That which was not to be, by doubtful forms
Misleading ; or as envious Fate forbade
Return to Italy, this glimpse of Rome
Kind fortune gave. Break not his latest sleep,
Ye sentinels ; let not the trumpet call
Strike on his ear : for on the morrow's night
Shapes of the battle lost, of death and war,
Shall crowd his rest with terrors ! Whence shalt thou
The poor man's happiness of sleep regain ?
Happy if even in dreams thy Rome could see
Once more her captain ! Would the Gods had given
To thee and to thy country one day yet
To reap the latest fruit of such a love :
Though sure of fate to come. Thou marchest on
As though by heaven ordained in Rome to die ;
She conscious ever of her prayers for thee
Heard by the Gods, deemed not the Fates decreed
Such evil destiny, that she should lose
The last sad solace of her Magnus' tomb.
Then young and old had blent their tears for thee,
And child unbidden ; women tore their hair
And struck their bosoms as for Brutus dead.
But now no public woe shall greet thy death
As erst thy praise was heard : but men shall grieve
In silent sorrow, though the victor's voice

Amid the clash of arms proclaims thy fall;
Though incense smoke before the Thunderer's shrine
And shouts of welcome bid great Cæsar hail.

— *Translation of EDWARD RIDLEY.*

CÆSAR'S SPEECH BEFORE PHARSALIA.

YE conquerors of a world, my hope in all,
Prayed for so oft, the dawn of fight is come.
No more entreat the Gods : with sword in hand
Seize on our fates ; and Cæsar in your deeds
This day is great or little. This the day
For which I hold since Rubicon was past
Your promise given : for this we flew to arms :
For this deferred the triumphs we had won,
And which the foe refused : this gives you back
Your homes and kindred and the peaceful farm,
Your prize for years of service in the field.
And by the Fates' command this day shall prove
Whose quarrel juster : for defeat is guilt
To him on whom it falls. If in my cause
With fire and sword ye did your country wrong,
Strike for acquittal. Should another judge
This war, not Cæsar, none were blameless found.
Not for my sake this battle, but for you,
To give you, soldiers, liberty and law
'Gainst all the world. Wishful myself for life
Apart from public cares and for the gown
That robes the private citizen, I refuse
To yield from office till the law allows
Your right in all things. On my shoulders rest
All blame : all power be yours. Nor deep the blood
Between yourselves and conquest. Grecian schools
Of exercise and wrestling send us here
Their chosen darlings to await your swords ;
And scarcely armed for war, a dissonant crowd
Barbaric, that will start to hear our trump,
Nay, their own clamour ! Not in civil strife
Your blows shall fall — the battle of to-day
Sweeps from the earth the enemies of Rome.
Dash through these cowards and their vaunted kings :

One stroke of sword and all the world is yours!
Make plain to all men that the crowds who deckt
Pompeius' hundred pageants scarce were fit
For one poor triumph. Shall Armenia care
Who leads her masters, or barbarian shed
One drop of blood to make Pompeius chief
O'er our Italia? Rome, 't is Rome they hate
And all her children; yet they hate the most
Those whom they know. My fate is in the hands
Of you, mine own true soldiers, proved in all
The wars we fought in Gallia. When the sword
Of each of you shall strike, I know the hand:
The javelin's flight to me betrays the arm
That launche it hurtling: and to-day once more
I see the faces stern, the threatening eyes,
Unfailing proofs of victory to come.
E'en now the battle rushes on my sight;
Kings trodden down and scattered senators
Fill all the ensanguined plain, and peoples float
Unnumbered on the crimson tide of death.
Enough of words — I but delay the Fates;
And you who burn to dash into the fray,
Forgive the pause! I tremble with the hopes
Thus finding utterance. I ne'er have seen
The mighty Gods so near; this little field
Alone dividing us; their hands are full
Of my predestined honours: for 't is I
Who, when this war is done, shall have the power
O'er all that peoples, all that kings enjoy
To shower it where I will. But has the pole
Been moved, or in its nightly course some star
Turned backwards, that such mighty deeds should pass
Here on Thessalian earth? To-day we reap
Of all our wars the harvest or the doom.
Think of the cross that threatens us, and the chain,
Limbs hackt asunder, Cæsar's head displayed
Upon the rostra; and that narrow field
Piled up with slaughter: for this hostile chief
Is savage Sulla's pupil. 'T is for you,
If conquered, that I grieve: my lot apart
Is cast long since. This sword, should one of you
Turn from the battle ere the foe be fled,
Shall rob the life of Cæsar! O ye Gods,

Drawn down from heaven by the throes of Rome,
 May he be conqueror who shall not draw
 Against the vanquisht an inhuman sword,
 Nor count it as a crime if men of Rome
 Preferred another's standard to his own.
 Pompeius' sword drank deep Italian blood
 When cabined in yon space the brave man's arm
 No more found room to strike. But you, I pray,
 Touch not the foe who turns him from the fight,
 A fellow-citizen, a foe no more!
 But while the gleaming weapons threaten still
 Let no fond memories unnerve the arm,
 No pious thought of father or of kin;
 But full in face of brother or of sire,
 Drive home the blade. Unless the slain be known,
 Your foes account his slaughter as a crime;
 Spare not our camp, but lay the rampart low
 And fill the fosse with ruin; not a man
 But holds his post within the ranks to-day.
 And yonder tents, deserted by the foe,
 Shall give us shelter when the rout is done.

— *Translation of EDWARD RIDLEY.*

POMPEY'S SPEECH BEFORE PHARSALIA.

THE day
 Your bravery demands, that final end
 Of civil war ye askt for, is at hand.
 Put forth your strength, your all; the sword to-day
 Does its last work. One crowded hour is charged
 With nations' destinies. Whoe'er of you
 Longs for his land and home, his wife and child,
 Seek them with sword. Here in mid battle-field,
 The Gods place all at stake. Our better right
 Bids us expect their favour; they shall dip
 Your brands in Cæsar's blood, and thus shall give
 Another sanction to the laws of Rome,
 Our cause of battle. If for him were meant
 An empire o'er the world, had they not put
 An end to Magnus' life? That I am chief
 Of all these mingled peoples and of Rome

Disproves an angry heaven. See here combined
All means of victory. Noble men have sought
Unaskt the risks of war. Our soldiers boast
Ancestral statues. If to us were given
A Curius, if Camillus were returned
Or patriot Decius to devote his life,
Here would they take their stand. From farthest East
All nations gathered, cities as the sand
Unnumbered, give their aid: a world complete
Serves 'neath our standards. North and South and all
Who have their being 'neath the starry vault,
Here meet in arms conjoined. And shall we not
Crush with our closing wing this paltry foe?
Few shall find room to strike; the rest with voice
Must be content to aid; for Cæsar's ranks
Suffice not for us. Think from Rome's high walls
The matrons watch you with their hair unbound;
Think that the Senate hoar, too old for arms,
With snowy locks outspread; and Rome herself,
The world's high mistress, fearing now, alas!
A despot — all exhort you to the fight.
Think that the people that is and that shall be
Joins in the prayer — in freedom to be born,
In freedom die, their wish. If mid these vows
Be still found place for mine, with wife and child,
So far as Emperor may, I bend
Before you suppliant — unless this fight
Be won, behold me exile, your disgrace,
My kinsman's scorn. From this, 't is yours to save.
Then save! Nor in the latest stage of life,
Let Magnus be a slave!

— *Translation of* EDWARD RIDLEY

CATO AT THE ORACLE OF AMMON.

WHAT, Labienus, should I seeke to knowe?
If I had rather dye in armes than bow
Unto a Lord; if life be nought at all?
No difference betwixt long life and small?
If any force can hurt men vertuous?
If fortune loose, when vertue doth oppose

Her threats, if good desires be happinesse
And vertue grow not greater by successe ?
Thus much we know, nor deeper can the skill
Of Ammon teach. The gods are with us still ;
And though their oracles should silent be,
Nought can we doe without the gods decree ;
Nor heeds he voices ; what was fit to know
The great Creator at our births did show.
Nor did he choose these barren sands to shew
(Hiding it heere) his trueth but to a few.
Is there a seate of God, save earth and sea,
Aire, heaven and vertue ? Why for God should we
Seeke further ? What ere moves, what ere is seene
Is Jove. For oracles let doubtful men
Fearefull of future chances troubled be ;
Sure death, not oracles ascertain me,
The coward and the valiant man must fall,
This is enough for Jove to speake to all.

— *Translation of SIR THOMAS MAY.*

CLEOPATRA'S PALACE.

FIRST arose the hall

Like to a fane which this corrupted age
Could scarcely rear ; the lofty ceiling shone
With richest tracery, the beams were bound
In golden coverings ; no scant veneer
Lay on its walls, but built in solid blocks
Of marble, gleamed the palace. Agate stood
In sturdy columns, bearing up the roof ;
Onyx and porphyry on the spacious floor
Were trodden 'neath the foot ; the mighty gates
Of Maroë's ebony throughout were formed,
No mere adornment ; ivory clothed the hall,
And fixt upon the doors with labour rare
Shell of the tortoise gleamed, from Indian seas,
With frequent emeralds studded. Gems of price
And yellow jasper on the couches shone.
Lustrous the coverlets ; the major part
Dipt more than once within the vats of Tyre
Had drunk their juice : part feathered as with gold ;

Part crimson dyed, in manner as are past
Through Pharian leash the threads. There waited slaves
In number as a people, some in ranks
By different blood distinguisht, some by age;
This band with Libyan, that with auburn hair
Red so that Caesar on the banks of Rhine
None such had witnest; some with features scorcht
By torrid suns, their locks in twisted coils
Drawn from their foreheads. Eunuchs too were there,
Unhappy race; and on the other side
Men of full age whose cheeks with growth of hair
Were hardly darkened.

Lay kings, and Cæsar in the midst supreme.
 There in her fatal beauty lay the Queen
 Thick-daubed with unguents, nor with throne content
 Nor with her brother spouse; laden she lay
 On neck and hair with all the Red Sea spoils,
 And faint beneath the weight of gems and gold.
 Her snowy breast shone through Sidonian lawn
 Which woven close by shuttles of the East
 The art of Nile had loosened. Ivory feet
 Bore citron tables brought from woods that wave
 On Atlas, such as Cæsar never saw
 When Juba was his captive. Blind in soul,
 By madness of ambition, thus to fire
 By such profusion of her wealth, the mind
 Of Cæsar armed, her guest in civil war.
 Not though he aimed with pitiless hand to grasp
 The riches of a world; not though were here
 Those ancient leaders of the simple age,
 Fabricius, or Curius stern of soul,
 Or he, who, Consul, left in sordid garb
 His Tuscan plough, could all their several hopes
 Have risen to such spoil. On plates of gold
 They piled the banquet sought in earth and air
 And from the deepest seas and Nilus' waves,
 Through all the world; in craving for display,
 No hunger urging. Frequent birds and beasts,
 Egypt's high gods, they placed upon the board:
 In crystal goblets water of the Nile
 They handed, and in massive cups of price
 Was poured the wine; no juice of Mareot grape

But noble vintage of Falernian growth
Which in few years in Meroë's vats had foamed
(For such the clime) to ripeness. On their brows
Chaplets were placed of roses ever young
With glistening nard entwined; and in their locks
Was cinnamon infused, not yet in air
Its fragrance perisht, nor in foreign climes;
And rich amomum from the neighbouring fields.
Thus Cæsar learned the booty of a world
To lavish and his breast was shamed of war
Waged with his son-in-law for meagre spoil.

— *Translation of EDWARD RIDLEY.*

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